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LETTERS

OF

HORACE WALPOLE

EARL OF ORFORD,

TO

SIR HORACE MANN,

BRITISH ENVOY AT THE COURT OF TUSCANY.

NOW FIRST PUBLISHED FROM THE ORIGINALS IN THE POSSESSION OF THE EARL OF WALDEGRAVE.

MM le-4

EDITED BY LORD DOVER.

93783

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON:
RICHARD BENTLEY,
NEW BURLINGTON STREET.
1833.

God

Jesus

walk, walker

Jesus

LETTERS

FROM

THE HON. HORACE WALPOLE

TO

SIR HORACE MANN.

LETTER CI.

London, March 22, 1744.

I AM sorry this letter must date the era of a new correspondence; the topic of which must be blood! Yesterday came advice from Mr. Thompson* that Monsieur Amelot had sent for him, and given him notice to be gone, for a declaration of war with England was to be published in two days. Politically, I don't think it so bad, for the very name of war, though in effect on foot before, must make our governors take more

* Chaplain to the late Lord Waldegrave, after whose death he acted as Minister at Paris, till the war, when he returned, and was made a Dean in Ireland.

precautions; and the French declaring it will range the people more on our side than on the Jacobite; besides, the latter will have their communication with France cut off. But, my dear child, what lives, what misfortunes must, and may follow all this! As a man, I feel my humanity more touched than my spirit. I feel myself more an universal man, than an Englishman! We have already lost seven millions of money and thirty thousand men in the Spanish war—and all the fruit of all this blood and treasure is the glory of having Admiral Vernon's head on alehouse signs! for my part I would not purchase another Duke of Marlborough at the expense of one life. How I should be shocked, were I a hero, when I looked on my own laurelled head on a medal, the reverse of which would be widows and orphans. How many such will our patriots have made!

The embarkation at Dunkirk does not seem to go on, though, to be sure, not laid aside. We received yesterday the particulars of the Mediterranean engagement from Matthews. We conclude the French squadron retired designedly, to come up to Brest, where we every day expect to hear of them. If Matthews does not follow them, adieu our triumphs in the Channel!—and then! Sir John Norris has desired leave to come back, as little satisfied with the

world, as the world is with him. He is certainly very unfortunate ;* but I can't say I think he has tried to correct his fortune. If England is ever more to be England, this sure is the crisis to exert all her vigour. We have all the disadvantage of Queen Elizabeth's prospect without one of her ministers. Four thousand Dutch are landed, and we hope to get eight or twelve ships from them. Can we now say, "*Quatuor maria vindico?*"†

I will not talk any more politically, but turn to hymeneals, with as much indifference, as if I were a first minister. Who do you think is going to marry Lady Sophia Fermor ?‡—only my Lord Carteret. This very week! a drawing-room conquest. Do but imagine how many passions will be gratified in that family! her own ambition, vanity, and resentment—love she never had any. The politics, management, and pedantry of the mother, who will think to govern her son-in-law out of Froissart.§ Figure the instructions she will give her daughter! Lincoln is quite indifferent, and laughs. My Lord Chesterfield says, "it is only another of Car-

* He was called by the seamen *foulweather Jack.*

† Motto of a medal of Charles the Second.

‡ Eldest daughter of Thomas Earl of Pomfret.

§ Lady Pomfret had translated Froissart.

teret's vigorous measures." I am really glad of it, for her beauty and cleverness did deserve a better fate than she was on the point of having determined for her for ever. How graceful, how charming, and how haughtily condescending she will be! how, if Lincoln should ever hint past history, she will

> Stare upon the strange man's face,
> As one she ne'er had known! *

I wonder I forgot to tell you that Doddington had owned a match of seventeen years' standing with Mrs. Behan, to whom the one you mention is sister.

I have this moment received your's of March 10th, and thank you much for the silver medal, which has already taken its place in my museum.

I feel almost out of pain for your situation, as by the motion of the fleets this way, I should think the expedition to Italy abandoned. We and you have had great escapes; but we have still occasion for all Providence!

I am very sorry for the young Sposa Panciatici; and wish all the other parents joy of the increase of their families. Mr. Whithed is *en bon train;* but the recruits he is raising will scarce thrive fast enough to be of service this

* Verses in Congreve's Doris.

war. My best loves to him and Mr. Chute. I except you three out of my want of public spirit. The other day, when the Jacobites and patriots were carrying every thing to ruin, and had made me warmer than I love to be, one of them said to me, "Why don't you love your country?" I replied, "I should love my country exceedingly, if it were not for my countrymen." Adieu!

LETTER CII.

April 2, 1744.

I AM afraid our correspondence will be extremely disjointed, and the length of time before you get my letters, will make you very impatient, when all the world will be full of events; but I flatter myself that you will hear every thing sooner than by my letters; I mean, that whatever happens will be on the Continent; for the danger from Dunkirk seems blown over. We declared war on Saturday: that is all I know, for everybody has been out of town for the Easter holidays. To-morrow the Houses meet again: the King goes and is to make a speech. The Dutch seem extremely in earnest, and I think we seem to put all our strength in their preparations.

The town is persuaded that Lord Clinton* is gone to Paris to make peace: he is certainly gone thither, nobody knows why. He has gone thither every year all his life, when he was in the Opposition; but to be sure this is a very strange time to take that journey. Lord Stafford, who came hither just before the intended invasion, (no doubt for the defence of the Protestant religion, especially as his father-in-law, Bulkeley,† was Colonel of one of the embarked regiments,) is going to carry his sister to be married to a Count de Rohan,‡ and then returns, having a sign manual for leaving his wife there.

We shall not be surprised to hear that the Electorate§ has got a new master; shall you? Our dear nephew of Prussia will probably take it, to keep it safe for us.

I had written thus far on Monday, and then my Lord came from New-park: and I had not time the rest of the day to finish it. We have

* Hugh Fortescue, afterwards Earl of Clinton and Knight of the Bath. Not long after he received that Order he went into Opposition, and left off his riband and star for one day, but thought better of it, and put them on the next.

† Mr. Bulkeley, an Irish Roman Catholic, married the widow Cantillon, mother of the Countess of Stafford. He rose high in the French army, and had the Cordon *bleu*: his sister was second wife of the first Duke of Berwick.

‡ Afterwards Duke of Rohan Chabot.—D.

§ Of Hanover.—D.

made very loyal addresses to the King on his speech, which I suppose they send you. There is not the least news, but that my Lord Carteret's wedding has been deferred on Lady Sophia's falling dangerously ill of a scarlet fever; but they say it is to be next Saturday. She is to have sixteen hundred pounds a-year jointure, four hundred pounds pin-money, and two thousand of jewels. Carteret says he does not intend to marry the mother and the whole family.—What do you think my Lady intends? Adieu! my dear Sir! Pray for peace.

LETTER CIII.

London, April 15, 1744.

I COULD tell you a great deal of news, but it would not be what you would expect? It is not of battles, sieges, and declarations of war; nor of invasions, insurrections, and addresses. It is the god of love, not he of war, who reigns in the newspapers. The town has made up a list of six-and-thirty weddings, which I shall not catalogue to you; for you would know them no more than you do

Antilochum, fortemque Gyan, fortemque Cloanthum.

But the chief entertainment has been the nuptials of our great Quixote and the fair Sophia. On the point of matrimony, she fell ill of a scarlet fever, and was given over, while he had the gout, but heroically sent her word, that if she was well, he *would* be so. They corresponded every day, and he used to plague the Cabinet Council with reading her letters to them. Last night they were married; and as all he does must have a particular air in it, they supped at Lord Pomfret's: at twelve Lady Granville, his mother, and all his family went to bed, but the porter: then my Lord went home, and waited for her in the lodge: she came alone in a hackney-chair, met him in the hall, and was led up the back-stairs to bed. What is ridiculously lucky, is, that Lord Lincoln goes into waiting to-day, and will be to present her! On Tuesday she stands godmother with the King to Lady Dysart's* child, her new grand-daughter. I am impatient to see the whole menage; it will be admirable. There is a wild young Venetian Ambassadress† come, who is reckoned very pretty. I don't think so; she is foolish and child-

* Grace Carteret, eldest daughter of Lord Carteret; married to Lionel Tollemache third Earl of Dysart.—D.

† Wife of Signor Capello.

ish to a degree. She said, "Lord! the old Secretary is going to be married!" They told her he was but fifty-four. "But fifty-four! why," said she, "my husband is but two-and-forty, and I think him the oldest man in the world." Did I tell you that Lord Holderness * goes to Venice, with the compliments of accommodation? and leaves Sir James Gray resident there.

The invasion from Dunkirk seems laid aside. We talk little of our fleets: Sir John Norris has resigned: Lestock is coming home, and has sent before him great complaints of Matthews; so that affair must be cleared up. The King talks much of going abroad, which will not be very prudent. The campaign is not opened yet, but I suppose will disclose at once with great *éclat* in several quarters.

I this instant receive your letter of March 31st, with the simple Demetrius, for which, however, I thank you. I hope by this time you have received all my letters, and are at peace about the invasion, which we think so much over, that the Opposition are now breaking out about the Dutch troops, and call it the worst

* Robert Darcy Earl of Holderness, Ambassador at Venice and the Hague, and afterwards Secretary of State.

measure ever taken. Those terms so generally dealt to every measure successively, will at least soften the Hanoverian history.

Adieu! I have nothing more to tell you: I flatter myself you content yourself with news; I cannot write sentences nor sentiments. My best love to the Chutes, and now and then let my friends the Prince and Princess and the Florentines know that I shall never forget their goodness to me. What is become of Prince Beauvau?

LETTER CIV.

London, May 8, 1744.

I BEGIN to breathe a little at ease; we have done with the Parliament for this year; it rises on Saturday. We have had but one material day lately, last Thursday. The Opposition had brought in a bill to make it treason to correspond with the young Pretenders:* the Lords added a clause, after a long debate, to make it forfeiture of estates, as it is for dealing with the father. We sat till one in the morning, and then carried it by 285 to 106. It was the best

* Charles Edward, and Henry his brother afterwards the Cardinal of York.—D.

debate I ever heard. The King goes to Kensington to-morrow, and not abroad. We hear of great quarrels between Marshal Wade and Duc d'Aremberg. The French King is at Valenciennes with Monsieur de Noailles, who is now looked upon as First Minister. He is the least dangerous for us of all. It is affirmed that Cardinal Tencin is disgraced, who was the very worst for us. If he is, we shall at least have no invasion this summer. Successors of Ministers seldom take up the schemes of their predecessors, especially such as by failing caused their ruin, which, I believe was Tencin's case at Dunkirk.

For a week we heard of the affair at Villafranca in a worse light than was true: it certainly turns out ill for both sides. Though the French have had such bloody loss, I cannot but think they will carry their point, and force their passage into Italy.

We have no domestic news, but Lord Lovel's being created Earl of Leicester, on an old promise which my father had obtained for him. Earl Berkeley * is married to Miss Drax, a very pretty maid of honour to the Princess; and the

* Augustus fourth Earl Berkeley, Knight of the Thistle. He married Elizabeth, daughter of Henry Drax, Esq. of Charborough, in Dorsetshire; and died in 1755.—D.

Viscount Fitzwilliam* to Sir Matthew Decker's eldest daughter; but these are people I am sure you don't know.

There is to be a great ball to-morrow at the Duchess of Richmond's for my Lady Carteret: the Prince is to be there. Carteret's court pay her the highest honours, which she receives with the highest state. I have seen her but once, and found her just what I expected, *très grande dame;* full of herself, and yet not with an air of happiness. She looks ill and is grown lean, but is still the finest figure in the world. The mother is not so exalted as I expected; I fancy Carteret has kept his resolution, and does not marry her too.

My Lord does not talk of going out of town yet; I don't propose to be at Houghton till August. Adieu!

LETTER CV.

London, May 29, 1744.

SINCE I wrote I have received two from you of May 6th and 19th. I am extremely sorry you get mine so late. I have desired your bro-

* Richard sixth Viscount Fitzwilliam in Ireland, married Catheine, daughter and heiress of Sir Matthew Decker, Bart.—D.

ther to complain to Mr. Preverau: I get yours pretty regularly.

I have this morning had a letter from Mr. Conway at the army; he says he hears just then that the French have declared war against the Dutch: they had in effect before by besieging Menin, which siege our army is in full march to raise. They have laid bridges over the Scheldt, and intend to force the French to a battle. The latter are almost double our number, but their desertion is prodigious, and their troops extremely bad. Fourteen thousand more Dutch are ordered, and their six thousand are going from hence with four more of ours—so we seem to have no more apprehensions of an invasion. All thoughts of it are over! no inquiry made into it! the present Ministry fear the detection of conspiracies more than the thing itself: that is, they fear everything that they are to do themselves.

My father has been extremely ill from a cold he caught last week at Newpark. Princess Emily came thither to fish, and he, who is grown quite indolent, and has not been out of a hot room this twelve month, sat an hour and half by the water side. He was in great danger one day, and more low-spirited than ever I knew him, though I think that grows upon him with

his infirmities. My sister was at his bedside; I came into the room, he burst into tears and could not speak to me: but he is quite well now; though I cannot say I think he will preserve his life long, as he has laid aside all exercise, which has been of such vast service to him. He talked the other day of shutting himself up in the farthest wing at Houghton; I said, "Dear, my Lord, you will be at a distance from all the family there!" He replied, "So much the better!"

Pope is given over with a dropsy, which is mounted into his head; in an evening he is not in his senses; the other day at Chiswick, he said to my Lady Burlington, "Look at our Saviour there! how ill they have crucified him!"

There is a Prince of Ost-Frize dead, which is likely to occasion most unlucky broils: Holland, Prussia, and Denmark have all pretensions to his succession; but Prussia is determined to make his good. If the Dutch don't dispute it, he will be too near a neighbour; if they do, we lose his neutrality, which is now so material.

The town has been in a great bustle with a private match, but which, by the ingenuity of the Ministry, has been made politics. Mr. Fox fell in love with Lady Caroline Lenox;* asked her,

* Eldest daughter of Charles Duke of Richmond, grandson of King Charles II.

was refused, and stole her. His father* was a footman; her great grandfather a king: *hinc illæ lacrymæ!* all the blood royal have been up in arms. The Duke of Marlborough, who was a friend of the Richmonds, gave her away. If his Majesty's Princess Caroline had been stolen, there could not have been more noise made. The Pelhams, who are much attached to the Richmonds, but who have tried to make Fox and all that set theirs, wisely entered into the quarrel, and now don't know how to get out of it. They were for hindering Williams,† who is Fox's great friend, and at whose house they were married, from having the red riband; but he has got it, with four others, the Viscount Fitzwilliam, Calthorpe, Whitmore, and Harbord. Dashwood, Lady Carteret's quondam lover, has stolen a great fortune, a Miss Bateman; the marriage had been proposed, but the fathers could not agree on the terms.

I am much obliged to you for all your Sardinian and Neapolitan journals. I am impatient for the conquest of Naples, and have no notion of neglecting sure things, which may serve by way of *dédommagement*.

I am very sorry I recommended such a troublesome booby to you. Indeed, dear Mr. Chute, I

* Sir Stephen Fox.

† Sir Charles Hanbury Williams.

never saw him, but was pressed by Mr. Selwyn, whose brother's friend he is, to give him that letter to you. I now hear that he is a warm Jacobite; I suppose you somehow disobliged him politically.

We are now mad about tar-water, on the publication of a book that I will send you, written by Dr. Berkeley Bishop of Cloyne. The book contains every subject from tar-water to the Trinity; however, all the women read, and understand it no more than they would if it were intelligible. A man came into an apothecary's shop the other day, "Do you sell tar-water?" "Tar-water!" replied the apothecary, "why I sell nothing else!" Adieu!

LETTER CVI.

June 11, 1744.

PERHAPS you expect to hear of great triumphs and victories; of General Wade grown into a Duke of Marlborough; or of the King being in Flanders, with the second part of the battle of Dettingen — why, ay; you are bound in conscience as a good Englishman to expect all this — but what if all these *Io Pæans* should be played to the Dunkirk tune? I must prepare

you for some such thing; for unless the French are as much their own foes as we are our own, I don't see what should hinder the festival of to-day* being kept next year a day sooner. But I will draw no consequences; only sketch you out our present situation—and if Cardinal Tencin can miss making his use of it, we may burn our books and live hereafter upon good fortune.

The French King's army is at least ninety thousand strong; has taken Menin already, and Yprés almost. Remains then only Ostend; which you will look in the map and see does not lie in the high road to the conquest of the Austrian Netherlands. Ostend may be laid under water, and the taking it an affair of time. But there lies all our train of artillery, which cost two hundred thousand pounds—and what becomes of our communication with our army? —why, they may go round by Williamstadt, and be in England just time enough to be some other body's army! It turns out that the whole combined army, English, Dutch, Austrians, and Hanoverians, does not amount to above thirty-six thousand fighting men! and yet forty thousand more French under the Duc d'Harcourt are coming into Flanders. When their army is

* The 10th of June was the Pretender's birthday, and the 11th the accession of George II.

already so superior to ours, for what can that reinforcement be intended, but to let them spare a triumph to Dunkirk? Now you will naturally ask me three questions: where is Prince Charles? where are the Dutch? what force have you to defend England? Prince Charles is hovering about the Rhine to take Lorrain, which they seem not to care whether he does or not, and leaves you to defend the Netherlands. The Dutch seem indifferent whether their barrier is in the hands of the Queen or the Emperor; and while you are so mad, think it prudent not to be so themselves. For our own force, it is too melancholy to mention: six regiments go away to-morrow to Ostend, with the six thousand Dutch. Carteret and Botzlaer, the Dutch envoy extraordinary, would have hurried them away without orders; but General Smitsart, their commander, said, he was too old to be hanged. This reply was told to my father yesterday: "Ay," said he, "so I thought I was; but I may live to be mistaken!" When these troops are gone, we shall not have in the whole island above six thousand men, even when the regiments are complete; and half of those pressed and new-listed men. For our sea-force, I wish it may be greater in proportion! Sir

Charles Hardy, whose name* at least is ill-favoured, is removed, and old Balchen, a firm Whig, put at the head of the fleet. Fifteen ships are sent for from Matthews; but they may come as opportunely as the army from Williamstadt —in short—but I won't enter into reasonings—the King is not gone. The Dutch have sent word, that they can let us have but six of the twenty ships we expected. My father is going into Norfolk, quite shocked at living to see how terribly his own conduct is justified. In the city the word is, "Old Sunderland's† game is acting over again." Tell me if you receive this letter: I believe you will scarce give it about in memorials.

Here are arrived two Florentines, not recommended to me, but I have been very civil to them, Marquis Salviati and Conte Delci; the latter remembers to have seen me at Madame Grifoni's. The Venetian Ambassador met my father yesterday at my Lady Brown's; you would have laughed to have seen how he stared and *eccellenza'd* him. At last they fell into a broken Latin chat, and there was no getting the Ambassador away from him.

* He was of a Jacobite family.

† Lord Sunderland, who betrayed James II.

If you have the least interest in any one Madonna in Florence, pay her well for all the service she can do us. If she can work miracles, now is her time. If she can't, I believe we shall all be forced to adore her. Adieu! Tell Mr. Chute, I fear we shall not be quite so well received at the *conversazioni,* at Madame de Craon's and the Casino,* when we are but refugee heretics. Well! we must hope! Your's I am, and we will bear our wayward fate together!

LETTER CVII.

London, June 18, 1744.

I HAVE not any immediate bad news to tell you in consequence of my last. The siege of Yprés does not advance so expeditiously as was expected; a little time gained in sieges, goes a great way in a campaign. The Brest squadron is making just as great a figure in our channel, as Matthews does before Toulon and Marseilles. I should be glad to be told by some nice computors of national glory, how much the balance is on our side.

Anson† is returned with vast fortune, substantial and lucky. He has brought the Acapulca

* The Florentine coffee-house.

† The celebrated circumnavigator, afterwards a Peer, and First Lord of the Admiralty.—D.

ship into Portsmouth, and its treasure is at least computed at five hundred thousand pounds. He escaped the Brest squadron by a mist. You will have all the particulars in a gazette.

I will not fail to make your compliments to the Pomfrets and Carterets: I see them seldom, but I am in favour: so I conclude, for my Lady Pomfret told me the other night, that I said better things than anybody. I was with them all at a subscription-ball at Ranelagh last week, which my Lady Carteret thought proper to look upon as given to her, and thanked the gentlemen, who were not quite so well pleased at her condescending to take it to herself. My Lord stayed with her there till four in the morning. They are all fondness, walk together, and stop every five steps to kiss. Madame de Craon is a cipher to her for grandeur. The ball was an excessively hot night, yet she was dressed in a magnificent brocade, because it was new that morning for the inauguration-day. I did the honours of all her dress; "How charming your Ladyship's cross is! I am sure the design was your own."—"No, indeed; my Lord sent it me just as it is."—"How fine your ear-rings are!"—"Oh! but they are very heavy."—Then as much to the mother. Do you wonder I say better things than anybody?

I send you by a ship going to Leghorn, the only new books at all worth reading. The abuse* of Parliaments is by Doddington and Waller; circumstantially scurrilous. The Dedication of the Essay† to my father is fine; pray mind the quotation from Milton. There is Dr. Berkeley's mad book on tar-water, which has made everybody as mad as himself.

I have lately made a great antique purchase of all Dr. Middleton's collection which he brought from Italy, and which he is now publishing. I will send you the book as soon as it comes out. I would not buy the things till the book was half-printed, for fear of an *è Museo Walpoliano.* Those honours are mighty well for such known and learned men as Mr. Smith,‡ the merchant of Venice. My dear Mr. Chute, how we used to enjoy the title-page§ of his understanding! Do you remember how angry he was, when showing us a Guido, after pompous rooms-full of Sebastian Ricci's, which he had a mind to establish for capital pictures, you told him he had now made amends for all the rubbish he had showed us before?

* Detection of the Use and Abuse of Parliaments, by Ralph, under the direction of Doddington and Waller.

† Essay on Wit, Humour, and Ridicule, by Corbyn Morris.

‡ Mr. Smith, Consul at Venice, had a fine library, of which he knew nothing at all but the title-pages.

§ Expression of Mr. Chute.

My father has asked, and with some difficulty got his pension of four thousand pounds a-year, which the King gave him on his resignation, and which he dropped by the wise fears of my uncle and the Selwyns. He has no reason to be satisfied with the manner of obtaining it now, or with the manner of the man * whom he employed to ask it; yet it was not a point that required capacity—merely gratitude. Adieu!

LETTER CVIII.

London, June 29, 1744.

WELL! at last this is not to be the year of our captivity. There is a cluster of good packets come at once. The Dutch have marched twelve thousand men to join our army. The King of Sardinia (but this is only a report) has beaten the Spaniards back over the Varo—and I this moment hear from the Secretary's office, that Prince Charles has undoubtedly passed the Rhine at the head of fourscore thousand men—where, and with what circumstances, I don't know a word; *ma basta così.* It is said too, that the Marquis de la Chetardie is sent away from Russia; but this one has no occasion to believe. False good news are always produced by true

* Mr. Pelham.

good, like the water-gall by the rainbow. But why do I take upon me to tell you all this? You, who are the centre of ministers and business! the actuating genius in the conquest of Naples! You cannot imagine how formidable you appear to me. My poor little, quiet Miny, with his headache and *épuisements,* and Cocchio, and coverlid of cygnet's down, that had no dealings but with a little spy-Abbé at Rome, a civil whisper with Count Lorenzi,* or an explanation on some of Goldsworthy's absurdities, or with Richcourt about some sbirri,† that had insolently passed through the street, in which the King of Great Britain's arms condescended to hang—bless me! how he is changed! become a trafficking Plenipotentiary with Prince Lobkowitz, Cardinal Albani,‡ and Admiral Matthews; —why, my dear child, I should not know you again! I should not dare to roll you up between a finger and thumb like wet brown paper. Well! heaven prosper your arms!—but I hate you, for I now look upon you as ten times fatter than I am.

* A Florentine, but employed as Minister by France.

† The officers of Justice, who are reckoned so infamous in Italy, that the Foreign Ministers have always pretended to hinder them from passing through the streets where they reside.

‡ Cardinal Alexander Albani, nephew of Clement XI. was minister of the Queen of Hungary at Rome.

I don't think it would be quite unadvisable for Bistino* to take a jaunt hither. My Lady Carteret would take violently to anything that came so far to adore her grandeur. I believe even my Lady Pomfret would be persuaded he had seen the star of their glory travelling westward to direct him. For my part, I expect soon to make a figure too in the political Magazine, for all our Florence set is coming to grandeur; but you and my Lady Carteret have outstripped me. I remain with the Duke of Courland in Siberia; my father has actually gone thither for a long season. I met my Lady Carteret the other day at Knapton's,† and desired leave to stay while she sat for her picture. She is drawn crowned with corn, like the Goddess of Plenty, and a mild dove in her arms like Mrs. Venus. We had much of *my Lord* and *my Lord*. The Countess-mother was glad *my Lord* was not there; he was never satisfied with the eyes; she was afraid he would have had them drawn bigger than the cheeks. I made your compliments abundantly, and cried down the charms of the picture as politically, as if you yourself had been there in ministerial person.

* Giovanne Battista Uguccioni, a Florentine nobleman, and great friend of the Pomfrets.

† George Knapton, an indifferent portrait painter. He died at Kensington, in 1778, at the age of 80.—D.

To fill up this sheet, I shall transcribe some very good lines published to-day in one of the papers, by I don't know whom, on Pope's death.*

Here lies, who died, as most folks die, in hope,
The mould'ring, more ignoble part of Pope;
The Bard, whose sprightly genius dared to wage
Poetic war with an immoral age;
Made every vice and private folly known
In friend and foe—a stranger to his own;
Set Virtue in its loveliest form to view,
And still profess'd to be the sketch he drew.
As humour or as interest serv'd, his verse
Could praise or flatter, libel or asperse:
Unharming Innocence with guilt could load,
Or lift the rebel patriot to a god:
Give the censorious Critic standing laws,
The first to violate them with applause;
The just Translator, and the solid Wit;
Like whom the passions few so truly hit.
The scourge of Dunces whom his malice made;
The impious plague of the defenceless dead.
To real Knaves and real Fools a sore;
Belov'd by many, but abhorr'd by more.
If here his merits are not full exprest;
His never-dying strains shall tell the rest.

Sure the greatest part was his true character. Here is another epitaph by Rolli,† which for

* Pope died on the 30th of May, 1744.—D.

† Paolo Rolli, composer of the operas, translated and published several things.

the profound fall in some of the verses, especially in the last, will divert you.

Spento è il Pope: de' poeti Britanni
Uno de' lumi che sorge in mille anni:
Pur si vuol che la macchia d'Ingrato
N'abbia reso il fulgor men sereno:
Stato fora e più giusto e più grato,
Men lodando e biasmando ancor meno.
Ma chi è reo per nativo prurito?
Lode o Biasmo, quì tutto è partito.
Nasce, scorre, si legge, si sente;
Dopo un Di, tutto è per niente.

Adieu!

LETTER CIX.

Arlington-Street, July 22, 1744.

I HAVE not written to you, my dear child, a good while, I know; but indeed it was from having nothing to tell you. You know I love you too well, for it to be necessary to be punctually proving it to you: so, when I have nothing worth your knowing, I repose myself upon the persuasion that you must have of my friendship. But I will never let that grow into any negligence, I should say idleness, which is always mighty ready to argue me out of everything I ought to do; and letter-writing is one of the

first duties that the very best people let perish out of their rubric. Indeed I pride myself extremely in having been so good a correspondent, for besides that every day grows to make one hate writing more, it is difficult, you must own, to keep up a correspondence of this sort with any spirit, when long absence makes one entirely out of all the little circumstances of each other's society, and which are the soul of letters. We are forced to deal only in great events, like historians; and instead of being Horace Mann and Horace Walpole, seem to correspond as Guicciardin and Clarendon would:

> Discedo Alcæus puncto Illius; ille meo quis!
> Quis nisi Callimachus?

Apropos to writing histories and Guicciardin; I wish to God, Boccalini was living! never was such an opportunity for Apollo's playing off a set of fools, as there is now! The good city of London, who, from long dictating to the Government, are now come to preside over taste and letters, have given one Carte,* a Jacobite parson, fifty pounds a-year for seven years, to write the history of England; and four Aldermen and

* Thomas Carte, a laborious writer of history. His principal works are, his Life of the Duke of Ormonde in three volumes, folio, and his History of England, in four. He died in 1754.—D.

six Common-councilmen are to inspect his materials and the progress of the work. Surveyors of common sewers turned supervisors of literature! To be sure, they think a history of England is no more than Stowe's Survey of the Parishes! Instead of having books published with the *imprimatur* of an University, they will be printed, as churches are whitewashed, John Smith and Thomas Johnson, churchwardens.

But, brother historian, you will wonder I should have nothing to *communicate,* when all Europe is bursting with events, and every day *big with the fate of Cato and of Rome.* But so it is; I know nothing: Prince Charles's great passage of the Rhine has hitherto produced nothing more: indeed the French armies are moving towards him from Flanders; and they tell us, ours is crossing the Scheldt to attack the Count de Saxe, now that we are equal to him, from our reinforcement and his diminutions. In the mean time, as I am at least one of the principal heroes of my own politics, being secure of any invasion, I am going to leave all my lares, that is, all my antiquities, household gods and pagods, and take a journey into Siberia for six weeks, where my father's grace of Courland has been for some time.

Lord Middlesex is going to be married to

Miss Boyle,* Lady Shannon's daughter; she has thirty thousand pounds, and may have as much more, if her mother, who is a plump widow, don't happen to *Nugentize.* The girl is low and ugly, but a vast scholar.

Young Churchill has got a daughter by the Frasi; Mr. Winnington calls it the *opera-comique;* the mother is an opera-girl; the grandmother was Mrs. Oldfield.

I must tell you of a very extraordinary print, which my Lady Burlington gives away, of her daughter Euston, with this inscription:

Lady Dorothy Boyle,
Once the pride, the joy, the comfort of her parents,
The admiration of all that saw her,
The delight of all that knew her.
Born May 14, 1724, married alas! Oct. 10, 1741, and delivered from extremest misery May 2, 1742.
This print was taken from a picture drawn by memory seven weeks after her death, by her most afflicted mother,
DOROTHY BURLINGTON.†

I am forced to begin a new sheet, lest you should think my letter came from my Lady Burlington, as it ends so patly with her name. But

* Grace Boyle, daughter and sole heiress of Richard Viscount Shannon. She became afterwards a favourite of Frederick Prince of Wales, and died in 1763.—D.

† This is an incorrect copy of the inscription on Lady Euston's picture, given in a note at page 328, of the first volume.—D.

is it not a most melancholy way of venting oneself? She has drawn numbers of these pictures: I don't approve her having them engraved; but sure the inscription * is pretty.

I was accosted the other night by a little, pert *petit-maitre* figure, that claimed me for acquaintance. Do you remember to have seen at Florence an Abbé Durazzo, of Genoa? well, this was he: it is mighty dapper and French: however I will be civil to it: I never lose opportunities of paving myself an agreeable passage back to Florence. My dear Chutes, stay for me: I think the first gale of peace will carry me to you. Are you as fond of Florence as ever? of me you are not, I am sure, for you never write me a line. You would be diverted with the grandeur of our old Florence beauty, Lady Carteret. She dresses more extravagantly, and grows more short-sighted every day: she can't walk a step without leaning on one of her ancient daughters-in-law. Lord Tweedale and Lord Bathurst are her constant gentlemen-ushers. She has not quite digested her resentment to Lincoln yet. He was walking with her at Ranelagh the other night, and a Spanish refugee Marquis,† who is of the Carteret court,

* It is said to be Pope's.

† The Marquis Tabernego.

but who, not being quite perfect in the *carte du pais,* told my Lady that Lord Lincoln had promised him to make a very good husband to Miss Pelham. Lady Carteret, with an accent of energy, replied, "*J'espère qu'il tiendra sa promesse!*" Here is a good epigram that has been made on her:

Her beauty, like the Scripture feast,
To which the invited never came,
Deprived of its intended guest,
Was given to the old and lame.

Adieu! here is company; I think I may be excused leaving off at the sixth side.

LETTER CX.

Arlington-Street, Aug. 6, 1744.

I DON'T tell you anything about Prince Charles, for you must hear all his history as soon as we do; at least much sooner than it can come to the very North, and be despatched back to Italy. There is nothing from Flanders: we advance and they retire—just as two months ago we retired and they advanced: but it is good to be leading up this part of the tune. Lord Stair is going into Scotland: the King is

grown wonderfully fond of him, since he has taken the resolution of that journey. He said the other day, "I wish my Lord Stair was in Flanders! General Wade is a very able officer, but he is not alert." I, in my private litany, am beseeching the Lord, that he may contract none of my Lord Stair's alertness.

When I first wrote you word of la Chetardie's disgrace, I did not believe it; but you see it is now public. What I like is, her Russian Majesty's* making her amour keep exact pace with her public indignation. She sent to demand her picture and other presents. *Other presents,* to be sure, were *billet-doux,* bracelets woven of her own bristles—for I look upon the hair of a Muscovite Majesty in the light of the chairs which Gulliver made out of the combings of the Empress of Brobdignag's tresses: the stumps he made into very good large-tooth combs. You know the present is a very Amazon; she has grappled with all her own grenadiers. I should like to see their loves woven into a French opera: la Chetardie's character is quite adapted to the civil discord of their stage: and then a northern heroine to reproach him in their outrageous quavers, would make a most delightful crash of sentiment, impertinence, gallantry, con-

* The Empress Elizabeth of Russia.—D.

tempt, and screaming. The first opera that I saw at Paris, I could not believe was in earnest, but thought they had carried me to the *opera-comique.* The three acts of the piece* were three several interludes, of the Loves of Antony and Cleopatra, of Alcibiades and the Queen of Sparta, and of Tibullus with a niece of Mæcenas; besides something of Circe, who was screamed by a Mademoiselle Hermans, seven feet high. She was in black, with a nosegay of *black flowers,* (for on the French stage they pique themselves on propriety,) and without powder: whenever you are a widow, are in distress, or are a witch, you are to leave off powder.

I have no news for you, and am going to have less, for I am going into Norfolk. I have stayed till I have not one acquaintance left: the next billow washes me last off the plank. I have not cared to stir, for fear of news from Flanders; but I have convinced myself that there will be none. Our army is much superior to the Count de Saxe; besides, they have ten large towns to garrison, which will reduce their army to nothing; or they must leave us the towns to walk into coolly.

I have received yours of July 21. Did neither I nor your brother tell you that we had re-

* I think it was the *ballet de la paix.*

ceived the Neapolitan snuff-box?* it is above a month ago: how could I be so forgetful? but I have never heard one word of the cases, nor of Lord Conway's guns, nor Lord Hartington's melon-seeds, all which you mention to have sent. Lestock has long been arrived, so to be sure the cases never came with him: I hope Matthews will discover them. Pray thank Dr. Cocchi very particularly for his book.

I am very sorry too for your father's removal; it was not done in the most obliging manner by Mr. Winnington; there was something exactly like a breach of promise in it to my father, which was tried to be softened by a civil alternative, that was no alternative at all. He was forced to it by my Lady Townshend, who has an implacable aversion to all my father's people; and not having less to Mr. Pelham's, she has been as *brusque* with Winnington about them. He has no principles himself, and those no-principles of his are governed absolutely by hers, which are no-*issimes*.

I don't know any of your English. I should delight in your Vaux-hall-ets: what a figure my Grifona must make in such a romantic scene! I have lately been reading the poems of the Earl

* It was for a present to Mr. Stone, the Duke of Newcastle's secretary.

of Surrey in Henry the Eighth's time; he was in love with the fair Geraldine of Florence; I have a mind to write under the Grifona's picture these two lines from one of his sonnets;

> From Tuscane came my Lady's worthy race,
> Fair Florence was some time her auncient seat.

And then these;

> Her beauty *of kinde*, her vertues from above;
> Happy is he that can obtaine her love!

I don't know what *of kinde* means, but to be sure it was something prodigiously expressive and gallant in those days, by its being unintelligible now.

Adieu! Do the Chutes *cicisbè* it?

LETTER CXI.

London, Aug. 16, 1744.

I AM writing to you two or three days beforehand, by way of settling my affairs: not that I am going to be married or to die; but something as bad as either if it were to last as long. You will guess that it can only be going to Houghton; but I make as much an affair of that, as other people would of going to Jamaica. Indeed I don't lay in store of cake and band-

boxes, and citron water, and cards, and cold meat, as country-gentlewomen do after the session. My packing up and travelling concerns lie in very small compass; nothing but myself and Patapan, my footman, a cloak-bag, and a couple of books. My old Tom is even reduced upon the article of my journey; he is at the Bath, patching together some very bad remains of a worn-out constitution. I always travel without company, for then I take my own hours and my own humours, which I don't think the most tractable to shut up in a coach with anybody else. You know, St. Evremont's rule for conquering the passions, was to indulge them; mine for keeping my temper in order, is never to leave it too long with another person. I have found out that it will have its way, but I make it take its way by itself. It is such sort of reflection as this, that makes me hate the country: it is impossible in one house with one set of company, to be always enough upon one's guard to make one's self agreeable, which one ought to do, as one always expects it from others. If I had a house of my own in the country, and could live there now and then alone, or frequently changing my company, I am persuaded I should like it; at least, I fancy I should, for when one begins to reflect why one don't like the country,

I believe one grows near liking to reflect in it. I feel very often that I grow to correct twenty things in myself, as thinking them ridiculous at my age; and then with my spirit of whim and folly, I make myself believe that this is all prudence, and that I wish I were young enough to be as thoughtless and extravagant as I used to be. But if I know anything of the matter, this is all flattering myself: I grow older, and love my follies less—if I did not, alas! poor prudence and reflection!

I think I have pretty well exhausted the chapter of myself. I will now go talk to you of another fellow, who makes me look upon myself as a very perfect character; for as I have little merit naturally, and only pound a stray virtue now and then by chance, the other gentleman seems to have no vice, rather no villainy, but what he nurses in himself and methodizes with as much pains as a Stoic would patience. Indeed his pains are not thrown away. This pains-taking person's name is Frederic King of Prussia. Pray remember for the future never to speak of him and H. W. without giving the latter the preference. Last week we were all alarm! He was before Prague with fifty thousand men, and not a man in Bohemia to ask him, "What dost thou?" This week we have raised a hundred thousand Hungarians, besides vast militias

and loyal nobilities. The King of Poland is to attack him on his march, and the Russians to fall on Prussia.* In the mean time his letter or address to the people of England has been published here: it is a poor performance! His Voltaires and his Litterati should correct his works before they are printed. A careless song, with a little nonsense in it now and then, does not misbecome a monarch; but to pen manifestos worse than the lowest *commis* that is kept jointly by two or three Margraves, is insufferable!

We are very strong in Flanders, but still expect to do nothing this campaign. The French are so intrenched that it is impossible to attack them. There is talk of besieging Maubeuge; I don't know how certainly.

Lord Middlesex's match is determined, and the writings signed. She proves an immense fortune; they pretend a hundred and thirty thousand pounds—what a fund for making operas!

My Lady Carteret is going to Tunbridge—there is a hurry for a son: his only one is gone mad: about a fortnight ago he was at the Duke of Bedford's, and as much in his few senses as ever. At five o'clock in the morning he waked the Duke and Duchess all bloody, and with the

* This alludes to the King of Prussia's retreat from Prague, on the approach of the Austrian army commanded by Prince Charles of Lorraine.—D.

lappet of his coat held up full of ears: he had been in the stable and cropped all the horses! he is shut up. My Lady is in the honey-moon of her grandeur: she lives in public places, whither she is escorted by the old beaux of her husband's court; fair white-wigged old gallants, the Duke of Bolton,* Lord Tweedale, Lord Bathurst, and Charles Fielding;† and she all over knots and small hoods, and ribands. Her brother told me the other night, "Indeed I think my thister doesth countenanth Ranelagh too mutch." They call my Lord Pomfret, *King Stanislaus*, the Queen's father.

I have heard of an admirable dialogue, which has been written at the army on the battle of Dettingen, but one can't get a copy; I must tell you two or three strokes in it that I have heard. Pierot asks Harlequin, "*Que donne-t'on aux Généraux qui ne se sont pas trouvés à la bataille?*" Harl. "*On leur donne le cordon rouge.*" Pier. "*Et que donne-t'on au Général en chef,*‡ *qui a gagné la victoire!*" Harl. "*Son congé.*" Pier. "*Qui a soin des blessés?*" Harl. "*L'ennemi.*" Adieu!

* Charles Poulett third Duke of Bolton.—D.

† The Hon. Charles Fielding, third son of William third Earl of Denbigh; a Lieutenant-Colonel in the Guards, and Gentleman-Usher to Queen Caroline.—D.

‡ Lord Stair.—D.

LETTER CXII.

Houghton, Sept. 1, 1744.

I WISH you joy of *your* victory at Velletri! I call it your's, for you are the great spring of all that war. I intend to publish your life, with an Appendix, that shall contain all the letters to you from Princes, Cardinals, and great men of the time. In speaking of Prince Lobkowitz's attempt to seize the King of Naples at Velletri, I shall say, "for the share our hero had in this great action, vide the Appendix, Card. Albani's letter, p. 14." You shall no longer be the dear *Miny*, but *Manone*, the *Great Man;* you shall figure with the *Great Pan*, and the *Great Patapan*. I wish you and your laurels and your operations were on the Rhine, in Piemont, or in Bohemia; and then Prince Charles would not have repassed the first, nor the Prince of Conti advanced within three days of Turin, and the King of Prussia would already have been terrified from entering the last—all this lumping bad news came to counterbalance your Neapolitan triumphs. Here is all the war to begin again! and perhaps next winter a second edition of Dunkirk. We could not even have the King of

France die, though he was so near it.* He was in a woeful fright, and promised the Bishop of Soissons, that if he lived, he would have done with his women. A man with all those crowns on his head, and attacking and disturbing all those on the heads of other Princes, who is the soul of all the havoc and ruin that has been and is to be spread through Europe in this war, haggling thus for his bloody life, and cheapening it at the price of a mistress or two! and this was the fellow that they fetched to the army, to drive the brave Prince Charles beyond the Rhine again! It is just such another paltry mortal† that has fetched him back into Bohemia—I forget which of his battles‡ it was, that when his army had got the victory, they could not find the King: he had run away for a whole day without looking behind him.

I thank you for the particulars of the action, and the list of the prisoners: among them is one Don Theodore Diamato Amor, a cavalier of so romantic a name, that my sister and Miss Leneve quite interest themselves in his captivity; and make their addresses to you, who, they hear, have such power with Prince Lobkowitz,

* On the 8th of August, Louis the Fifteenth was seized at Metz with a malignant putrid fever, of which he was near dying.—D.

† The King of Prussia. ‡ The battle of Molwitz.

to obtain his liberty. If he has Spanish gallantry in any proportion to his name, he will immediately come to England, and vow himself their Knight.

Those verses I sent you on Mr. Pope, I assure you, were not mine; I transcribed them from the newspapers; from whence I must send you a very good epigram on Bishop Berkeley's tar-water:

> Who dare deride what pious Cloyne has done?
> The Church shall rise and vindicate her son;
> She tells us, all her Bishops shepherds are—
> And shepherds heal their rotten sheep with tar.

I am not at all surprised at my Lady Walpole's ill-humour to you about the messenger. If the resentments of women did not draw them into little dirty spite, their hatred would be very dangerous; but they vent the leisure they have to do mischief, in a thousand meannesses, which only serve to expose themselves.

Adieu! I know nothing here but public politics, of which I have already talked to you, and which you hear as soon as I do.

Thank dear Mr. Chute for his letter; I will answer it very soon; but in the country I am forced to let my pen lie fallow between letter and letter.

LETTER CXIII.

Houghton, Oct. 6, 1744.

DOES Decency insist upon one's writing within certain periods, when one has nothing to say? because if she does, she is the most formal, ceremonious personage I know. I shall not enter into a dispute with her, as my Lady Hervey did with the goddess of Indolence, or with the goddess of letter-writing, I forget which, in a long letter that she sent to the Duke of Bourbon; because I had rather write than have a dispute about it. Besides, I am not at all used to converse with hieroglyphic ladies. But I do assure you, it is merely to avoid scolding, that I set about this letter—I don't mean your scolding, for you are all goodness to me; but my own scolding of myself; a correction I stand in great awe of, and which I am sure never to escape, as often as I am to blame. One can scold other people again, or smile and jog one's foot, and affect not to mind it; but those airs won't do with oneself: one always comes by the worst in a dispute with one's own conviction.

Admiral Matthews sent me down hither your great packet: I am charmed with your prudence and with the good sense of your orders for the Neapolitan expedition; I won't say your good-nature, which is excessive; for I think

your tenderness of the little Queen* a little *outrée*, especially as their apprehensions might have added great weight to your menaces; I would threaten like a Corsair, though I would conquer with all the good-breeding of a Scipio. I most devoutly wish you success; you are sure of having me most happy with any honour you acquire. You have quite soared above all fear of Goldsworthy; and I think must appear of consequence to any ministry. I am much obliged to you for the medal, and like the design: I shall preserve it as part of your works.

I can't forgive what you say to me about the coffee-pot: one would really think that you looked upon me as an old woman that had left a legacy to be kept for her sake, and a curse to attend the parting with it. My dear child, is it treating me justly, to enter into the detail of your reasons? Was it even necessary to say, "I have changed your coffee-pot for some other plate?"

I have nothing to tell you, but that I go to town next week, and will then write you all I hear. Adieu!

* The Queen of Naples,—Maria of Saxony, wife of Charles the Third King of Naples, and subsequently, on the death of his elder brother, King of Spain. This alludes to the Austrian campaign in the Neapolitan territories; the taking of the town of Velletri, &c. —D.

LETTER CXIV.

Arlington-Street, Oct. 19, 1744.

I HAVE received two or three letters from you since I wrote to you last; and all contribute to give me fears for your situation at Florence. How absurdly all the Queen's haughtinesses are dictated to her by her ministers, or by her own Austriacity! She lost all Silesia, because she would not lose a small piece of it; and she is going to lose Tuscany, for want of a neutrality, because she would not accept one for Naples, even after all prospect of conquering it was vanished. Every thing goes ill! the King of Sardinia beaten; and to-day we hear of Coni lost! You will see in the papers too, that the Victory, our finest ship, is lost with Sir John Balchen and nine hundred men. The expense alone of the ship is computed at above two hundred thousand pounds. We have nothing good but a flying report of a victory of Prince Charles over the Prussian, who, it is said, has lost ten thousand men, and both his legs by a cannon-ball. I have no notion of his losing them, but by breaking them in over-hurry to run away. However, it comes from a Jew, who had the first news of the passage of the Rhine*—But, my dear child, how will this comfort me, if you are not to

* This report proved to be without foundation.—D.

remain in peace at Florence!—I tremble as I write!

Yesterday morning carried off those two old beldams, Sarah of Marlborough and the Countess Granville ;* so now Uguccioni's† Epithalamium must be new-tricked out in titles, for my Lady Carteret is Countess! poor Bistino! I wish my Lady Pomfret may leave off her translation of Froissart, to English the 840 heroics! When I know the particulars of old Marlborough's will, you shall.

My Lord Walpole has promised me a letter for young Gardiner, who, by the way, has pushed his fortune *en vrai batard,* without being so, for it never was pretended that he was my brother's; he protests he is not—but the youth has profited of his mother's gallantries.

I have not seen Admiral Matthews yet, but I take him to be very mad: he walks in the Park with a cockade of three colours: the Duke desired a gentleman to ask him the meaning, and all the answer he would give, was, "The Treaty of Worms! the Treaty of Worms!" I design

* Mother of John Lord Carteret, who succeeded her in the title.

† A Florentine, who had employed an Abbé of his acquaintance to write an epithalamium on Lord Carteret's marriage, consisting of 840 Latin lines. Sir H. Mann had given an account of the composition of this piece of literary flattery in one of his letters to Walpole. —D.

to see him, thank him for my packet, and enquire after the cases.

It is a most terrible loss for his parents, Lord Beauchamp's* death; if they were out of the question, one could not be sorry for such a mortification to the pride of old Somerset. He has written the most shocking letter imaginable to poor Lord Hertford, telling him that it is a judgment upon him for all his undutifulness, and that he must always look upon himself as the cause of his son's death. Lord Hertford is as good a man as lives, and has always been most unreasonably ill-used by that old tyrant. The title of Somerset will revert to Sir Edward Seymour, whose line has been most unjustly deprived of it from the first creation. The Protector, when only Earl of Hertford, married a great heiress, and had a Lord Beauchamp, who was about twenty when his mother died. His father then married an Anne Stanhope, with whom he was in love, and not only procured an act of parliament to deprive Lord Beauchamp of his honours, and to settle the title of Somerset, which he was going to have, on the children of this second match, but took from him even *his* mo-

* Only son of Algernon Earl of Hertford, afterwards the last Duke of Somerset of that branch. Lord Beauchamp died of the small-pox at Bologna.

ther's fortune. From him descended Sir Edward Seymour the Speaker, who, on King William's landing, when he said to him, "Sir Edward, I think you are of the Duke of Somerset's family;" replied, "No, Sir, he is of mine."

Lord Lincoln was married last Tuesday, and Lord Middlesex will be very soon.

Have you heard the gentle manner of the French King's dismissing Madame de Chateauroux? In the very circle, the Bishop of Soissons* told her, that as the scandal the King had given with her was public, his Majesty thought his repentance ought to be so too, and that he therefore forbad her the court; and then turning to the Monarch, asked him if that was not his pleasure; who replied, yes. They have taken away her pension too, and turned out even laundresses, that she had recommended for the future Dauphiness. Apropos to the Chateauroux, there is a Hanoverian come over, who was so ingenuous as to tell Master Louis,† how like he is to Monsieur Walmoden. You conceive that *nous autres Souvereins nous n'aimons*

* Son of Fitzjames Duke of Berwick. This Bishop of Soissons, on the King being given over at Metz, prevailed on him to part with his mistress the Duchesse de Chateauroux: but the King soon recalled her, and confined the Bishop to his diocese.

† Son of King George II. by Madame Walmoden, created Countess of Yarmouth.

pas qu'on se méprenne aux gens: we don't love that our Fitzroys should be scandalized with any mortal resemblance.

I must tell you a good piece of discretion of a Scotch soldier, whom Mr. Selwyn met on Bexley heath walking back to the army. He had met with a single glove at Hingham, which had been left there last year in an inn by an officer now in Flanders: this the fellow was carrying in hopes of a little money; but for fear he should lose the glove, wore it all the way.

Thank you for General Braitwitz's *deux potences.** I hope that one of them at least will rid us of the Prussian! Adieu! my dear child; all my wishes are employed about Florence!

LETTER CXV.

Arlington Street, Nov. 9, 1744.

I FIND I must not wait any longer for news, if I intend to keep up our correspondence. Nothing happens; nothing has since I wrote last, but Lord Middlesex's wedding; which was over

* General Braitwitz, Commander of the Queen of Hungary's troops in Tuscany, speaking of the two *powers*, his Mistress and the King of Sardinia, instead of saying *ces deux Pouvoirs*, said, *ces deux Potences*.

above a week before it was known. I believe the bride told it then, for he and all his family are so silent, that they would never have mentioned it; she might have popped out a child, before a single Sackville would have been at the expense of a syllable to justify her.

Our old acquaintance, the Pomfrets, are not so reserved about their great matrimony: the new Lady Granville was at home the other night for the first time of her being mistress of the house. I was invited, for I am in much favour with them all; but found myself extremely *déplacé;* there was nothing but the Winchelseas and Baths, and the gleanings of a party stuffed out into a faction, some foreign Ministers, and the whole blood of Fermor. My Lady Pomfret asked me if I corresponded still with the Grifona: "No," I said, "since I had been threatened with a regale of hams and Florence wine, I had dropped it." My Lady Granville said, "You was afraid of being thought interested." "Yes," said the Queen-mother, with all the importance with which she used to blunder out pieces of heathen mythology, "I think it was very *ministerial.*" Don't you think that word came in as awkwardly as I did into their room? The *Minister* is most gracious to me; he has returned my visit, which, you know, is never

practised by that rank: I put it all down to my father's account, who is not likely to keep up the civility.

You will see the particulars of old Marlborough's will in the Evening Posts of this week; it is as extravagant as one should have expected; but I delight in her begging that no part of the Duke of Marlborough's life may be written in verse, by Glover and Mallet, to whom she gives five hundred pounds a-piece for writing it in prose. There is a great deal of humour in the thought: to be sure the spirit of the Dowager Leonidas* inspired her with it.

All public affairs in agitation at present go well for us: Prince Charles in Bohemia, the raising of the siege of Coni, and probably of that of Fribourg, are very good circumstances. I shall be very tranquil this winter, if Tuscany does not come into play, or another scene of an invasion. In a fortnight meets the Parliament; nobody guesses what the turn of the Opposition will be. Adieu! my love to the Chutes. I hope you now and then make my other compliments: I never forget the Princess, nor (ware hams!) the Grifona.

* Glover wrote a dull heroic poem on the action of Leonidas at Thermopylæ.

LETTER CXVI.

Arlington-Street, Nov. 26, 1744.

I HAVE not prepared you for a great event, because it was really so unlikely to happen, that I was afraid of being the author of a mere political report: but to keep you no longer in suspense, Lord Granville has *resigned:* that is the term, *l'honnête façon de parler;* but in few words the truth of the history is, that the Duke of Newcastle—(by the way, mind, that the words I am going to use, are not mine, but his Majesty's)—*being grown as jealous of Lord Granville as he had been of Lord Orford, and wanting to be first Minister himself, which, a puppy! how should he be? (autre phrase royale)* and his brother being as susceptible of the noble passion of jealousy as he is, have long been conspiring to overturn the great Lord. Resolution and capacity were all they wanted to bring it about, for the imperiousness and universal contempt which their rival had for them, and for the rest of the Ministry and for the rest of the nation, had made almost all men his enemies; and indeed he took no pains to make friends: his maxim was, *give any man the Crown on his side, and he can defy everything.* Winnington asked him, if that were true, how he came to be Minister? · About a fortnight

ago the whole Cabinet Council, except Lord Bath, Lord Winchelsea, Lord Tweedale, the Duke of Bolton, and my good brother-in-law,* (the two last severally bribed with the promise of Ireland) did venture to let the King know, that he must part with them or with Lord Granville. The Monarch does not love to be forced —and his son is full as angry. Both tried to avoid the rupture. My father was sent for, but excused himself from coming till last Thursday, and even then would not go to the King; and at last gave his opinion very unwillingly. But on Saturday it was finally determined: Lord Granville resigned the seals; which are given back to my Lord President Harrington. Lord Winchelsea quits too: but for all the rest of that connection, they have agreed not to quit, but to be forced out—so Mr. Pelham must have a new struggle to remove every one. He can't let them stay in, because, to secure his power, he must bring in Lord Chesterfield, Pitt, the chief patriots, and perhaps some Tories. The King has declared that my Lord Granville has his opinion and affection; the Prince warmly and openly espouses him. Judge how agreeably the two brothers will enjoy their Ministry. To-morrow the Parliament meets: all in suspense! every-

* George Earl of Cholmondeley.

body will be staring at each other! I believe the war will still go on, but a little more Anglicized. For my part, I behold all with great tranquillity; I cannot be sorry for Lord Granville, for he certainly sacrificed everything to please the King; I cannot be glad for the Pelhams, for they sacrifice everything to their own jealousy and ambition.

Who are mortified, are the fair Sophia and Queen Stanislaus: however, the daughter carries it off heroically: the very night of her fall, she went to the Oratorio. I talked to her much, and recollected all that had been said to me upon the like occasion three years ago: I succeeded; and am invited to her assembly next Tuesday. Tell Uguccioni that she still keeps *conversazioni*, or he will hang himself. She had no court, but an ugly sister, and the fair old-fashioned Duke of Bolton. It put me in mind of a scene in Harry VIII. where Queen Catherine appears after her divorce, with Patience her waiting-maid, and Griffith her Gentleman-usher.

My dear child! *voilà le monde!* are you as great a philosopher about it as I am? you cannot imagine how I entertain myself, especially as all the ignorant flock hither, and conclude that my Lord must be minister again. Yesterday three Bishops came to do him homage; and

who should be one of them, but Dr. Thomas,* the only man mitred by Lord Granville? As I was not at all mortified with *our* fall, I am only diverted with this imaginary restoration. They little think how incapable my Lord is of business again! He has this whole summer been troubled with bloody water upon the least motion; and to-day Ranby assured me, that he has a stone in his bladder, which he himself believed before; so now he must never use the least exercise, never go into a chariot again; and if ever to Houghton, in a litter. Though this account will grieve you, I tell it you, that you may know what to expect; yet it is common for people to live many years in his situation.

If you are not as detached from every thing as I am, you will wonder at my tranquillity, to be able to write such variety in the midst of hurricanes. It costs me nothing, so I shall write on, and tell you an adventure of my own. The town has been trying all this winter to beat pantomimes off the stage, very boisterously; for it is the way here to make even an affair of taste and sense, a matter of riot and arms. Fleetwood, the master of Drury-lane, has omitted nothing to support them, as they supported his house. About ten days ago, he let into the pit

* Bishop of Lincoln.

great numbers of bear-garden *bruisers,* (that is the term,) to knock down everybody that hissed. The pit rallied their forces and drove them out: I was sitting very quietly in the side-boxes, contemplating all this. On a sudden the curtain flew up, and discovered the whole stage filled with blackguards, armed with bludgeons and clubs, to menace the audience. This raised the greatest uproar—and among the rest, who flew into a passion—but your friend the philosopher? In short, one of the actors, advancing to the front of the stage, to make an apology for the manager; he had scarce begun to say, "Mr. Fleetwood—" when your friend with a most audible voice and dignity of anger, called out, "He is an impudent rascal!" The whole pit huzzaed and repeated the words; only think of my being a popular orator! But what was still better; while my shadow of a person was dilating to the consistence of a hero, one of the chief ringleaders of the riot, coming under the box where I sat, and pulling off his hat, said, "Mr. Walpole what would you please to have us do next?" It is impossible to describe to you the confusion into which this apostrophe threw me. I sank down into the box, and have never since ventured to set my foot into the play-house. The next night the uproar was repeated with greater

violence, and nothing was heard but voices calling out, "Where's Mr. W.? where's Mr. W.?" In short the whole town has been entertained with my prowess, and Mr. Conway has given me the name of Wat Tyler; which I believe would have stuck by me, if this new episode of Lord Granville had not luckily interfered.

We every minute expect news of the Mediterranean engagement, for, besides your account, Birtles has written the same from Genoa. We expect good news too from Prince Charles, who is driving the King of Prussia before him. In the mean time, his wife the Archduchess is dead, which may be a signal loss to him.

I forgot to tell you that on Friday, Lord Charles Hay,* who has more of the parts of an Irishman than of a Scot, told my Lady Granville at the drawing-room, on her seeing so full a court, "that people were come out of curiosity." The Speaker† is the happiest of any man in these bustles: he says, "this parliament has torn two favourite ministers from the throne." His conclusion is, that the power of the parliament will in the end be so great, that nobody can be minister, but their own Speaker.

Winnington says my Lord Chesterfield and Pitt will have places, before old Marlborough's

* Brother of Lord Tweedale. † Arthur Onslow.

legacy to them for being patriots is paid. My compliments to the family of Suares on the Vittorina's marriage. Adieu!

LETTER CXVII.

Arlington-Street, Dec. 24, 1744.

You will wonder what has become of me: nothing has. I know it is above three weeks since I wrote to you; but I will tell you the reason. I have kept a parliamentary silence, which I must explain to you. Ever since Lord Granville went out, all has been in suspense. The leaders of the Opposition immediately imposed silence upon their party: every thing passed without the least debate—in short, *all were making their bargains.* One has heard of the corruption of Courtiers; but believe me, the impudent prostitution of patriots, going to market with their honesty, beats it to nothing. Do but think of two hundred men *of the most consummate virtue,* setting themselves to sale for three weeks! I have been reprimanded by the wise, for saying, that they all stood like servants at a country statute fair to be hired. All this while, nothing was certain: one day the coali-

tion was settled; the next, the treaty broke off: I hated to write to you what I might contradict next post. Besides, in my last letter I remembered telling you that the Archduchess was dead; she did not die till a fortnight afterwards.

The result of the whole is this: the King, instigated by Lord Granville, has used all his ministry as ill as possible, and has with the greatest difficulty been brought to consent to the necessary changes. Mr. Pelham has had as much difficulty to regulate the disposition of places. Numbers of lists of the *hungry* have been given in by their *Centurions:* of those, several Tories have refused to accept the proffered posts: some, from an impossibility of being re-chosen for their Jacobite counties. But upon the whole, it appears that their leaders have had very little influence with them, for not above four or five are come into place. The rest will stick to Opposition. Here is a list of the changes, as made last Saturday.

Duke of Devonshire, Lord Steward, in the room of the Duke of Dorset.

Duke of Dorset, Lord President, in Lord Harrington's room.

Lord Chesterfield,† Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, in the Duke of Devonshire's.

Duke of Bedford,† Lord Sandwich,† George Grenville,†

Lord Vere Beauclerc,‡ and Admiral Anson, Lords of the Admiralty, in the room of Lord Winchilsea,* Dr. Lee,* Cockburn,*§ Sir Charles Hardy,* and Philipson.*‖

Mr. Arundel and George Lyttelton,† Lords of the Treasury, in the room of Compton * and Gybbon.*

Lord Gower † again Privy Seal, in Lord Cholmondeley's* room, who is made Vice-Treasurer of Ireland in Harry Vane's.*

Mr. Doddington,† Treasurer of the Navy, in Sir John Rushout's.*

Mr. Waller,† Cofferer, in Lord Sandys'.*

Lord Hobart, Captain of the Pensioners, in Lord Bathurst's.*

Sir John Cotton,† Treasurer of the Chambers, in Lord Hobart's.¶

Mr. Keene, Paymaster of the Pensions, in Mr. Hooper's.*

Sir John Philipps † and John Pitt † Commissioners of Trade, in Mr. Keene's and Sir Charles Gilmour's.*

William Chetwynd,† Master of the Mint, in Mr. Arundel's.

Lord Halifax,† Master of the Buck-hounds, in Mr. Jennison's, who has a pension.

All those with a cross are from the Opposition; those with a star, the turned-out, and are all of the Granville and Bath squadron, except Lord Cholmondeley, (who too, had connected with

‡ Lord Vere Beauclerk, third son of the first Duke of St. Albans, afterwards created Lord Vere of Hanworth.—D.

§ John Cockburne, Esq.—D.

‖ Thomas Philipson, Esq.—D.

¶ John first Lord Hobart, so created in 1728, by the interest of his sister Lady Suffolk, the mistress of George the Second. In 1746 he was created Earl of Buckinghamshire. He died September 22, 1756.—D.

the former,) and Mr. Philipson. The King parted with great regret with Lord Cholmondeley, and complains loudly of the force put upon him. The Prince, who is full as warm as his father for Lord Granville, has already turned out Lyttelton, who was his Secretary, and Lord Halifax; and has named Mr. Drax and Lord Inchiquin * in their places. You perceive the great Mr. William Pitt is not in the list, though he comes thoroughly into the measures. To preserve his character and authority in the parliament, he was unwilling to accept any thing yet: the ministry very rightly insisted that he should; he asked for Secretary at War, knowing it would be refused—and it was.

By this short sketch, and it is impossible to be more explanatory, you will perceive that all is confusion: all parties broken to pieces, and the whole Opposition by tens and by twenties selling themselves for profit—power they get none! It is not easy to say where power resides at present: it is plain that it resides not in the King: and yet he has enough to hinder anybody else from having it. His new governors have no interest with him—scarce any converse with him.

The Pretender's son is owned in France as

* William O'Brien, fourth Earl of Inchiquin, in Ireland.—D.

Prince of Wales; the Princes of the blood have been to visit him in form. The Duchess of Chateauroux is poisoned there—so their monarch is as ill-used as our most gracious King! How go your Tuscan affairs? I am always trembling for you, though I am laughing at every thing else. My father is pretty well: he is taking a preparation of Mrs. Stephens's* medicine; but I think all his physicians begin to agree that he has no large stone.

Adieu! my dear child: I think the present comedy cannot be of long duration. The parliament is adjourned for the holidays: I am impatient to see the first division.

LETTER CXVIII.

Arlington-Street, Jan. 4, 1745.

WHEN I receive your long letters, I am ashamed: mine are notes in comparison. How do you contrive to roll out your patience into two sheets? You certainly don't love me better than I do you; and yet if our loves were to be sold by the quire, you would have by far the more magnificent stock to dispose of. I can only say that age has already an effect on the vigour of my

* It was Dr. Jurin's preparation.

pen; none on your's: it is not, I assure you, for you alone, but my ink is at low water-mark for all my acquaintance. My present shame arises from a letter of eight sides, of December 8th, which I received from you last post; but before I say a word to that, I must tell you that I have at last received the cases; three with gesse figures, and one with Lord Conway's gun-barrels: I thought there were to be four, besides the guns; but I quite forget, and did not even remember what they were to contain. Am not I in your debt again? tell me, for you know how careless I am. Look over your list, and see whether I have received all. There were four barrels, the Ganymede, the Sleeping Cupid, the model of my statue, the Musæum Florentinum, and some seeds for your brother. But alas! though I received them in gross, I did not at all in detail: the model was broken into ten thousand bits, and the Ganymede short in two; besides some of the fingers quite reduced to powder. Rysbrach has undertaken to mend him. The little Morpheus arrived quite whole, and is charmingly pretty; I like it better in plaster, than in the original black marble.

It is not being an upright senator to promise one's vote beforehand, especially in a money-matter; but I believe so many excellent patriots have

just done the same thing, that I shall venture readily to engage my promise to you, to get you any sum for the defence of Tuscany—why, it is to defend you and my own country! my own palace *in via di santo spirito,** my own Princess *épuisée,* and all my family! I shall quite make interest for you: nay, I would speak to our new ally, and your old acquaintance, Lord Sandwich, to assist in it; but I could have no hope of getting at his ear, for he has put on such a first-rate tie-wig, on his admission to the Admiralty-board, that nothing without the lungs of a boatswain can ever think to penetrate the thickness of the curls. I think, however, it does honour to the dignity of Ministers: when he was but a patriot, his wig was not of half its present gravity. There are no more changes made: all is quiet yet; but next Thursday the Parliament meets to decide the complexion of the Session. My Lord Chesterfield goes next week to Holland, and then returns for Ireland.

The great present disturbance in politics is my Lady Granville's assembly, which I do assure you distresses the Pelhams infinitely, more than a mysterious meeting of the States would, and far more than the abrupt breaking up of the diet at Grodno. She had begun to keep Tuesdays

* The street in Florence where Mr. Mann lived.

before her Lord resigned, which now she continues with greater zeal. Her house is very fine, she very handsome, her Lord very agreeable and extraordinary; and yet the Duke of Newcastle wonders that people will go thither. He mentioned to my father my going there, who laughed at him; *Cato's a proper person* to trust with such a childish jealousy! Harry Fox says, "Let the Duke of Newcastle open his own house, and see if all that come thither are his friends." The fashion now is to send cards to the women, and to declare that all men are welcome without being asked. This is a piece of ease that shocks the prudes of the last age. You can't imagine how my Lady Granville shines in doing honours; you know she is made for it. My Lord has new furnished his mother's apartment for her, and has given her a magnificent set of dressing-plate; he is very fond of her, and she as fond of his being so.

You will have heard of Marshal Belleisle's being made a prisoner at Hanover: the world will believe it was not by accident. He is sent for over hither: the first thought was to confine him to the Tower, but that is contrary to the *politesse* of modern war: they talk of sending him to Nottingham,* where Tallard was. I am sure if he is prisoner at large anywhere, we

* Belleisle was confined in Windsor Castle.—D.

could not have a worse inmate! so ambitious and intriguing a man, who was author of this whole war, will be no bad General to be ready to head the Jacobites on any insurrection.

I can say nothing more about young Gardiner, but that I don't think my father at all inclined now to have any letter written for him. Adieu!

LETTER CXIX.

Arlington-Street, Jan. 14, 1745.

I HAVE given my uncle the letter from Monsieur de Magnan; he had just received another from him at Venice, to desire his recommendation to you. His history is; first, the Regent picked him up, (I don't know from whence, but he is of the Greek church,) to teach the present Duke of Orleans the Russ tongue, when they had a scheme for marrying him into Muscovy. At Paris Lord Waldegrave* met with him, and sent him over hither, where they pensioned him, and he was to be a spy, but made nothing out; till the King was weary of giving him money, and then they dispatched him to Vienna, with a recommendation to Count d'Uhlefeldt, who, I suppose, has tacked him upon the Great Duke.

* James first Earl of Waldegrave, Ambassador at Paris, K. G. Died in 1741.—D.

My uncle says, he knows no ill of him, that you may be civil to him, but not enter into correspondence with him; you need not; he is of no use. Apropos to you; I have been in a fright about you; we were told that Prince Lobkowitz was landed at Harwich; I did not like the name; and as he has been troublesome to you, I did not know but he might fancy he had some complaints against you. I wondered you had never mentioned his being set out—but it is his son, a travelling boy of twenty; he is sent under the care of an apothecary and surgeon.

The Parliament is met; one hears of the Tory Opposition continuing, but nothing has appeared yet; all is quiet. Lord Chesterfield is set out for the Hague: I don't know what ear the States will lend to his embassy, when they hear with what difficulty the King was brought to give him a parting audience; and which, by a watch, did not last five-and-forty seconds. The Granville faction are still the constant and only countenanced people at court. Lord Winchilsea, one of the disgraced, played at court on Twelfth-night, and won: the King asked him next morning, how much he had for his own share?* He replied, "Sir, about a quarter's salary." I liked the spirit, and was talking to

* Those who play at Court on Twelfth-night, make a bank with several people.

him of it the next night at Lord Granville's: "Why, yes," said he, "I think it showed familiarity at least; tell it your father; I don't think he will dislike it." My Lady Granville gives a ball this week, but in a manner a private one, to the two families of Carteret and Fermor and their intimacies: there is a fourth sister, Lady Juliana,* who is very handsome, but I think not so well as Sophia: the latter thinks herself breeding.

I will tell you a very good thing: Lord Baltimore will not come into the Admiralty, because in the new commission they give Lord Vere Beauclerc the precedence to him, and he has dispersed printed papers with precedents in his favour. A gentleman, I don't know who, the other night at Tom's coffee-house, said, "It put him in mind of Penkethman's petition in the Spectator, where he complains, that formerly he used to act second chair in Dioclesian, but now was reduced to dance fifth flower-pot."

The Duke of Montagu has found out an old penny-history-book, called *the* Old Woman's Will of Ratcliffe-Highway, which he has bound up with his mother-in-law's, Old Marlborough,† only tearing away the title-page of the latter.

* Since married to Mr. Penn.

† The Duchess of Marlborough's Will was published in a thin octavo volume.—D.

My father has been extremely ill this week with his disorder: I think the physicians are more and more persuaded that it is the stone in his bladder. He is taking a preparation of Mrs. Stephen's medicine, a receipt of one Dr. Jurin, which we began to fear was too violent for him; I made his doctor angry with me, by arguing on this medicine, which I never could comprehend. It is of so great violence, that it is to split a stone when it arrives at it, and yet is to do no damage to all the tender intestines through which it must first pass. I told him, I thought it was like an admiral going on a secret expedition of war, with instructions, which are not to be opened till he arrives in such a latitude.

George Townshend,* my Lord's eldest son, who is at the Hague on his travels, has had an offer to raise a regiment for their service, of which he is to be colonel, with power of naming all his own officers. It was proposed, that it should consist of Irish Roman Catholics, but the Regency of Ireland have represented against that, because they think they will all desert to the French. He is now to try it of Scotch, which will scarce succeed, unless he will let all the officers be of the same nation. An affair of

* Afterwards first Marquis Townshend, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, Master General of the Ordnance, &c.—D.

this kind first raised the late Duke of Argyll; and was the cause of his first quarrel with the Duke of Marlborough, who was against his coming into our army in the same rank.

Sir Thomas Hanmer has at last published his Shakspeare: he has made several alterations, but they will be the less talked of, as he has not marked in the text, margin, or notes, where or why he has made any change; but everybody must be obliged to collate it with other editions. One most curiously absurd alteration I have been told. In Othello, it is said of Cassio, "a Florentine, one almost damned in a fair *wife*." It happens that there is no other mention in the play of Cassio's wife. Sir Thomas has altered it—how do you think?—no, I should be sorry if you could think how—"almost damned in a fair *phiz!*"—what a tragic word! and what sense!

Adieu! I see advertised a translation of Dr. Cocchi's book on living on vegetables: does he know anything of it? My service to him and everybody.

LETTER CXX.

Arlington-Street, Feb. 1, 1745.

I AM glad my letters, obscure as they of course must be, give you any light into England; but don't mind them too much; they may be partial; must be imperfect: don't *negotiate* upon their authority, but have Capello's* example before your eyes! How I laugh when I see him important, and see my Lady Pomfret's letters at the bottom of his instructions! how it would make a philosopher smile at the vanity of politics! how it diverts me, who can entertain myself at the expense of philosophy, politics, or anything else! Mr. Conway says I laugh at all serious characters —so I do—and at myself too, who am far from being of the number. Who would not laugh at a world, where so ridiculous a creature as the Duke of Newcastle can overturn Ministries! Don't take me for a partizan of Lord Granville's because I despise his rivals; I am not for adopting his measures; they were wild and dangerous: in his single capacity, I think him a great genius; and without having recourse to the Countess's *translatable* periods, am pleased with his company. His frankness charms one, when it is not necessary to depend upon it; and

* The Venetian Ambassador.

his contempt of fools is very flattering to any one who happens to know the present Ministry. Their coalition goes on as one should expect; they have the name of having effected it; and the Opposition is no longer mentioned: yet there is not a half-witted prater in the House but can divide with every new minister on his side, except Lyttelton, whenever he pleases. They actually do every day bring in popular bills, and on the first tinkling of the brass, all the new bees swarm back to the Tory side of the House. The other day, on the Flanders army, Mr. Pitt came down to prevent this: he was very ill, but made a very strong and much admired speech for coalition, which for that day succeeded, and the army was voted with but one negative. But now the Emperor* is dead, and everything must wear a new face. If it produces a peace, Mr. Pelham is a fortunate man! He will do extremely well at the beginning of peace, like the man in Madame de la Fayette's memoirs, *qui exerçoit extrêmement bien sa charge, quand il n'avoit rien à faire.* However, do you keep well with them, and be sure don't write me back any treason, in answer to all I write to you: you are to please them; I think of them as they are.

* Charles VII. Elector of Bavaria.

The new Elector seems to set out well for us, though there are accounts of his having taken the style of Archduke, as claiming the Austrian succession: if he has, it will be like the children's game of *beat knaves out of doors*, where you play the pack twenty times over; one gets Pam, the other gets Pam, but there is no conclusion of the game, till one side has never a card left.

After my ill success with the Baronet,* to whom I gave a letter for you, I shall always be very cautious how I recommend barbarians to your protection. I have this morning been solicited for some credentials for a Mr. Oxenden.† I could not help laughing: he is son of Sir George, my Lady W.'s famous lover! Can he want recommendations to Florence? However, I must give him a letter; but beg you will not give yourself any particular trouble about him, for I do not know him enough to bow to. His person is good: that and his name, I suppose, will bespeak my Lady's attentions, and save you the fatigue of doing him many honours.

Thank Mr. Chute for his letter; I will answer

* Sir William Maynard.

† Afterwards Sir Harry Oxenden, the sixth Baronet of the family, and eldest son of Sir George Oxenden, for many years a Lord of the Treasury, during the reign of George the Second.—D.

it very soon. I delight in the article of the Mantua Gazette. Adieu!

LETTER CXXI.

Arlington-Street, Feb. 28, 1745.

You have heard from your brother the reason of my not having written to you so long. I have been out but twice since my father fell into this illness, which is now near a month; and all that time either continually in his room, or obliged to see multitudes of people, for it is most wonderful how everybody of all kinds has affected to express their concern for him! He has been out of danger above this week; but I can't say he mended at all perceptibly, till these last three days. His spirits are amazing, and his constitution more, for Dr. Hulse said honestly from the first, that if he recovered, it would be from his own strength, not from their art. After the four or five first days, in which they gave him the bark, they resigned him to the struggles of his own good temperament — and it has surmounted! surmounted an explosion and discharge of thirty-two pieces of stone, a constant and vast effusion of blood for five days, a fever of three weeks, a

perpetual flux of water, and sixty-nine years, already (one should think) worn down with his vast fatigues! how much more he will ever recover, one scarce dare hope about: for us, he is greatly recovered; for himself——

March 4th.

I had written thus far last week, without being able to find a moment to finish. In the midst of all my attendance on my Lord and receiving visits, I am forced to go out and thank those that have come and sent, for his recovery is now at such a pause, that I fear it is in vain to expect much farther amendment. How dismal a prospect for him, with the possession of the greatest understanding in the world, not the least impaired, to lie without any use of it! for to keep him from pains and restlessness, he takes so much opiate, that he is scarce awake four hours of the four-and-twenty — but I will say no more on this.

Our coalition goes on thrivingly; but at the expense of the old Court, who are all discontented, and are likely soon to show their resentment. The brothers have seen the best days of their ministry. The Hanover troops dismissed to please the Opposition, and taken again with their consent, under the cloak of an additional subsidy to the Queen of Hungary, who is to pay

them. This has set the patriots in so villainous a light, that they will be ill able to support a minister who has thrown such an odium on the Whigs, after they had so stoutly supported that measure last year, and which, after all the clamour, is now universally adopted, as you see. If my Lord Granville had any resentment, as he seems to have nothing but thirst, sure there is no vengeance he might not take! So far from contracting any prudence from his fall, he laughs it off every night over two or three bottles. The Countess is with child. I believe she and the Countess-mother have got it, for there is nothing ridiculous which they have not done and said about it. There was a private masquerade lately at the Venetian Ambassadress's for the Prince of Wales, who named the company, and expressly excepted my Lady Lincoln and others of the Pelham faction. My Lady Granville came late, dressed like Imoinda, and handsomer than one of the houris: the Prince asked her why she would not dance? "Indeed, Sir, I was afraid I could not have come at all, for I had a fainting fit after dinner." The other night my Lady Townshend made a great ball on her son's coming of age: I went for a little while, little thinking of dancing. I asked my Lord Granville, why my Lady did not dance? "Oh,

Lord! I wish you would ask her, she will with you." I was caught, and did walk down one country dance with her; but the prudent *Signora-madre* would not let her expose the young Carteret any farther.

You say, you expect much information about Belleisle, but there has not (in the style of the newspapers) the least particular transpired. He was at first kept magnificently close at Windsor; but the expense proving above one hundred pounds per day, they have taken his parole, and sent him to Nottingham, *à la Tallarde.* Pray, is De Sade with you still? his brother has been taken too by the Austrians.

My Lord Coke is going to be married to a Miss Shawe,* of forty thousand pounds. Lord Hartington† is contracted to Lady Charlotte Boyle, the heiress of Burlington, and sister of the unhappy Lady Euston; but she is not yet old enough. Earl Stanhope‡ too, has at last lifted up his eyes from Euclid, and directed

* This marriage did not take place: Lord Coke afterwards married Lady Mary Campbell; and Miss Shawe, Lord Byron.

† Afterwards fourth Duke of Devonshire. He died at Spa, in 1764; having filled, at different times, the offices of Lord Lieutenant of Ireland; First Lord of the Treasury, and Lord Chamberlain of the Household.—D.

‡ Philip second Earl Stanhope, married in 1745, to Lady Grizel Hamilton.—D.

them to matrimony. He has chosen the eldest sister of your acquaintance Lord Haddington.

I revive about you and Tuscany: I will tell you what is thought to have reprieved you: it is much suspected that the King of Spain* is dead. I hope those superstitious people will pinch the Queen, as they do witches, to make her loosen the charm that has kept the Prince of Asturias from having children. At least this must turn out better than the death of the Emperor has.

The Duke,† you hear, is named Generalissimo, with Count Koningseg, Lord Dunmore,‡ and Legonier§ under him. Poor boy! he is most Brunswickly happy with his drums and trumpets. Do but think that this sugar-plum was to tempt him to swallow that bolus the Princess of Denmark! what will they do if they have children? The late Queen never forgave the Duke of Rich-

* The imbecile and insane Philip V. He did not die till 1746. The Prince of Asturias was Ferdinand VI. who succeeded him, and died childless in 1759.—D.

† Of Cumberland. He never married.—D.

‡ John Murray second Earl of Dunmore: Colonel of the third regiment of Scotch Foot Guards.—D.

§ Sir John Ligonier, a General of merit. He was created Lord Ligonier in Ireland, in 1757, an English Peer by the same title in 1763, and Earl Ligonier in Ireland, in 1766. He died at the great age of ninety-one, in 1770.—D.

mond, for telling her that his children would take place before the Duke's grand-children.

I inclose you a pattern for a chair, which your brother desired me to send you. I thank you extremely for the views of Florence: you can't imagine what wishes they have awakened! My best thanks to Dr. Cocchi for his book: I have delivered all the copies as directed. Mr. Chute will excuse me yet; the first moment I have time, I will write.

I have just received your letter of Feb. 16, and grieve for your disorder: you know how much concern your ill-health gives me. Adieu! my dear child, I write with twenty people in the room.

LETTER CXXII.

Arlington-Street, March 29, 1745.

I BEGGED your brother to tell you what it was impossible for me to tell you!* You share nearly in our common loss! Don't expect me to enter at all upon the subject—after the melancholy two months that I have passed, and in my situation, you will not wonder I shun a con-

* The death of Lord Orford. (He died March 18, 1745, at the age of 69.—D.)

versation which could not be bounded by a letter—a letter that would grow into a panegyric, or a piece of moral; improper for me to write upon, and too distressful for us both! a death is only to be felt, never to be talked over by those it touches!

I had yesterday your letter of three sheets: I began to flatter myself that the storm was blown over; but I tremble to think of the danger you are in! a danger, in which even the protection of the great friend you have lost, could have been of no service to you. How ridiculous it seems for me to renew protestations of my friendship for you, at an instant when my father is just dead, and the Spaniards just bursting into Tuscany! How empty a charm would my name have, when all my interest and significance are buried in my father's grave! All hopes of present peace, the only thing that could save you, seem vanished. We expect every day to hear of the French declaration of war against Holland. The new Elector of Bavaria is French like his father; and the King of Spain is not dead. I don't know how to talk to you! I have not even a belief that the Spaniards will spare Tuscany: my dear child, what will become of you? whither will you retire till a

peace restores you to your ministry? for upon that distant view alone I repose!

We are every day nearer confusion. The King is in as bad humour as a monarch can be; he wants to go abroad, and is detained by the Mediterranean affair; the inquiry into which was moved by a Major Selwyn, a dirty pensioner, half-turned patriot, by the Court being overstocked with votes. This inquiry takes up the whole time of the House of Commons; but I don't see what conclusion it can have. My confinement has kept me from being there, except the first day; and all I know of what is yet come out, is, as it was stated by a Scotch Member the other day, "that there had been one (Matthews) with a bad head; another (Lestock) with a worse heart; and four (the Captains of the inactive ships) with na heart at all." Among the numerous visits of form that I have received, one was from *my Lord Sandys:* as we two could only converse upon general topics, we fell upon this of the Mediterranean, and I made *him* allow, "that, to be sure, there is not so bad a court of justice in the world as the House of Commons; and how hard it is upon any man to have his cause tried there!"

Sir Everard Falkner* is made Secretary to

* He had been Ambassador at Constantinople.

the Duke, who is not yet gone: I have got Mr. Conway to be one of his aid-de-camps. Sir Everard has since been offered the joint-post-mastership, vacant by Sir John Eyles's* death; but he would not quit the Duke. It was then proposed to the King to give it to the brother: it happened to be a cloudy day, and he only answered, "I know who Sir Everard is, but I don't know who Mr. Falkner is."

The world expects some change when the Parliament rises. My Lord Granville's physicians have ordered him to go to the Spa, as you know they often send ladies to the Bath, who are very ill of a want of diversion. It will scarce be possible for the present Ministry to endure this jaunt. Then they are losing many of their new allies: the new Duke of Beaufort,† a most determined and unwavering Jacobite, has openly set himself at the head of that party, and forced them to vote against the Court, and to renounce my Lord Gower. My wise cousin Sir John Philipps, has resigned his place; and it is believed that Sir John Cotton will soon resign: but the Bedford, Pitt, Lyttelton, and

* Sir John Eyles, Bart. an Alderman of the city of London, and at one time member of Parliament for the same. He died March 11, 1745.—D.

† Charles Noel Somerset fourth Duke of Beaufort, succeeded his elder brother Henry in the Dukedom, February 14, 1745.—D.

that squadron, stick close to their places. Pitt has lately resigned his bedchamber to the Prince, which, in friendship to Lyttelton, it was expected he would have done long ago. They have chosen for this resignation a very apposite passage out of Cato:

> He toss'd his arm aloft, and proudly told me,
> He would not stay, and perish like Sempronius.

This was Williams's.

My Lord Coke's match is broken off, upon some coquetry of the lady with Mr. Mekensie,* at the Ridotto. My Lord Leicester says, "there shall not be a third lady in Norfolk of the species of the two fortunes† that matched at Rainham and Houghton." Pray, will the new Countess of Orford come to England?

The town flocks to a new play of Thomson's, called Tancred and Sigismunda: it is very dull; I have read it. I cannot bear modern poetry; these refiners of the purity of the stage, and of the incorrectness of English verse, are most wofully insipid.

* The Hon. James Stuart Mackenzie, second son of James second Earl of Bute, and brother of John Earl of Bute, the minister. He married Lady Elizabeth Campbell, one of the daughters of John the great Duke of Argyll, and died in 1800.—D.

† Margaret Rolle, Countess of Orford, and Ethelreda Harrison, Viscountess Townshend.

I had rather have written the most absurd lines in Lee, than Leonidas or the Seasons; as I had rather be put into the round-house for a wrong-headed quarrel, than sup quietly at eight o'clock with my grandmother. There is another of these tame genius's, a Mr. Akenside,* who writes odes; in one he has lately published, he says, "Light the tapers, urge the fire." Had not you rather make gods jostle in the dark, than light the candles, for fear they should break their heads? One Russel, a mimic, has a puppet-show to ridicule operas; I hear very dull: not to mention its being twenty years too late; it consists of three acts, with foolish Italian songs burlesqued in Italian.

There is a very good quarrel on foot between two Duchesses: she of Queensberry sent to invite Lady Emily Lenox† to a ball: her Grace of Richmond, who is wonderfully cautious since Lady Caroline's elopement, sent word, "She could not determine." The other sent again the same night: the same answer. The Queensberry then sent word, that she had made up her company, and desired to be excused from having

* The Author of "The Pleasures of Imagination," a poem of some merit, though now but little read.—D.

† Second daughter of Charles Duke of Richmond. (Afterwards married to James Fitzgerald first Duke of Leinster, in Ireland.—D.)

Lady Emily's; but at the bottom of the card wrote, *too great a trust.* You know how mad she is, and how capable of such a stroke. There is no declaration of war come out from the other Duchess; but I believe it will be made a national quarrel of the whole illegitimate royal family.

It is the present fashion to make conundrums: there are books of them printed, and produced at all assemblies: they are full silly enough to be made a fashion. I will tell you the most renowned. "Why is my uncle Horace like two people conversing?—Because he is both teller and auditor." This was Winnington's.

Well! I had almost forgot to tell you a most extraordinary impertinence of your Florentine Marquis Riccardi. About three weeks ago, I received a letter, by Monsieur Wasner's footman, from the Marquis. He tells me most cavalierly, that he has sent me seventy-seven antique gems to sell for him, by the way of Paris, not caring it should be known in Florence. He will have them sold altogether, and the lowest price, two thousand pistoles. You know what no acquaintance I had with him. I shall be as frank as he, and not receive them. If I did, they might be lost in sending back, and then I must pay his two thousand *doppie di*

Spagna. The refusing to receive them is positively all the notice I shall take of it.

I inclose what I think a fine piece on my father;* it was written by Mr. Ashton, whom you have often heard me mention as a particular friend. You see how I try to make out a long letter, in return for your kind one, which yet gave me great pain by telling me of your fever. My dearest Sir, it is terrible to have illness added to your other distresses!

I will take the first opportunity to send Dr. Cocchi his translated book; I have not yet seen it myself.

Adieu! my dearest child! I write with a house full of relations, and must conclude.—Heaven preserve you and Tuscany!

LETTER CXXIII.

Arlington-Street, April 15, 1745.

By this time you have heard of my Lord's death; I fear it will have been a very great shock to you. I hope your brother will write you all the particulars; for my part, you can't expect I should enter into the details of it. His enemies pay him the compliment of saying,

* It was printed in the public papers.

"They do believe now that he did not plunder the public, as he was accused (as *they* accused him) of doing, he having died in such circumstances." If he had no proofs of his honesty but this, I don't think this would be such indisputable authority: not leaving immense riches would be scanty evidence of his not having acquired them, there happening to be such a thing as spending them. It is certain, he is dead very poor: his debts, with his legacies, which are trifling, amount to fifty thousand pounds. His estate, a nominal eight thousand a-year, much mortgaged. In short, his fondness for Houghton, has endangered Houghton. If he had not so overdone it, he might have left such an estate to his family, as might have secured the glory of the place for many years: another such debt must expose it to sale. If he had lived, his unbounded generosity and contempt of money would have run him into vast difficulties. However irreparable his personal loss may be to his friends, he certainly died critically well for himself: he had lived to stand the rudest trials with honour, to see his character universally cleared, his enemies brought to infamy for their ignorance or villainy, and the world allowing him to be the only man in England fit to be what he had been—and he died at

a time when his age and infirmities prevented his again undertaking the support of a government, which engrossed his whole care, and which he foresaw was falling into the last confusion. In this I hope his judgment failed! His fortune attended him to the last, for he died of the most painful of all distempers, with little or no pain.

The House of Commons have at last finished their great affair, their inquiry into the Mediterranean miscarriage. It was carried on with more decency and impartiality than ever was known in so tumultuous, popular, and partial a court. I can't say it ended so; for the Tories, all but one single man, voted against Matthews, whom they have not forgiven, for lately opposing one of their friends in Monmouthshire, and for carrying his election. The greater part of the Whigs were for Lestock. This last is a very great man: his cause, most unfriended, came before the House with all the odium that could be laid on a man standing in the light of having betrayed his country. His merit, I mean his parts, prevailed, and have set him in a very advantageous point of view. Harry Fox has gained the greatest honour by his assiduity and capacity in this affair. Matthews remains in the light of a hot, brave, imperious, dull, con-

fused fellow. The question was to address the King to appoint a trial, by court-martial, of the two Admirals and the four coward Captains. Matthews's friends were for leaving out his name, but after a very long debate, were only 76 to 218. It is generally supposed, that the two Admirals will be acquitted, and the Captains hanged. By what I can make out, (for you know I have been confined, and could not attend the examination,) Lestock preferred his own safety to the glory of his country; I don't mean cowardly, for he is most unquestionably brave, but selfishly. Having to do with a man who he knew would take the slightest opportunity to ruin him, if he in the least transgressed his orders, and knowing that man too dull to give right orders, he chose to stick to the letter, when, by neglecting it, he might have done the greatest service.

We hear of great news from Bavaria, of that Elector being forced into a neutrality; but it is not confirmed.

Mr. Legge is made Lord of the Admiralty, and Mr. Philipson Surveyor of the Roads in his room. This is all I know. I look with anxiety every day into the Gazettes about Tuscany; but hitherto I find all is quiet. My dear Sir, I tremble for you!

I have been much desired to get you to send five gesse figures; the Venus, the Faun, the Mercury, the Cupid and Psyche, and the little Bacchus; you know the original is modern: if this is not to be had, then the Ganymede. My dear child, I am sorry to give you this trouble; order anybody to buy them, and to send them from Leghorn by the first ship. Let me have the bill, and bill of lading. Adieu!

LETTER CXXIV.

Arlington-Street, April 29, 1745.

When you wrote your last of the 6th of this month, you was still in hopes about my father. I wish I had received your letters on his death, for it is most shocking to have all the thoughts opened again upon such a subject! It is the great disadvantage of a distant correspondence. There was a report here a fortnight ago, of the new Countess coming over. She could not then have heard it. Can she be so mad? Why should she suppose all her shame buried in my Lord's grave? or does not she know, has she seen so little of the world, as not to be sensible, that she will now return in a worse light than ever? a few malicious, who would have counte-

nanced her to vex him, would now treat her like the rest of the world: it is a private family affair; a husband, a mother, and a son, all party against her, all wounded by her conduct, would be too much to get over!

My dear child, you have nothing but misfortunes of your friends to lament! You have new subject by the loss of poor Mr. Chute's brother.* It really is a great loss! he was a most rising man, and one of the best-natured and most honest that ever lived. If it would not sound ridiculously, though I assure you I am far from feeling it lightly, I would tell you of poor Patapan's death: he died about ten days ago.

This peace with the Elector of Bavaria may produce a general one! You have given great respite to my uneasiness, by telling me that Tuscany seems out of danger. We have for these last three days been in great expectation of a battle. The French have invested Tournay: our army came up with them last Wednesday, and is certainly little inferior, and determined to attack them; but it is believed they are retired: we don't know who commands them; it is said, the Duc d'Harcourt. Our good friend the Count de Saxe is dying† — by Venus, not by Mars.

* Francis Chute, a very eminent lawyer.

† The Marshal de Saxe did not die till 1750. He was, however, exceedingly ill at the time of the battle of Fontenoy. Voltaire, in his

The King goes on Friday; this may make the young Duke* more impatient to give battle, to have all the honour his own.

There is no kind of news; the parliament rises on Thursday, and everybody is going out of town. I shall only make short excursions in visits; you know I am not fond of the country, and have no call into it now! My brother will not be at Houghton this year; he shuts it up, to enter on new, and there very unknown, economy: he has much occasion for it! Commend me to poor Mr. Chute! Adieu!

LETTER CXXV.

Arlington-Street, May 11, 1745.

I STAYED till to-day, to be able to give you some account of the battle of Tournay :† the outlines you will have heard already. We don't allow it to be a victory on the French side: but

"Siècle de Louis XV." mentions having met him at Paris, just as he was setting off for the campaign.—Observing how unwell he seemed to be, he asked him whether he thought he had strength enough to go through the fatigues, which awaited him. To this the Marshal's reply was—"Il ne s'agit pas de vivre, mais de partir."—D.

* William Duke of Cumberland.—D.

† Since called the battle of Fontenoy. (The Marshal de Saxe commanded the French army, and both Lewis XV. and his son the Dauphin were present in the action. The Duke of Cumberland commanded the British forces.—D.)

that is, just as a woman is not called *Mrs.* till she is married, though she may have had half a dozen natural children. In short, we remained upon the field of battle three hours — I fear, too many of us remain there still! without palliating, it is certainly a heavy stroke. We never lost near so many officers. I pity the Duke, for it is almost the first battle of consequence that we ever lost. By the letters arrived to-day, we find that Tournay still holds out. There are certainly killed Sir James Campbell, General Ponsonby, Colonel Carpenter, Colonel Douglas, young Ross, Colonel Montagu, Gee, Berkeley, and Kellet. Mr. Vanbrugh is since dead. Most of the young men of quality in the Guards are wounded. I have had the vast fortune to have nobody hurt, for whom I was in the least interested. Mr. Conway, in particular, has highly distinguished himself; he and Lord Petersham,* who is slightly wounded, are most commended; though none behaved ill but the Dutch horse. There has been but very little consternation here: the King minded it so little, that being set out for Hanover, and blown back into Harwich-roads since the news came, he could not be persuaded to return, but sailed yesterday with the fair wind. I believe you will have the

* William Lord Petersham; eldest son of the Earl of Harrington.

Gazette sent to-night, but lest it should not be printed time enough, here is a list of the numbers, as it came over this morning:

British foot,	1237 killed.
Ditto horse,	90 ditto.
Ditto foot,	1968 wounded.
Ditto horse,	232 ditto.
Ditto foot,	457 missing.
Ditto horse,	18 ditto.
Hanoverian foot,	432 killed.
Ditto horse,	78 ditto.
Ditto foot,	950 wounded.
Ditto horse,	192 ditto.
Ditto horse and foot,	53 missing.
Dutch,	625 killed and wounded.
Ditto,	1019 missing.

So the whole *hors de combat* is above seven thousand three hundred. The French own the loss of three thousand; I don't believe many more, for it was a most rash and desperate perseverance on our side. The Duke behaved very bravely and humanely; but this will not have advanced the peace.

However coolly the Duke may have behaved, and coldly his father, at least his brother* has outdone both. He not only went to the play the night the news came, but in two days made

* Frederick Prince of Wales.—D.

a ballad. It is in imitation of the Regent's style, and has miscarried in nothing but the language, the thoughts, and the poetry. Did not I tell you in my last that he was going to act Paris in Congreve's Masque? The Song is addressed to the three Goddesses.

I.

Venez, mes chères Déesses,
Venez calmer mon chagrin;
Aidez, mes belles Princesses,
A le noyer dans le Vin.
Poussons cette douce Yvresse
Jusqu'au milieu de la nuit,
Et n'écoutons que la tendresse
D'un charmant Vis-á-vis.

II.

Quand le chagrin me dévore,
Vite à table je me mets,
Loin des objets que j'abhorre,
Avec joie j'y trouve la paix.
Peu d'amis, restes de naufrage
Je rassemble autour de moi,
Et je me ris de l'étalage
Qu'a chez lui toujours un Roi.

III.

Que *M'importe*, que l'Europe
Ait un, ou plusieurs *Tyrans?*
Prions seulement Calliope,
Qu'elle inspire nos vers, nos chants.

Laissons Mars et toute la gloire ;
Livrons nous tous à l'amour ;
Que Bacchus nous donne à boire ;
A ces deux faisons la cour.

IV.

Passons ainsi notre vie,
Sans rêver à ce qui suit ;
Avec ma chère Sylvie *
Le tems trop vîte me fuit.
Mais si, par un malheur extrême,
Je perdois cet *objet charmant*,
Oui, cette compagnie même
Ne me tiendroit un moment.

V.

Me livrant à ma tristesse,
Toujours plein de mon chagrin,
Je n'aurois plus d'allégresse
Pour mettre Bathurst † en train :
Ainsi pour vous tenir en joie
Invoquez toujours les Dieux,
Qu'elle vive et qu'elle soit
Avec nous toujours heureuse !

Adieu ! I am in great hurry.

* The Princess. † Allen Lord Bathurst.

LETTER CXXVI.

Arlington-Street, May 24, 1745.

I HAVE no consequences of the battle of Tournay to tell you, but the taking of the town: the Governor has eight days allowed him to consider, whether he will give up the citadel. The French certainly lost more men than we did. Our army is still at Lessines, waiting for recruits from Holland and England; our's are sailed. The King is at Hanover. All the letters are full of the Duke's humanity and bravery: he will be as popular with the lower class of men, as he has been for three or four years with the low women: he will be the soldier's *Great Sir,* as well as their's. I am really glad; it will be of great service to the family, if any one of them comes to make a figure.

Lord Chesterfield is returned from Holland; you will see a most simple farewell speech of his in the papers.

I have received your's of the 4th of May, and am extremely obliged to you for your expressions of kindness: they did not at all surprise me; but every instance of your friendship gives me pleasure. I wish I could say the same to good Prince Craon! yet I must set about answering his letter: it is quite an affair; I have

so great a disuse of writing French, that I believe it will be very barbarous.

My fears for Tuscany are again awakened: the wonderful march which the Spanish Queen has made Monsieur de Gage take, may probably end in his turning short to the left; for his route to Genoa will be full as difficult as what he has already passed. I watch eagerly every article from Italy, at a time when nobody will read a paragraph but from the army in Flanders.

I am diverted with my Lady's* account of the great riches that are now coming to her. She has had so many foolish golden visions, that I should think even the Florentines would not be the dupes of any more. As for her mourning, she may save it, if she expects to have it notified. Don't you remember my Lady Pomfret's having a piece of economy of that sort, when she would not know that the Emperor was dead, because my Lord Chamberlain had not notified it to her?

I have a good story to tell you of Lord Bath, whose name you have not heard very lately; have you? He owed a tradesman eight hundred pounds, and would never pay him: the man determined to persecute him till he did; and one morning followed him to Lord Winchil-

* Lady Walpole, now become Countess of Orford.—D.

sea's, and sent up word that he wanted to speak with him. Lord Bath came down, and said, "Fellow, what do you want with me?"—"My money," said the man, as loud as ever he could bawl, before all the servants. He bade him come the next morning—and then would not see him. The next Sunday the man followed him to church, and got into the next pew: he leaned over, and said, "My money; give me my money." My Lord went to the end of the pew; the man too; "Give me my money." The sermon was on Avarice, and the text, "Cursed are they that heap up riches." The man groaned out "O Lord!" and pointed to my Lord Bath—in short, he persisted so much, and drew the eyes of all the congregation, that my Lord Bath went out, and paid him directly. I assure you this is fact. Adieu!

LETTER CXXVII.

I HAVE the pleasure of recommending you a new acquaintance, for which I am sure you will thank me. Mr. Hobart* proposes passing a

* Eldest son of John Earl of Buckinghamshire. (The Hon. John Hobart, afterwards second Earl of Buckinghamshire, and Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.—D.)

little time at Florence, which I am sure you will endeavour to make as agreeable to him as possible. I beg you will introduce him to all my friends, who I don't doubt will show him the same civilities that I received. Dear Sir, this will be a particular obligation to me, who am

Your sincere friend
And humble Servant,
HORACE WALPOLE.

LETTER CXXVIII.

Arlington-Street, June 24, 1745.

I HAVE been a fortnight in the country, and had ordered all my letters to be kept till I came to town; or I should have written to you sooner about my sister-Countess. She is not arrived yet; but is certainly coming: she has despatched several letters to notify her intentions: a short one to her mother, saying, "Dear Madam, as you have often desired me to return to England, I am determined to set out, and hope you will give me reasons to subscribe myself your most affectionate daughter." This *often desired me to return*, has never been repeated since the first year of her going away. The poor *Signora-madre* is in a terrible fright, and will not come

to town till her daughter is gone again, which all advices agree will be soon. Another letter is to my Lady Townshend, telling her, " that as *she knows her Ladyship's way of thinking,* she does not fear the continuance of her friendship." Another, a long one, to my Lord Chesterfield; another to Lady Isabella Scot,* an old friend of her's; and one to Lady Pomfret. This last says, that she hears from Uguccioni, that my Lady O. will stay here very little time, having taken a house at Florence for three years. She is to come to my Lady Denbigh.† My brother is extremely obliged to you for all your notices about her, though he is very indifferent about her motions. If she happens to choose Law, (though on what foot no mortal can guess,) he is prepared; having from the first hint of her journey fee'd every one of the considerable lawyers. In short, this jaunt is as simple as all the rest of her actions have been *hardy.* Nobody wonders at her bringing no English servants

* Daughter of Anne Countess of Buccleuch, and Duchess of Buccleuch and Monmouth, the wife of James the unhappy Duke of Monmouth. Lady Isabella Scott was the daughter of the Duchess by her second husband, Charles third Lord Cornwallis. She died unmarried, Feb. 18, 1748.—D.

† Isabella de Jonghe, a Dutch lady, and wife of William Fielding, fifth Earl of Denbigh. She died in 1769.—D.

with her — they know, and consequently might tell too much.

I feel excessively for you, my dear child, on the loss of Mr. Chute!—so sensible, and so good-natured a man, would be a loss to anybody; but to you, who are so *meek* and *helpless*, it is irreparable! who will dry you, when you are very *wet brown paper?** Though I laugh, you know how much I pity you! you will want somebody to talk over English letters, and to conjecture with you — in short, I feel your distress in all its lights.

The citadel of Tournay is gone! our affairs go ill. Your brother Charles of Lorrain† has lost a great battle, grossly! He was constantly drunk, and had no kind of intelligence. Now he acts from his own head, his head turns out a very bad one. I don't know, indeed, what they can say in defence of the great General, to whom we have just given the Garter, the Duke of Saxe Weissenfels; he is not of so serene a house but that he might have known something of the motions of the Prussians. Last night we

* Mr. Mann was so thin and weak, that Mr. W. used to compare him to wet brown paper.

† He was brother of Francis, at this time, Grand Duke of Tuscany.—D.

heard that the Hungarian insurgents had cut to pieces two Prussian regiments. The King of Prussia and Prince Charles are so near, that we every day expect news of another battle. We don't know yet what is to be the next step in Flanders. Lord Cobham has got Churchill's* regiment; and Lord Dunmore his government of Plymouth. At the Prince's court there is a great revolution. He, or rather Lord Granville, or perhaps the Princess, (who I firmly believe by all her quiet sense will turn out a Caroline,) have at last got rid of Lady Archibald,† who was strongly attached to the coalition. They have civilly asked her, and grossly forced her to ask civilly to go away, which she has done with a pension of twelve hundred a-year. Lady Middlesex‡ is Mistress of the Robes: she lives with them perpetually, and sits up till five in the morning at their suppers. Don't mistake!—not for her person, which is wondrous plain and

* General Churchill, or as he was commonly called, "Old Charles Churchill," was just dead. He has been frequently mentioned in the course of these letters. He was the natural son of an elder brother of the great Duke of Marlborough.—D.

† Lady Archibald Hamilton, daughter of Lord Abercorn, and wife of Lord Archibald Hamilton.

‡ Daughter of Lord Shannon, and wife of Charles Ear of Middlesex, eldest son of Lionel Duke of Dorset. Her favour grew to be thought more than platonic.

little: the town says it is for her friend Miss Granville, one of the maids of honour—but at least yet, that is only scandal. She is a fair, red-haired girl, scarce pretty; daughter of the poet Lord Lansdown.* Lady Berkeley is Lady of the Bedchamber, and a Miss Lawson, maid of honour. Miss Neville, a charming beauty, and daughter of the pretty, unfortunate Lady Abergavenny,† is named for the next vacancy.

I was scarce settled in my joy for the Spaniards having taken the opposite route to Tuscany, when I heard of Mr. Chute's leaving you. I long to have no reason to be uneasy about you! I am obliged to you for the gesse figures, and beg you will send me the bill in your first

* George Granville Lord Lansdowne, one of Queen Anne's twelve Tory Peers.—D.

† Catherine Tatton, daughter of Lieutenant-General Tatton. She married first, Edward Neville thirteenth Lord Abergavenny, who died without issue, in the nineteenth year of his age, in 1724. She remarried with his cousin and successor, William fourteenth Lord Abergavenny, by whom she had issue, one son George, afterwards fifteenth Lord Abergavenny, and one daughter Catherina, who is mentioned above. Lady Abergavenny herself died in childbed, Dec. 4, 1729, in less than one month after the detection of an intrigue between her and Richard Lyddel, Esq. against whom Lord Abergavenny brought an action for damages, and recovered five thousand pounds. In a poem written on her death by Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, she is praised for her gentleness, and pitied for her "cruel wrongs." Her husband also is called that "stern Lord." All further details respecting her are, however, now unknown.—D.

letter. Rysbrach has perfectly mended the Ganymede and the model, which to me seemed irrecoverably smashed.

I have just been giving a recommendatory letter for you to Mr. Hobart; he is no particular friend of mine, but is Norfolk, and in the world; so you will be civil to him. He is of the Damon-kind, and not one of whom you will make a Chute. Madame Suares may make something of him. Adieu!

LETTER CXXIX.

Arlington-Street, July 5, 1745.

ALL yesterday we were in the utmost consternation! an express came the night before from Ostend with an account of the French army in Flanders having seized Ghent and Bruges, cut off a detachment of four thousand men, surrounded our army, who must be cut to pieces, or surrender themselves prisoners, and that the Duke was gone to the Hague, but that the Dutch had signed a neutrality. You will allow, that here was ample subject for confusion! To-day we are a little relieved, by finding that we have lost but five hundred men* instead of four

* The French had been successful in a skirmish against the English army, at a place called Melle. The consequence of this success was their obtaining possession of Ghent.—D.

thousand, and that our army, which is inferior by half to their's, is safe behind a river. With this came the news of the Great Duke's victory over the Prince of Conti:* he has killed fifteen thousand, and taken six thousand prisoners. Here is already a third great battle this summer! But Flanders is gone! The Dutch have given up all that could hinder the French from overrunning them, upon condition that the French should not overrun them. Indeed, I cannot be so exasperated at the Dutch as it is the fashion to be; they have not forgot the peace of Utrecht, though we have. Besides, how could they rely on any negotiation with a people, whose politics alter so often as our's? Or why were we to fancy that my Lord Chesterfield's parts would have more weight than my uncle had, whom, ridiculous as he was, they had never known to take a trip to Avignon to confer with the Duke of Ormond?

Our communication with the army is cut off through Flanders; and we are in great pain for

* The army of the Prince of Conti, posted near the Maine, had been so weakened by the detachments sent from it to reinforce the army in Flanders, that it was obliged to retreat before the Austrians. This retrograde movement was effected with considerable loss, both of soldiers and baggage; but it does not appear that any decisive general engagement took place during the campaign between the French and Austrians.—D.

Ostend: the fortifications are all out of repair. Upon Marshal Wade's reiterated remonstrances, we did cast thirty cannon and four mortars for it—and then the economic ministry would not send them. "What! fortify the Queen of Hungary's towns? there will be no end of that." As if Ostend was of no more consequence to *us*, than Mons or Namur! Two more battalions are ordered over immediately; and the old pensioners of Chelsea College are to mount guard at home! Flourishing in a peace of twenty years, we were told, that we were trampled upon by Spain and France. Haughty nations, like those, who can trample upon an enemy country, do not use to leave it in such wealth and happiness as we enjoyed; but when the Duke of Marlborough's old victorious veterans are dug out of their colleges and repose, to guard the King's palace, and to keep up the show of an army which we have buried in America, or in a manner lost in Flanders, we shall soon know the real feel of being trampled upon! In this crisis, you will hear often from me, for I will leave you in no anxious uncertainty from which I can free you.

The Countess* is at Hanover, and we hear, extremely well received. It is conjectured, and

* Lady Orford.

it is not impossible, that the Count may have procured for her some dirty dab of a negotiation about some acre of territory more for Hanover, in order to facilitate her reception. She has been at Hesse Cassel, and fondled extremely Princess Mary's* children; just as you know she used to make a rout about the Pretender's boys. My Lord Chesterfield laughs at her letter to him; and what would anger her more than the neglect, ridicules the style and orthography. Nothing promises well for her here.

You told me you wished I would condole with Prince Craon on the death of his son:† which son? and where was he killed? you don't tell me, and I never heard. Now it would be too late. I should have been uneasy for Prince Beauvau, but that you say he is in Piedmont.

Adieu! my dear child: we have much to wish! a *little* good fortune will not re-establish us. I am in pain for your health from the great increase of your business.

* Princess Mary of England, daughter of George the Second; married in 1740 to the Prince of Hesse Cassel, and died in 1771.—D.

† The young Prince de Craon was killed at the head of his regiment at the battle of Fontenoy.—D.

LETTER CXXX.

Arlington-Street, July 12, 1745.

I AM charmed with the sentiments that Mr. Chute expresses for you—but then you have lost him! here is an answer to his letter; I send it unsealed, to avoid repeating what I have thought on our affairs. Seal it and send it. Its being open, prevented my saying half so much about you, as I should have done.

There is no more news: the Great Duke's victory, of which we heard so much last week, is come to nothing! so far from having defeated the Prince of Conti, it is not at all impossible but the Prince may wear the imperial coat of diamonds, though I am persuaded the care of that will be the chief concern of the Great Duke, (next to his own person,) in a battle. Our army is retreated beyond Brussels; the French gather laurels and towns, and prisoners, as one would a nosegay. In the mean time you are bullying the King of Naples, in the person of the English fleet; and I think may possibly be doing so for two months after that very fleet belongs to the King of France; as astrologers tell one that we should see stars shine for I don't know how long after they were annihilated. But I like your spirit; keep it up!

Millamant in the Way of the World, tells Mirabel that she will be solicited to the very last—nay, and afterwards. He replies, "What? after the last!"

I am in great pain about your arrears: it is a bad season for obtaining payment. In the best times, they make a custom of paying foreign Ministers ill; which may be very politic, when they send men of too great fortunes abroad, in order to lessen them: but, my dear child, God knows that is not your case!

I have some extremely pretty dogs of King Charles's breed, if I knew how to convey them to you: indeed they are not Patapans. I can't tell how they would like travelling into Italy, when there is a prospect of the rest of their race returning from thence: besides, you must certify me that none of them shall ever be married below themselves; for since the affair of Lady Caroline Fox, one durst not hazard the Duke of Richmond's resentment even about a dog and bitch of that breed.

Lord Lempster* is taken prisoner in the affair of the detachment to Ghent. My Lady,† who has heard of Spartan mothers, (though you know she once asserted that nobody knew anything of

* George Fermor, afterwards second Earl of Pomfret.—D.

† Henrietta Louisa Countess of Pomfret, mother of Lord Lempster.

the Grecian Republics,) affects to bear it with a patriot insensibility. She told me the other day that the Abbè Niccolini and the eldest Pandolfini are coming to England: is it true? I shall be very glad to be civil to them, especially to the latter, who, you know, was one of my friends.

My lady Orford is at Hanover, most graciously received by the *Father of all his people!* In the papers of yesterday was this paragraph: "Lady O. who has spent several years in Italy, arrived here (Hanover) the 3rd, on her return to England, and was graciously received by his Majesty."—Lady Denbigh is gone into the country, so I don't know where she is to lodge—perhaps at St. James's—out of regard to my father's memory.

Trust me, you escaped well in Pigwiggin's* not accepting your invitation of living with you: you must have aired your house, as Lady Pomfret was forced to air Lady Mary Wortley's bedchamber. He has a most unfortunate breath: so has the princess his sister. When I was at their country house, I used to sit in the library and turn over books of prints: out of good-breeding they would not quit me; nay, would

* A nickname given by Walpole to his cousin Horace, eldest son of "Old Horace Walpole," afterwards first Earl of Orford of the second creation.—D.

look over the prints with me. A whiff would come from the east, and I turned short to the west, whence the Princess would puff me back with another gale full as richly perfumed as her brother's. Adieu.

LETTER CXXXI.

July 15th, 1745.

You will be surprised at another from me so soon, when I wrote to you but four days ago. This is not with any news, but upon a private affair. You have never said anything to me about the extraordinary procedure of Marquis Riccardi, of which I wrote you word. Indeed as his letter came just upon my father's death, I had forgot it too; so much so, that I have lost the catalogue which he sent me. Well, the other day I received his cargo. Now, my dear child, I don't write to him upon it, because as he sent the things without asking my leave, I am determined never to acknowledge the receipt of them, because I will in no manner be liable to pay for them if they are lost, which I think highly probable; and as I have lost the catalogue, I cannot tell whether I have received all or not.

I beg you will say just what follows to him.

That I am extremely amazed he should think of employing me to sell his goods for him, especially without asking my consent. That an English gentleman, just come from France, has brought me a box of things, of which he himself had no account; nor is there any letter or catalogue with them: that I suppose they may be the Marquis's collection, but that I have lost the catalogue, and consequently cannot tell whether I have received all or not; nor whether they are his. That as they came in so blind a manner, and have been opened at several custom-houses, I will not be answerable, especially having never given my consent to receive them, and having opened the box ignorantly, without knowing the contents. That when I did open it, I concluded it came from Florence, having often refused to buy most of the things, which had long lain upon the jeweller's hands on the old bridge, and which are very improper for sale here, as all the English for some years have seen them, and not thought them worth purchasing. That I remember in the catalogue the price for the whole was fixed at two thousand pistoles; that they are full as much worth two-and-twenty thousand; and that I have been laughed at by people, to whom I have showed them, for naming so extravagant a price. That nobody living would

think of buying all together: that for myself, I have entirely left off making any collection; and if I had not, would not buy things dear now, which I have formerly refused at much lower prices. That after all, though I cannot think myself at all well used by Marquis Riccardi, either in sending me the things, in the price he has fixed on them, or in the things themselves, which to my knowledge he has picked up from the shops on the old bridge, and were no family collection; yet, as I received so many civilities at Florence from the nobility, and in particular from his wife Madame Riccardi; if he will let me do any thing that is practicable, I will sell what I can for him. That if he will send me a new and distinct catalogue, with the price of each piece, and a price considerably less than what he has set upon the whole, I will endeavour to dispose of what I can for him. But as most of them are very indifferent, and the total value most unreasonable, I absolutely will not undertake the sale of them upon any other terms; but will pack them up, and send them away to Leghorn, by the first ship that sails; for as we are at war with France, I cannot send them that way; nor will I trouble any gentleman to carry them, as he might think himself liable to make them good, if they met with any accident; nor

will I answer for them by whatever way they go, as I did not consent to receive them, nor am sure that I have received the Marquis's collection.

My dear Sir, translate this very distinctly for him, for he never shall receive any other notice from me; nor will I give them up to Wasner* or Pucci,* or anybody else, though he should send me an order for it; for nobody saw me open them, nor shall anybody be able to say I had them, by receiving them from me. In short, I think I cannot be too cautious in such a negotiation. If a man will send me things to the value of two thousand pistoles, whether they are really worth it or not, he shall take his chance for losing them, and shall certainly never come upon me for them. He must absolutely take his choice, of selling them at a proper price and separately, or of having them directly sent back by sea; for whether he consents to either or not, I shall certainly proceed in my resolution about them, the very instant I receive an answer from you; for the sooner I am clear of them, the better. If he will let me sell them, without setting a price, he may depend upon my taking the best method for his service; though really, my dear child, it will be for my own honour,

* * Ministers of the Queen of Hungary and the Great Duke.

not for his sake, who has treated me so impertinently. I am sorry to give you this trouble; but judge how much the fool gives me! Adieu!

LETTER CXXXII.

Arlington-Street, July 26, 1745.

It is a pain to me to write to you, when all I can tell you will but distress you. How much I wish myself with you! anywhere, where I should have my thoughts detached in some degree by distance and by length of time from England! With all the reasons that I have for not loving great part of it, it is impossible not to feel the shock of living at the period of all its greatness! to be one of the *Ultimi Romanorum!* I will not proceed upon the chapter of reflections, but mention some facts, which will supply your thoughts with all I should say.

The French make no secret of their intending to come hither: the letters from Holland speak of it as a notoriety. Their Mediterranean fleet is come to Rochfort, and they have another at Brest. Their immediate design is to attack our army, the very lessening which will be victory for them. Our six hundred men, which have lain cooped up in the river till they had con-

tracted diseases, are at last gone to Ostend. Of all this our notable ministry still make a secret. One cannot learn the least particulars from them. This anxiety for my friends in the army, this uncertainty about ourselves, if it can be called uncertain that we are undone, and the provoking folly that one sees prevail, have determined me to go to the Hague. I shall at least hear sooner from the army, and shall there know better what is likely to happen here. The moment the crisis is come, I shall return hither, which I can do from Helvoetsluys in twelve hours. At all events, I shall certainly not stay there above a month or six weeks: it thickens too fast for something important not to happen by that time.

You may judge of our situation by the conversation of Marshal Belleisle: he has said for some time, that he saw we were so little capable of making any defence, that he would engage with five thousand scullions of the French army to conquer England—yet, just now, they choose to release him! he goes away in a week. When he was told of the taking Cape Breton, he said, "He could believe that, because the ministry had no hand in it." We are making bonfires for Cape Breton, and thundering over Genoa, while our army in Flanders is running away,

and dropping to pieces by detachments taken prisoners every day; while the King is at Hanover, the Regency at their country-seats, not five thousand men in the island, and not above fourteen or fifteen ships at home.—Allelujah!

I received your's yesterday, with the bill of lading for the gesse-figures, but you don't tell me their price; pray, do in your next. I don't know what to say to Mr. Chute's eagle; I would fain have it; I can depend upon his taste —but would not it be folly to be buying curiosities now? how can I tell that I shall have anything in the world to pay for it, by the time it is bought? you may present these reasons to Mr. Chute; and if he laughs at them, why then he will buy the eagle for me—if he thinks them of weight, not.

Adieu! I have not time or patience to say more.

LETTER CXXXIII.

Arlington-Street, Aug. 7, 1745.

I HAVE no news to tell you: Ostend is besieged, and must be gone in a few days. The Regency are all come to town to prevent an invasion—I should as soon think them able

to make one—not but old Stair,* who still exists upon the embers of an absurd fire that warmed him ninety years ago, thinks it still practicable to march to Paris, and the other day in council prevented a resolution of sending for our army home: but as we always do half of a thing, when even the whole would scarce signify, they seem determined to send for ten thousand: the other ten will remain in Flanders, to keep up the bad figure that we have been making there all this summer. Count Saxe has been three times tapped since the battle of Fontenoy; but if we get rid of his enmity, there is Belleisle gone, amply to supply and succeed to his hatred! Van Hoey, the ingenious Dutchman at Paris, wrote to the States, to know if he should make new liveries against the rejoicings for the French conquests in Flanders. I love the governor of Sluys; when the States sent him a reprimand, for not admitting our troops that retreated thither from the affair of Ghent, asking him if he did not know that he ought to admit their allies? he replied, "Yes; and would they have him admit the French too as their allies?"

There is a proclamation come out for appre-

* John Earl of Stair, Field-marshal, formerly ambassador in France.

hending the Pretender's son; he was undoubtedly on board the frigate attendant on the Elizabeth, with which Captain Brett fought so bravely: the boy is now said to be at Brest.

I have put off my journey to the Hague, as the sea is full of ships, and many French ones about the siege of Ostend: I go to-morrow to Mount Edgecumbe. I don't think it impossible but you may receive a letter from me on the road, with a paragraph like that in Cibber's life, "Here I met the revolution."

My Lady Orford is set out for Hanover: her gracious sovereign does not seem inclined to leave it.

Mrs. Chute* has sent me this letter, which you will be so good as to send to Rome.

We have taken infinite riches; vast wealth in the East Indies; vast from the West; in short, we grow so fat, that we shall very soon be fit to kill.

Your brother has this moment brought me a letter from you, full of your good-natured concern for the Genoese. I have not time to write you anything but short paragraphs, as I am in the act of writing all my letters and doing my business before my journey. I can say no more now about the affair of your secretary. Poor

* Widow of Francis Chute, Esq.

Mrs. Gibberne has been here this morning almost in fits about her son. She brought me a long letter to you, but I absolutely prevented her sending it, and told her I would let you know that it was my fault if you don't hear from her, but that I would take the answer upon myself. My dear Sir, for her sake, for the silly boy's, who is ruined if he follows his own whims; and for your own sake, who will have so much trouble to get and form another, I must try to prevent your parting. I am persuaded, that neither the fatigue of writing, nor the inclination of going to sea, are the boy's true motives. They are, the smallness of his allowance, and his aversion to waiting at table. For the first, the poor woman does not expect that you should put yourself to any inconvenience; she only begs that you will be so good as to pay him twenty pounds a-year more, which she herself will repay to your brother; and not let her son know that it comes from her, as he would then refuse to take it. For the other point, I must tell you, my dear child, fairly, that in goodness to the poor boy, I hope you will give it up. He is to make his fortune in your way of life, if he can be so lucky. It will be an insuperable obstacle to him that he is with you in the light of a menial servant. When you reflect that his fortune may

depend upon it, I am sure you will free him from this servitude. Your brother and I, you know, from the very first, thought that you should not insist upon it. If he will stay with you upon the terms I propose, I am sure, from the trouble it will save yourself, and the ruin from which it will save him, you will yield to this request, which I seriously make to you, and advise you to comply with. Adieu!

LETTER CXXXIV.

Arlington-Street, Sept. 6, 1745.

It would have been inexcusable in me, in our present circumstances, and after all I have promised you, not to have written to you for this last month, if I had been in London; but I have been at Mount Edgecumbe, and so constantly upon the road, that I neither received your letters, had time to write, or knew what to write. I came back last night, and found three packets from you, which I have no time to answer, and but just time to read. The confusion I have found, and the danger we are in, prevent my talking of any thing else. The young Pretender,*

* The Pretender had landed with a few followers in the Highlands of Scotland, July 26, 1745.—D.

at the head of three thousand men, has got a march on General Cope, who is not eighteen hundred strong; and when the last accounts came away, was fifty miles nearer Edinburgh than Cope, and by this time is there. The clans will not rise for the Government: the Dukes of Argyll* and Athol† are come post to town,‡ not having been able to raise a man. The young Duke of Gordon§ sent for his uncle, and told him he must arm their clan. "They are in arms."—"They must march against the rebels."—"They will wait on the Prince of Wales." The Duke flew in a passion; his uncle pulled out a pistol, and told him it was in vain to dispute. Lord Loudon,|| Lord Fortrose,¶ and Lord Panmure** have been very zealous, and have raised some

* Archibald Earl of Islay, and upon the death of his elder brother John, Duke of Argyll.—D.

† James Murray second Duke of Athol, to which he succeeded upon the death of his father in 1724, in consequence of the attainder of his elder brother, William Marquis of Tullibardine.—D.

‡ This was not true of the Duke of Argyll, for he did not attempt to raise any men, but pleaded a Scotch act of Parliament against arming without authority.

§ Cosmo George third Duke of Gordon. Died in 1752.—D.

|| John Campbell fourth Earl of Loudon. A General in the army. Died 1782.—D.

¶ The eldest son of Mackenzie, Earl of Seaforth.—D.

** William Maule Earl of Panmure in Ireland, so created in 1743, in consequence of the forfeiture of the Scotch honours in 1715, by his elder brother James Earl of Panmure.—D.

men; but I look upon Scotland as gone! I think of what King William said to Duke Hamilton, when he was extolling Scotland: "My Lord, I only wish it was a hundred thousand miles off, and that you was king of it!"

There are two manifestos published, signed Charles Prince, Regent for his father, King of Scotland, England, France, and Ireland. By one, he promises to preserve everybody in their just rights; and orders all persons who have public monies in their hands to bring it to him; and by the other dissolves the union between England and Scotland.—But all this is not the worst! Notice came yesterday, that there are ten thousand men, thirty transports, and ten men-of-war at Dunkirk. Against this force we have—I don't know what—scarce fears! Three thousand Dutch we hope are by this time landed in Scotland; three more are coming hither: we have sent for ten regiments from Flanders, which may be here in a week, and we have fifteen men-of-war in the Downs. I am grieved to tell you all this; but when it is so, how can I avoid telling you? Your brother is just come in, who says he has written to you—I have not time to expatiate.

My Lady O. is arrived; I hear she says, only to endeavour to get a certain allowance. Her

mother has sent to offer her the use of her house. She is a poor weak woman.

I can say nothing to Marquis Riccardi, nor think of him; only tell him, that I will when I have time.

My sister* has married herself, that is, declared she will, to young Churchill. It is a foolish match; but I have nothing to do with it.

Adieu! my dear Sir, excuse my haste, but you must imagine that one is not much at leisure to write long letters—hope if you can!

LETTER CXXXV.

Arlington-Street, Sept. 13, 1745.

THE rebellion goes on; but hitherto there is no rising in England, nor landing of troops from abroad—indeed not even of ours or the Dutch. The best account I can give you is, that if the Boy has apparently no enemies in Scotland, at least he has openly very few friends. Nobody of note has joined him, but a brother of the Duke of Athol,† and another of Lord Dunmore.‡ For

* Lady Maria Walpole, daughter of Lord Orford, married Ch. Churchill, Esq. son of the General.

† William Marquis of Tullibardine.—D.

‡ John Murray second Earl of Dunmore: died 1754. His brother, who joined the Pretender, was the Hon. Wm. Murray, of Taymount. He was subsequently pardoned for the part he took in the rebellion, and succeeded to the Earldom on the death of Earl John. —D.

cannon, they have nothing but one-pounders: their greatest resource is money; they have force Louis-d'ors. The last accounts left them at Perth, making shoes and stockings. It is certain that a serjeant of Cope's, with twelve men, put to flight two hundred, on killing only six or seven. Two hundred of the Monroe-clan have joined our forces. Spirit seems to rise in London, though not in the proportion it ought; and then the *person** most concerned does everything to check its progress: when the Ministers propose anything with regard to the rebellion, he cries, "Pho! don't talk to me of that stuff." Lord Granville has persuaded him that it is of no consequence. Mr. Pelham talks every day of resigning: he certainly will as soon as this is got over!—if it is got over. So, at least we shall see a restoration of Queen Sophia.† She has lain-in of a girl, though she had all the pretty boys in town brought to her for patterns.

The young Chevalier has set a reward on the King's head: we are told that his brother is set out for Ireland. However, there is hitherto little countenance given to the undertaking by France or Spain. It seems an effort of despair, and weariness of the manner in which he has been kept in France. On the grenadier's caps is written, *a grave or a throne.* He stayed some time at

* The King. † Lady Granville.

the Duke of Athol's, whither old Marquis Tullybardine* sent to bespeak dinner; and has since sent his brother word that he likes the alterations made there. The Pretender found pine-apples there, the first he ever tasted. Mr. Breton,† a great favourite of the Southern Prince of Wales, went the other day to visit the Duchess of Athol,‡ and happened not to know that she is parted from her husband: he asked how the Duke did! "Oh," said she, "he turned me out of his house, and now he is turned out himself." Every now and then a Scotchman comes and pulls the Boy by the sleeve; "Prence, here is another mon taken!" then with all the dignity in the world, the Boy hopes nobody was killed in the action! Lord Bath has made a piece of a ballad, the Duke of Newcastle's speech to the Regency; I have heard but these two lines of it:

"Pray consider, my lords, how disastrous a thing,
To have two Prince of Wales's and never a King!"

The merchants are very zealous, and are opening a great subscription for raising troops. The

* Elder brother of the Duke of Athol, but outlawed for the last rebellion. He was taken prisoner after the battle of Colloden, and died in the Tower.

† Afterwards Sir William Breton. He held an office in the household of Frederick Prince of Wales.—D.

‡ Jane, daughter to John Frederick, Esq., and widow of James Lanoy, Esq.—D.

other day, at the city meeting to draw up the address, Alderman Heathcote proposed a petition for a redress of grievances, but not one man seconded him. In the midst of all this, no Parliament is called! The Ministers say they have nothing ready to offer—but have they nothing to notify!

I must tell you a ridiculous accident: when the Magistrates of Edinburgh were searching houses for arms, they came to Mr. Maule's, brother of Lord Panmure, and a great friend of the Duke of Argyll. The maid would not let them go into one room, which was locked, and as she said, full of arms. They now thought they had found what they looked for, and had the door broke open, where they found an ample collection of coats of arms!

The Deputy-Governor of Edinburgh Castle has threatened the magistrates to beat their town about their ears, if they admit the rebels. Perth is twenty-four miles from Edinburgh, so we must soon know whether they will go thither; or leave it, and come into England. We have great hopes that the Highlanders will not follow him so far. Very few of them could be persuaded the last time to go to Preston; and several refused to attend King Charles II. when he marched to

Worcester. The Caledonian Mercury never calls them *the rebels*, but *the Highlanders*.

Adieu! my dear child: thank Mr. Chute for his letter, which I will answer soon. I don't know how to define my feeling; I don't despair, and yet I expect nothing but bad!

Yours, &c.

P.S. Is not my Princess very happy with hopes of the restoration of her old tenant?*

LETTER CXXXVI.

Arlington-Street, Sept. 20, 1745.

One really don't know what to write to you: the accounts from Scotland vary perpetually, and at best are never very certain. I was just going to tell you that the rebels are in England; but my uncle is this moment come in, and says, that an express came last night with an account of their being at Edinburgh to the number of five thousand. This sounds great, to have walked through a kingdom, and taken possession of the capital! But this capital is an open town; and the castle impregnable, and in our posses-

* When the Old Pretender was in Lorrain, he lived at Prince Craon's.

sion. There never was so extraordinary a sort of rebellion! One can't tell what assurances of support they may have from the Jacobites in England, or from the French; but nothing of either sort has yet appeared—and if there does not, never was so desperate an enterprize. One can hardly believe that the English are more disaffected than the Scotch; and among the latter, no persons of property have joined them: both nations seem to profess a neutrality. Their money is all gone, and they subsist merely by levying contributions. But sure banditti can never conquer a kingdom!—on the other hand what cannot any number of men do, who meet no opposition? They have hitherto taken no place but open towns, nor have they any artillery for a siege but one-pounders. Three battalions of Dutch are landed at Gravesend, and are ordered to Lancashire: we expect every moment to hear that the rest are got to Scotland; none of our own are come yet. Lord Granville and his faction persist in persuading the King that it is an affair of no consequence—and for the Duke of Newcastle, he is glad when the rebels make any progress, in order to confute Lord Granville's assertions. The best of our situation is our strength at sea: the Channel is well guarded, and twelve men-of-war more are arrived from

Rowley. Vernon, that simple noisy creature, has hit upon a scheme that is of great service; he has laid Folkestone cutters all round the coast, which are continually relieved, and bring constant notice of everything that stirs. I just now hear, that the Duke of Bedford* declares he will be amused no longer, but will ask the King's leave to raise a regiment. The Duke of Montagu has a troop of horse ready, and the Duke of Devonshire is raising men in Derbyshire. The Yorkshiremen, headed by the Archbishop and Lord Malton, meet the gentlemen of the county the day after to-morrow, to defend that part of England. Unless we have more ill for-

* This plan of raising regiments afterwards degenerated into a gross job. Sir C. H. Williams gives an account of it in his ballad, entitled "The Heroes."—To this Horace Walpole appended the following explanatory note.—"In the time of the rebellion these Lords had proposed to raise regiments of their own dependants, and were allowed; had they paid them too, the service had been noble: being paid by Government, obscured a little the merit; being paid without raising them, would deserve too coarse a term. It is certain, that not six regiments ever were raised; not four of which were employed. The chief persons who were at the head of this scheme were the Dukes of Bedford and Montagu; the Duke of Bedford actually raised and served with his regiment."—The other lords mentioned in the ballad are, the Duke of Bolton, Lord Granby, Lord Harcourt, Lord Halifax, Lord Falmouth, Lord Cholmondeley, and Lord Berkeley. They were in all fifteen—

"Fifteen nobles of great fame,"
"All brib'd by one false muster."—D.

tune than is conceivable, or the general supineness continues, it is impossible but we must get over this. You desire me to send you good news: I confine myself to tell you nothing but what you may depend upon; and leave you in a fright, rather than deceive you. I confess my own apprehensions are not near so strong as they were; and if we get over this, I shall believe that we never can be hurt, for we never can be more exposed to danger. Whatever disaffection there is to the present family, it plainly does not proceed from love to the other.

My Lady O. makes little progress in popularity. Neither the protection of my Lady Pomfret's prudery, nor of my Lady Townshend's libertinism, do her any service. The women stare at her, think her ugly, awkward and disagreeable; and what is worse, the men think so too. For the height of mortification, the King has declared publicly to the Ministry, that he has been told of the great civilities which he was said to show her at Hanover; that he protests he showed her only the common civilities due to any English lady that comes thither; that he never intended to take any particular notice of her; nor had, nor would let my Lady Yarmouth. In fact, my Lady Yarmouth peremptorily refused to carry her to court here; and when she

did go with my Lady Pomfret, the King but just spoke to her. She declares her intention of staying in England, and protests against all law-suits and violences; and says she only asks articles of separation, and to have her allowance settled by any two arbitrators chosen by my brother and herself. I have met her twice at my Lady Townshend's, just as I used at Florence. She dresses English and plays at whist. I forgot to tell a *bon-mot* of Leheup* on her first coming over; he was asked if he would not go and see her? he replied, "No, I never visit modest women."

Adieu! my dear child; I flatter myself you will collect hopes from this letter.

LETTER CXXXVII.

Arlington-Street, Sept. 27, 1745.

I CAN'T doubt but the joy of the Jacobites has reached Florence before this letter.—Your two or three Irish Priests, I forget their names, will have set out to take possession of abbey-lands here. I feel for what you will feel, and for the

* Isaac Leheup, brother-in-law of Horace Walpole the elder. He was a man of great wit, and greater brutality, and being Minister at Hanover, was recalled for very indecent behaviour there.

insulting things that will be said to you upon the battle* we have lost in Scotland—but all this is nothing to what it prefaces. The express came hither on Tuesday morning, but the Papists knew it on Sunday night. Cope lay in face of the Rebels all Friday; he scarce two thousand strong, they vastly superior, though we don't know their numbers. The military people say that he should have attacked them. However, we are sadly convinced that they are not such raw ragamuffins as they were represented. The rotation that has been established in that country, to give all the Highlanders the benefit of serving in the independent companies, has trained and disciplined them. Macdonald (I suppose, he from Naples) who is reckoned a very experienced able officer, is said to have commanded them, and to be dangerously wounded. One does not hear the Boy's personal valour cried up, by which I conclude he was not in the action. Our dragoons most shamefully fled without striking a blow, and are with Cope, who escaped in a boat to Berwick. I pity poor him,† who with

* At Preston-Pans, near Edinburgh. (Where the Pretender completely defeated Sir John Cope, on the 21st of September.—D.)

† General Cope was tried afterwards for his behaviour in this action, and it appeared very clearly, that the Ministry, his inferior officers, and his troops, were greatly to blame; and that he did all he could, so ill-directed, so ill-supplied, and so ill-obeyed.

no shining abilities, and no experience, and no force, was sent to fight for a crown! He never saw a battle but that of Dettingen, where he got his red riband: Churchill, whose led-captain he was, and my Lord Harrington, had pushed him up to this misfortune. We have lost all our artillery, five hundred men taken—and *three* killed, and several officers, as you will see in the papers. This defeat has frightened everybody but those it rejoices, and those it should frighten most; but my Lord Granville still buoys up the King's spirits, and persuades him it is nothing. He uses his Ministers as ill as possible, and discourages everybody that would risk their lives and fortunes with him. Marshal Wade is marching against the rebels; but the King will not let him take above eight thousand men; so that if they come into England, another battle, with no advantage on our side, may determine our fate. Indeed, they don't seem so unwise as to risk their cause upon so precarious an event; but rather to design to establish themselves in Scotland, till they can be supported from France, and be set up with taking Edinburgh Castle, where there is to the value of a million, and which they would make a stronghold. It is scarcely victualled for a month, and must surely fall into their hands. Our coasts are greatly

guarded, and London kept in awe by the arrival of the guards. I don't believe what I have been told this morning, that more troops are sent for from Flanders, and aid asked of Denmark.

Prince Charles has called a Parliament in Scotland for the 7th of October; ours does not meet till the 17th, so that even in the show of liberty and laws they are beforehand with us. With all this, we hear of no men of quality or fortune having joined him but Lord Elcho,* whom you have seen at Florence; and the Duke of Perth,† a silly race-horsing boy, who is said to be killed in this battle. But I gather no confidence from hence: my father always said, "If you see them come again, they will begin by their lowest people; their chiefs will not appear till the end." His prophecies verify every day!

The town is still empty; in this point only the English act contrary to their custom, for they don't throng to see a Parliament, though it is likely to grow a curiosity!

I have so trained myself to expect this ruin, that I see it approach without any emotion. I

* Eldest son of the Earl of Wemyss.

† James Drummond, who would have been the fifth Earl of Perth, had it not been for the attainder and outlawry under which his family laboured. His grandfather, the fourth Earl, had been created a Duke by James II. after his abdication. He was not killed at Preston-Pans.—D.

shall suffer with fools, without having any malice to our enemies, who act sensibly from principle and from interest. Ruling parties seldom have caution or common sense—I don't doubt but Whigs and Protestants will be alert enough in trying to recover what they lose so supinely!

I know nothing of my Lady O. In this situation I dare say she will exert enough of the spirit of her Austrian party, to be glad the present Government is oppressed: her piques and the Queen of Hungary's bigotry will draw satisfaction from what ought to be so contrary to each of their wishes. I don't wonder my Lady hates you so much, as I think she meant to express by her speech to Blair—

> "Quem non credit Cleopatra nocentem,
> A quo casta fuit?"

She lives chiefly with my Lady Townshend: the latter told me last night that she had seen a new fat player, who looked like everybody's husband. I replied, "I could easily believe that, from seeing so many women who looked like everybody's wives."

Adieu! my dear Sir; I hope your spirits, like mine, will grow calm, from being callous with ill news.

LETTER CXXXVIII.

Arlington-Street, Oct. 4, 1745.

I AM still writing to you as *Resident de sa Majesté Britannique;* and without the apprehension of your suddenly receiving letters of recall, or orders to notify to the Council of Florence the new accession. I dare say your fears made you think that the young Prince (for he is at least Prince of Scotland) had vaulted from Cope's neck into St. James's house; but he is still at Edinburgh; and his cousin Grafton, the Lord Chamberlain, has not even given orders for fitting up this palace for his reception. The good people of England have at last rubbed their eyes and looked about them. A wonderful spirit is arisen in all counties, and among all sorts of people. The nobility are raising regiments, and everybody else is—being raised. Dr. Herring,* the Archbishop of York, has set an example that would rouse the most indifferent:

* An excellent prelate, afterwards promoted to the see of Canterbury. Walpole, in his memoirs, mentioning his death, thus speaks of him. "On the 13th of March, 1757, died Dr. Herring, Archbishop of Canterbury, a very amiable man, to whom no fault was objected; though perhaps the gentleness of his principles, his great merit, was thought one. During the rebellion he had taken up arms to defend from oppression that religion, which he abhorred making an instrument of oppression."—D.

in two days after the news arrived at York of Cope's defeat, and when they every moment expected the victorious rebels at their gates, the Bishop made a speech to the assembled county, that had as much true spirit, honesty, and bravery in it, as ever was penned by an historian for an ancient hero.

The Rebels returned to Edinburgh, where they have no hopes of taking the Castle, for old Preston, the deputy-governor, and General Guest, have obliged them to supply the Castle constantly with fresh provisions, on pain of having the town fired with red-hot bullets. They did fling a bomb on Holyrood-House, and obliged the Boy to shift his quarters. Wade is marching against them, and will have a great army: all the rest of our troops are ordered from Flanders, and are to meet him in Yorkshire, with some Hessians too. That county raises four thousand men, besides a body of fox-hunters, whom Oglethorpe has converted into Hussars. I am told that old Stair, who certainly does not want zeal, but may not want envy neither, has practised a little Scotch art to prevent Wade from having an army, and consequently the glory of saving this country. This I don't doubt he will do, if the Rebels get no foreign aid; and I have great reason to hope they will

not, for the French are privately making us overtures of peace. My dear child, dry your wet-brown-paperness, and be in spirits again!

It is not a very civil joy to send to Florence, but I can't help telling you how glad I am of news that came two days ago, of the King of Prussia having beat Prince Charles,* who attacked him just after we could have obtained for them a peace with that King. That odious House of Austria!—it will not be decent for *you* to insult Richcourt, but I would, were I at Florence.

Pray let Mr. Chute have ample accounts of our zeal to figure with at Rome; of the merchants of London undertaking to support the public credit; of universal associations; of regiments raised by the Dukes of Devonshire, Bedford, Rutland, Montagu; Lords Herbert, Halifax, Cholmondeley, Falmouth, Malton, Derby,† &c.; of Wade with an army of twenty thousand

* The battle of Soor in Bohemia, gained by the King of Prussia over the Austrians, on the 30th of September 1745.—D.

† For an account of this transaction see note at page 182. The noblemen here mentioned were, William Cavendish third Duke of Devonshire, John Russell fourth Duke of Bedford, John second and last Duke of Montagu, Henry Arthur Herbert first Lord Herbert of Cherbury of the third creation, George Montagu third Earl of Halifax, George third Earl of Cholmondeley, Hugh Boscawen second Viscount Falmouth, Thomas Wentworth first Earl of Malton, and Edward Stanley eleventh Earl of Derby.—D.

men; of another about London of near as many —and lastly, of Lord Gower having in person assured the King that he is no Jacobite, but ready to serve him with his life and fortune. Tell him of the whole coast so guarded, that nothing can pass unvisited—and in short, send him this advertisement out of to-day's papers, as an instance of more spirit and wit than there is in all Scotland:

TO ALL JOLLY BUTCHERS.

MY BOLD HEARTS,

The Papists eat no *meat* on Wednesdays, Fridays, Saturdays, nor during Lent.

Your friend,

JOHN STEEL.

Just as I wrote this, a person is come in, who tells me that the Rebels have cut off the communication between Edinburgh and the Castle: the Commanders renewed their threats; and the good magistrates have sent up hither to beg orders may be sent to forbid this execution. It is modest! it is Scotch!—and I dare say will be granted. Ask a government to spare your town, which you yourself have given up to Rebels; and the consequence of saving which will be the loss of your Castle!—but they knew to what government they applied! You need not be in haste to have this notified at Rome. Tell it not in Gath!

Adieu! my dear Sir. This account has put me so out of humour, and has so altered the strain of my letter, that I must finish!

LETTER CXXXIX.

Arlington-Street, Oct. 11, 1745.

THIS is likely to be a very short letter; for I have nothing to tell you, nor anything to answer. I have not had one letter from you this month, which I attribute to the taking of the packet-boat by the French, with two mails in it. It was a very critical time for our negotiations; the Ministry will say, it puts their transactions out of order.

Before I talk of any public news, I must tell you what you will be very sorry for: Lady Granville is dead! She had a fever for six weeks before her lying in, and could never get it off. Last Saturday they called in another physician, Dr. Oliver: on Monday he pronounced her out of danger. About seven in the evening, as Lady Pomfret and Lady Charlotte were sitting by her, the first notice they had of her immediate danger, was her sighing and saying, "I feel death come very fast upon me!" She repeated the same words frequently; remained perfectly in her senses and calm, and died about

eleven at night. Her mother and sister sat by her till she was cold. It is very shocking for anybody so young, so handsome, so arrived at the height of happiness, so sensible of it, and on whom all the joy and grandeur of her family depended, to be so quickly snatched away! Poor Uguccioni! he will be very sorry, and simple about it!

For the Rebels, they have made no figure since their victory. The Castle of Edinburgh has made a sally, and taken twenty head of cattle, and about thirty head of Highlanders. We heard yesterday that they are coming this way. The troops from Flanders are expected to land in Yorkshire to-morrow. A privateer of Bristol has taken a large Spanish ship laden with arms and money for Scotland. A piece of a plot has been discovered in Dorsetshire, and one Mr. Weld taken up. The French have declared to the Dutch, that the House of Stuart is their ally, and that the Dutch troops must not act against them—but we expect they shall. The Parliament meets next Thursday, and by that time probably the armies will too. The rebels are not above eight thousand, and have little artillery; so you may wear what ministerial spirits you will.

The Venetian Ambassador has been making

his entries this week: he was at Leicester-fields to-day with the Prince, and very pretty compliments passed between them in Italian.

Do excuse this letter: I really have not a word more to say: the next shall be all *arma virumque cano!*

LETTER CXL.

Arlington-Street, Oct. 21, 1745.

I HAD been almost as long without any of your letters, as you had without mine; but yesterday I received one dated the 5th of this month, N. S.

The Rebels have not left their camp near Edinburgh, and I suppose, will not now, unless to retreat into the Highlands. General Wade was to march yesterday from Doncaster for Scotland. By their not advancing, I conclude that either the Boy and his Council could not prevail on the Highlanders to leave their own country, or that they were not strong enough, and still wait for Foreign assistance, which, in a new declaration, he intimates that he still expects. One only ship, I believe a Spanish one, is got to them with arms, and Lord John Drummond* and some

* Brother of the titular Duke of Perth.

people of quality on board. We don't hear that the younger boy is of the number. Four ships sailed from Corunna; the one that got to Scotland, one taken by a privateer of Bristol, and one lost on the Irish coast; the fourth is not heard of. At Edinburgh and thereabouts they commit the most horrid barbarities. We last night expected as bad here; information was given of an intended insurrection and massacre by the papists; all the guards were ordered out, and the Tower shut up at seven. I cannot be surprised at anything, considering the supineness of the ministry—nobody has yet been taken up!

The parliament met on Thursday; I don't think, considering the crisis, that the House was very full. Indeed many of the Scotch members cannot come if they would. The young Pretender had published a declaration, threatening to confiscate the estates of the Scotch that should come to parliament, and making it treason for the English. The only points that have been before the House, the address and the suspension of the Habeas corpus, met with obstructions from the Jacobites. By this we may expect what spirit they will show hereafter. With all this, I am far from thinking that they are so confident and sanguine as their friends at Rome.

I blame the Chutes extremely for cockading themselves: why take a part, when they are only travelling? I should certainly retire to Florence on this occasion.

You may imagine how little I like our situation: but I don't despair. The little use they made or could make of their victory; their not having marched into England; their miscarriage at the castle of Edinburgh; the arrival of our forces, and the non-arrival of any French or Spanish, make me conceive great hopes of getting over this ugly business. But it is still an affair wherein the chance of battles, or perhaps of one battle, may decide!

I write you but short letters, considering the circumstances of the time; but I hate to send you paragraphs only to contradict them again: I still less chose to forge events; and, indeed, am glad I have so few to tell you.

My Lady O. has forced herself upon her mother, who receives her very coolly: she talks highly of her demands, and quietly of her methods: the fruitlessness of either will, I hope, soon send her back—I am sorry it must be to you!

You mention Holdisworth;* he has had the confidence to come and visit me within these

* A nonjuror, who travelled with Mr. G. Pitt.

ten days; and (I suppose from the overflowing of his joy,) talked a great deal and quick—with as little sense, as when he was more tedious.

Since I wrote this, I hear the Countess has told her mother, that she thinks her husband the best of our family, and me the worst—nobody so bad, except you! I don't wonder at my being so ill with her; but what have you done? or is it, that we are worse than anybody, because we know more of her than anybody does! Adieu!

LETTER CXLI.

Arlington-Street, Nov. 4, 1745.

It is just a fortnight since I wrote to you last: in all that time the rebellion has made no progress, nor produced any incidents worth mentioning. They have intrenched themselves very strongly in the Duke of Buccleugh's park, whose seat, about seven miles from Edinburgh, they have seized. We had an account last week of the Boy's being retired to Dunkirk, but it was not true. Kelly,* who is gone to solicit succour from France, was seized at Helvoet, but by a

* He had been confined in the Tower ever since the assassination-plot in the reign of King William, but at last made his escape.

stupid burgher released. Lord Loudon is very brisk in the north of Scotland, and has intercepted and beat some of their parties. Marshal Wade was to march from Newcastle yesterday.

But the rebellion does not make half the noise here that one of its consequences does. Fourteen Lords (most of them I have named to you) at the beginning offered to raise regiments; these regiments, so handsomely tendered at first, have been since put on the regular establishment, not much to the honour of the undertakers, or of the firmness of the ministry, and the King is to pay them. One of the great grievances of this is, that these most disinterested Colonels have named none but their own relations and dependents for the officers, who are to have rank; and consequently both Colonels and Subalterns will interfere with the brave old part of the army, who have served all the war. This has made great clamour. The King was against their having rank; but would not refuse it; yet wished that the House of Commons would address him not to grant it. This notification of his royal mind encouraged some of the old part of the ministry, particularly Winnington and Fox, to undertake to procure this address. Friday it came on in the Committee; the Jacobites and patriots, such as are not

included in the coalition, violently opposed the regiments themselves; so did Fox in a very warm speech, levelled particularly at the Duke of Montagu, who, besides his old regiment, has one of horse and one of foot on this new plan.* Pitt defended them as warmly; the Duke of Bedford, Lord Gower, and Lord Halifax, being at the head of this job. At last, at ten at night, the thirteen regiments of foot were voted without a division, and the two of horse carried by 192 to 82. Then came the motion for the address, and in an hour and half more was rejected by 126 to 124. Of this latter number were several of the old corps; I among the rest. It is to be reported to the House to-morrow, and will I conclude be at least as warm a day as the former. The King is now against the address, and all sides are using their utmost efforts. The fourteen Lords threaten to throw up, unless their whole terms are complied with; and the

* This circumstance is thus alluded to in Sir C. H. Williams's ballad of "The Heroes."

> Three regiments one Duke contents,
> With two more places you know:
> Since his Bath Knights, his Grace delights
> In *Tri-a junct' in U-no.*

The Duke of Montague was Master of the great Wardrobe, a place worth eight thousand pounds a-year. He was also Grand Master of the Order of the Bath.—D.

Duke of Bedford is not moderately insolent against such of the King's servants as voted against him. Mr. Pelham espouses him; not recollecting, that at least twice a-week all his new allies are suffered to oppose him as they please. I should be sorry, for the appearance, to have the regiments given up; but I am sure our affair is over, if our two old armies are beaten, and we should come to want these new ones; four only of which are pretended to be raised. Pitt, who has alternately bullied and flattered Mr. Pelham, is at last to be Secretary at War; Sir W. Yonge to be removed to Vice-Treasurer of Ireland; and Lord Torrington* to have a pension in lieu of it. An ungracious parallel between the mercenary views of these patriot heroes, the regiment-factors, and of their acquiescent agents, the ministry, with the disinterested behaviour of my Lord Kildare,† was drawn on Friday by Lord Doneraile, who read the very proposals of the latter for raising, clothing, and arming a regiment, at his own expense —and for which he had been told, but the very

* Pattee Byng, second Viscount Torrington. He had been made Vice-Treasurer of Ireland upon the going out of the Walpole administration.—D.

† James Fitz-Gerald twentieth Earl of Kildare. Created in 1761 Marquis of Kildare; and in 1766 Duke of Leinster—Irish honours. —D.

day before this question, that the King had no occasion—" And how," said Lord Doneraile, " can one account for this, but by saying that we have a ministry, who are either too good-natured to refuse a wrong thing, or too irresolute to do a right one ?"

I am extremely pleased with the purchase of the Eagle and Altar, and think them cheap: I even begin to believe that I shall be able to pay for them. The gesse-statues are all arrived safe. Your last letter was dated Oct. 19, N.S. and left you up to the chin in water,* just as we were drowned five years ago. Good night, if you are alive still!

LETTER CXLII.

Arlington-Street, Nov. 15, 1745.

I TOLD you in my last what disturbance there had been about the new regiments: the affair of rank was again disputed on the report till ten at night, and carried by a majority of 23. The King had been persuaded to appear for it, though Lord Granville made it a party point against Mr. Pelham. Winnington did not speak. I was not there, for I could not vote for

* By an inundation of the Arno.

it, and yielded not to give any hindrance to a public measure (or at least what was called so) just now. The Prince acted openly, and influenced his people against it; but it only served to let Mr. Pelham see, what, like everything else, he did not know, how strong he is. The King will scarce speak to him, and he cannot yet get Pitt into place.

The Rebels are come into England: for two days we believed them near Lancaster, but the Ministry now own that they don't know if they have passed Carlisle. Some think they will besiege that town, which has an old wall, and all the militia in it of Cumberland and Westmoreland; but as they can pass by it, I don't see why they should take it, for they are not strong enough to leave garrisons. Several desert them as they advance south; and altogether, good men and bad, nobody believes them ten thousand. By their marching westward to avoid Wade, it is evident that they are not strong enough to fight him. They may yet retire back into their mountains, but if once they get to Lancaster, their retreat is cut off, for Wade will not stir from Newcastle, till he has embarked them deep into England, and then he will be behind them. He has sent General Handasyde from Berwick with two regiments to take possession of Edinburgh.

The Rebels are certainly in a very desperate situation: they dared not meet Wade; and if they had waited for him, their troops would have deserted. Unless they meet with great risings in their favour in Lancashire, I don't see what they can hope, except from a continuation of our neglect. That indeed has nobly exerted itself for them. They were suffered to march the whole length of Scotland, and take possession of the capital, without a man appearing against them. Then two thousand men *sailed* to them, to run from them. Till the flight of Cope's army, Wade was not sent. Two roads still lay into England, and till they had chosen that which Wade had not taken, no army was thought of being sent to secure the other. Now Ligonier, with seven old regiments, and six of the new, is ordered to Lancashire: before this first division of the army could get to Coventry, they are forced to order it to halt, for fear the enemy should be up with it before it was all assembled. It is uncertain if the Rebels will march to the north of Wales, to Bristol, or towards London. If to the latter, Ligonier must fight them: if to either of the other, which I hope, the two armies may join and drive them into a corner, where they must all perish. They cannot subsist in Wales, but by being supplied by the Papists in

Ireland. The best is, that we are in no fear from France; there is no preparation for invasions in any of their ports. Lord Clancarty,* a Scotchman of great parts, but mad and drunken, and whose family forfeited 90,000*l.* a-year for King James, is made vice-admiral at Brest. The Duke of Bedford goes in his little round person with his regiment; he now takes to the land, and says he is tired of being a pen and ink man. Lord Gower insisted too upon going with his regiment, but is laid up with the gout.

With the Rebels in England, you may imagine we have no private news, nor think of foreign. From this account you may judge, that our case is far from desperate, though disagreable.

The Prince, while the Princess lies-in, has taken to give dinners, to which he asks two of the ladies of the bed-chamber, two of the maids of honour, &c. by turns, and five or six others. He sits at the head of the table, drinks and harangues to all this medley till nine at night; and the other day, after the affair of the regiments, drank Mr. Fox's health in a bumper, with three huzzas, for opposing Mr. Pelham—

"Si quà fata aspera rumpas,
Tu Marcellus eris!"

* Donagh Maccarty Earl of Clancarty was an Irishman, and not a Scotchman.—D.

You put me in pain for my eagle, and in more for the Chutes, whose zeal is very heroic, but very ill-placed. I long to hear that all my Chutes and eagles are safe out of the Pope's hands!

Pray wish the Suares's joy of all their espousals. Does the Princess pray abundantly for her friend the Pretender? is she extremely *abla-tue* with her devotion; and does she fast, till she has got a violent appetite for supper? and then, does she eat so long, that old Sarrasin is quite impatient to go to cards again? Good night! I intend you shall still be Resident from King George.

P.S. I forgot to tell you, that the other day I concluded the Ministry knew the danger was all over; for the Duke of Newcastle ventured to have the Pretender's declaration burnt at the Royal Exchange.

LETTER CXLIII.

Arlington-Street, Nov. 22, 1745.

For these two days we have been expecting news of a battle; Wade marched last Saturday from Newcastle, and must have got up with the

Rebels if they stayed for him, though the roads are exceedingly bad, and great quantities of snow have fallen. But last night there was some notice of a body of Rebels being advanced to Penryth. We were put into great spirits by an heroic letter from the Mayor of Carlisle, who had fired on the Rebels and made them retire; he concluded with saying, "And so I think the town of Carlisle has done his Majesty more service than the great city of Edinburgh, or than all Scotland together." But this hero, who was grown the whole fashion for four-and-twenty hours, had chosen to stop all other letters. The King spoke of him at his *levée* with great encomiums; Lord Stair said, "Yes, Sir, Mr. Patterson has behaved very bravely." The Duke of Bedford interrupted him—"My Lord, his name is not *Paterson*; that is a Scotch name; his name is *Patinson*." But alack! the next day the Rebels returned, having placed the women and children of the country in waggons in the front of their army, and forcing the peasants to fix the scaling-ladders. The great Mr. Pattinson, or Patterson (for now his name may be which one pleases) instantly surrendered the town, and agreed to pay two thousand pounds to save it from pillage. Well! then we were assured that the citadel could hold out seven or

eight days; but did not so many hours. On mustering the militia, there were not found above four men in a company; and for two companies, which the Ministry, on a report of Lord Albemarle, who said they were to be sent from Wade's army, thought were there, and did not know were not there, there was nothing but two of invalids. Colonel Durand the governor fled, because he would not sign the capitulation, by which the garrison, it is said, has sworn never to bear arms against the House of Stuart. The Colonel sent two expresses, one to Wade, and another to Ligonier at Preston; but the latter was playing at whist with Lord Harrington at Petersham. Such is our diligence and attention! All my hopes are in Wade, who was so sensible of the ignorance of our Governors, that he refused to accept the command, till they consented that he should be subject to no kind of orders from hence. The Rebels are reckoned up to thirteen thousand; Wade marches with about twelve; but if they come southward, the other army will probably be to fight them: the Duke is to command it, and sets out next week with another brigade of guards, and Ligonier under him. There are great apprehensions for Chester from the Flintshire-men, who are ready to rise. A quarter-master, first sent to Carlisle,

was seized and carried to Wade; he behaved most insolently; and being asked by the General, how many the Rebels were, replied, "Enough to beat any army you have in England." A Mackintosh has been taken, who reduces their formidability, by being sent to raise two clans, and with orders, if they would not rise, at least to give out they had risen, for that three clans would leave the Pretender, unless joined by those two. Five hundred new rebels are arrived at Perth, where our prisoners are kept.

I had this morning a subscription-book brought me for our parish; Lord Granville had refused to subscribe. This is in the style of his friend Lord Bath, who has absented himself whenever any act of authority was to be executed against the Rebels.

Five Scotch Lords are going to raise regiments—*à l'Angloise!* resident in London, while the Rebels were in Scotland; they are to receive military emoluments for their neutrality!

The Fox man-of-war of 20 guns is lost off Dunbar. One Beavor, the Captain, had done us notable service: the Pretender sent to commend his zeal and activity, and to tell him, that if he would return to his allegiance, he should soon have a flag. Beavor replied, "He never treated with any but principals; that if the

Pretender would come on board him, he would talk with him." I must now tell you of our great Vernon: without once complaining to the Ministry, he has written to Sir John Philipps, a distinguished Jacobite, to complain of want of provisions—yet they do not venture to recall him! Yesterday they had another baiting from Pitt, who is ravenous for the place of Secretary at War: they would give it him; but as a preliminary, he insists on a declaration of our having nothing to do with the continent. He mustered his forces, but did not notify his intention; only at two o'clock Lyttelton said at the Treasury, that there would be business at the House. The motion was, to augment our naval force, which, Pitt said, was the only method of putting an end to the rebellion. Ships built a year hence to suppress an army of Highlanders, now marching through England! My uncle attacked him, and congratulated his country on the wisdom of the modern young men; and said he had a son of two-and-twenty, who he did not doubt would come over wiser than any of them. Pitt was provoked, and retorted on his negotiations and *grey-headed* experience—at those words, my uncle, as if he had been at Bartholomew-fair, snatched off his wig, and showed his grey hairs, which made the *august Senate* laugh, and put

Pitt out, who, after laughing himself, diverted his venom upon Mr. Pelham. Upon the question, Pitt's party amounted but to thirty-six—in short, he has nothing left but his words, and his haughtiness, and his Lytteltons, and his Grenvilles. Adieu!

LETTER CXLIV.

Arlington-Street, Nov. 29, 1745.

We have had your story here this week of the *pretended* Pretender, but with the unlucky circumstance of its coming from the Roman-Catholics. With all the faith you have in your little spy, I cannot believe it; though, to be sure, it has a Stuart-air, the not exposing the real boy to danger. The Duke of Newcastle mentioned your account this morning to my uncle, but they don't give any credit to the courier's relation. It grows so near being necessary for the young man to get off by any evasion, that I am persuaded all that party will try to have it believed. We are so far from thinking that they have not sent us one son, that two days ago we believed we had got the other too. A small ship has taken the Soleil privateer from Dunkirk going to Montrose, with twenty French officers, sixty

others, and the brother of the beheaded Lord Derwentwater and his son,* who at first was believed to be the second boy. News came yesterday of a second privateer taken with arms and money; of another lost on the Dutch coast, and of Vernon being in pursuit of two more. All this must be a great damp to the party, who are coming on fast—fast to their destruction. Last night they were to be at Preston, but several repeated accounts make them under five-thousand; none above seven; they must have diminished greatly by desertion. The country is so far from rising for them, that the towns are left desolate on their approach, and the people hide and bury their effects even to their pewter. Warrington bridge is broken down, which will turn them some miles aside. The Duke, with the flower of that brave army which stood all the fire at Fontenoy, will rendezvous at Stone, beyond Litchfield, the day after to-morrow; Wade is advancing behind them, and will be at Wetherby in Yorkshire to-morrow. In short, I have no conception of their daring to fight either

* Charles Radcliffe, brother of James Earl of Derwentwater, who was executed for the share he took in the Rebellion of 1715. Charles was executed in 1746, upon the sentence pronounced against him in 1716, which he had then evaded by escaping from Newgate. His son was Bartholomew third Earl of Newburgh, a Scotch title he inherited from his mother.—D.

army, nor see any visible possibility of their not being very soon destroyed. My fears have been great, from the greatness of our stake, but I now write in the greatest confidence of our getting over this ugly business. We have another very disagreeable affair, that may have fatal consequences; there rages a murrain among the cows: we dare not eat milk, butter, beef, nor anything from that species. Unless there is snow or frost soon, it is likely to spread dreadfully, though hitherto it has not reached many miles from London. At first, it was imagined that the Papists had empoisoned the pools; but the physicians have pronounced it infectious, and brought from abroad.

I forgot to tell you, that my uncle begged the Duke of Newcastle to stifle this report of the sham Pretender, lest the King should hear it and recall the Duke, as too great to fight a counterfeit. It is certain that the army adore the Duke, and are gone in the greatest spirits; and on the parade, as they began their march, the guards vowed that they would neither give nor take quarter. For bravery, his Royal Highness is certainly no Stuart, but literally loves to be in the act of fighting. His brother has so far the same taste, that the night of his new son's christening, he had the citadel of Carlisle in

sugar at supper, and the company besieged it with sugar plumbs. It was well-imagined, considering the time and the circumstances. One thing was very proper; old Marshal Stair was there, who is grown child enough to be fit to war only with such artillery. Another piece of ingenuity of that court was on the report of Pitt being named Secretary at War. The Prince hates him since the fall of Lord Granville: he said, Miss Chudleigh,* one of the maids, was fitter for the employment; and dictated a letter, which he made her write to Lord Harrington, to desire he would draw the warrant for her. There were fourteen people at table, and all were to sign it: the Duke of Queensberry† would not, as being a friend of Pitt, nor Mrs. Layton, one of the dressers: however, it was actually sent, and the footman ordered not to deliver it till Sir William Yonge was at Lord Harrington's—alas! it would be endless to tell you all his *Caligulisms!* A ridiculous thing happened when the Princess saw company: the new-born babe was shown in a mighty pretty cradle, designed by Kent, under a canopy in the great drawing-room. Sir William Stanhope went to look at it; Mrs. Herbert,

* Afterwards the well-known Duchess of Kingston.—D.

† Charles Douglas third Duke of Queensberry, and second Duke of Dover: died 1778.—D.

the governess, advanced to unmantle it: he said, "In wax, I suppose." "Sir!" "In wax, Madam?" "The young Prince, Sir." "Yes, in wax, I suppose." This is his odd humour: when he went to see this Duke at his birth, he said, "Lord! it sees!"

The good Provost of Edinburgh has been with Marshal Wade at Newcastle, and it is said, is coming to London—he must trust hugely to the inactivity of the Ministry! They have taken an agent there going with large contributions from the Roman Catholics, who have pretended to be so quiet! The Duchess of Richmond, while her husband is at the army, was going to her grace of Norfolk:* when he was very uneasy at her intention, she showed him letters from the Norfolk, "wherein she prays God that this wicked rebellion may be soon suppressed, lest it hurt the poor Roman Catholics." But this wise jaunt has made such a noise that it is laid aside.

Your friend Lord Sandwich has got one of the Duke of Montagu's regiments; he stayed quietly till all the noise was over. He is now Lord of the Admiralty, Lieutenant-Colonel to the Duke of Bedford, aid-de-camp to the Duke of Richmond, and Colonel of a regiment!

* Mary Blount Duchess of Norfolk, the wife of Duke Edward. She and her husband were suspected of Jacobitism.—D.

A friend of mine, Mr. Talbot, who has a good estate in Cheshire, with the great tithes, which he takes in kind, and has generally fifteen hundred pounds stock, has expressly ordered his steward to burn it, if the rebels come that way —I don't think this will make a bad figure in Mr. Chute's brave gazette. As we go on prospering, I will take care to furnish him with paragraphs, till he kills Riviera* and all the faction. When my lovely eagle comes, I will consecrate it to his Roman memory—don't think I want spirits more than he, when I beg you to send me a case of drams: I remember your getting one for Mr. Trevor.

I guessed at having lost two letters from you in the packet-boat that was taken: I have received all you mention, but those of the 21st and 28th of September, one of which I suppose was about Gibberne: his mother has told me how happy you have made her and him, for which I much thank you and your usual good-nature. Adieu! I trust all my letters will grow better and better: you must have passed a lamentable scene of anxiety: we have had a good deal; but I think we grow in spirits again. There never was so melancholy a town; no kind of public place but the

* Cardinal Riviera, promoted to the purple by the interest of the Pretender.

playhouses, and they look as if the rebels had just driven away the company. Nobody but has some fear for themselves, for their money, or for their friends in the army: of this number am I deeply; Lord Bury* and Mr. Conway, two of the first in my list, are aid-de-camps to the Duke, and another, Mr. Cornwallis,† is in the same army, and my nephew, Lord Malpas‡—so I still fear the rebels beyond my reason. Good night.

P. S. It is now generally believed from many circumstances, that the youngest Pretender is actually among the prisoners taken on board the Soleil: pray wish Mr. Chute joy from me.

LETTER CXLV.

Arlington Street, Dec. 9, 1745.

I AM glad I did not write to you last post as I intended; I should have sent you an account that would have alarmed you; and the danger

* George Keppel, eldest son of the Earl of Albemarle, whom he succeeded in the title in 1754.

† Edward brother of Earl Cornwallis, Groom of the bedchamber to the King, and afterwards Governor of Nova Scotia.

‡ George, eldest son of George Earl of Cholmondeley, and of Mary, second daughter of Sir Robert Walpole.

would have been over before the letter had crossed the sea. The Duke, from some strange want of intelligence, lay last week for four-and-twenty hours under arms at Stone, in Staffordshire, expecting the rebels every moment, while they were marching in all haste to Derby. The news of this* threw the town into great consternation; but his Royal Highness repaired his mistake, and got to Northampton, between the Highlanders and London. They got nine thousand pounds at Derby, and had the books brought to them, and obliged everybody to give them what they had subscribed against them. Then they retreated a few miles, but returned again to Derby, got ten thousand pounds more, plundered the town, and burnt a house of the Countess of Exeter.† They are gone again, and got back to Leake, in Staffordshire, but miserably harassed, and it is said have left all their cannon behind them, and twenty waggons of sick. The Duke has sent General Hawley with the dragoons to harass them in their retreat, and despatched Mr. Conway to Marshal Wade to hasten his march upon the back of them. They must either go to North Wales, where

* The consternation was so great, as to occasion that day being named *Black Friday*.

† Hannah Sophia Chambers Countess of Exeter, wife of Brownlow the eighth Earl.—D.

they will probably all perish, or to Scotland, with great loss. We dread them no longer. We are threatened with great preparations for a French invasion, but the coast is exceedingly guarded; and for the people, the spirit against the rebels increases every day: though they have marched thus into the heart of the kingdom, there has not been the least symptom of a rising, not even in the great towns of which they possessed themselves. They have got no recruits since their first entry into England, except one gentleman in Lancashire, one hundred and fifty common men, and two parsons, at Manchester, and a physician from York. But here in London the aversion to them is amazing: on some thoughts of the King's going to an encampment at Finchley, the weavers not only offered him a thousand men, but the whole body of the Law formed themselves into a little army under the command of Lord Chief Justice Willes,* and were to have done duty at St. James's, to guard the royal family in the King's absence.

But the greatest demonstration of loyalty appeared on the prisoners being brought to town from the Soleil prize: the young man is certainly Mr. Radcliffe's son; but the mob, per-

* Sir John Willes, Knight, Chief Justice of the Common Pleas from 1737 to 1762.—D.

suaded of his being the youngest Pretender, could scarcely be restrained from tearing him to pieces, all the way on the road, and at his arrival. He said he had heard of English mobs, but could not conceive they were so dreadful, and wished he had been shot at the battle of Dettingen, where he had been engaged. The father, whom they call Lord Derwentwater, said, on entering the Tower, that he had never expected to arrive there alive. For the young man, he must only be treated as a French captive; for the father, it is sufficient to produce him at the Old Bailey, and prove that he is the individual person condemned for last rebellion, and so to Tyburn.

We begin to take up people; but it is with as much caution and timidity, as women of quality begin to pawn their jewels; we have not ventured upon any great stone yet! The Provost of Edinburgh is in custody of a messenger; and the other day they seized an odd man, who goes by the name of Count St. Germain. He has been here these two years, and will not tell who he is, or whence, but professes that he does not go by his right name. He sings, plays on the violin wonderfully, composes, is mad, and not very sensible. He is called an Italian, a Spaniard, a Pole; a somebody that married a great fortune in Mexico, and ran away with her jewels

to Constantinople; a priest, a fiddler, a vast nobleman. The Prince of Wales has had unsatiated curiosity about him, but in vain. However, nothing has been made out against him;* he is released; and what convinces me that he is not a gentleman, stays here, and talks of his being taken up for a spy.

I think these accounts, upon which you may depend, must raise your spirits, and figure in Mr. Chute's loyal journal—But you don't get my letters: I have sent you eleven since I came to town; how many of these have you received? Adieu!

LETTER CXLVI.

Arlington-Street, Dec. 20, 1745.

I HAVE at last got your great letter by Mr. Gambier, and the views of the villas,† for which I thank you much. I can't say I think them

* In the beginning of the year 1755, on rumours of a great armament at Brest, one Virrette, a Swiss, who had been a kind of toad-eater to this St. Germain, was denounced to Lord Holderness for a spy; but Mr. Stanley going pretty surlily to his Lordship on his suspecting a friend of his, Virrette was declared innocent, and the penitent Secretary of State made him the *amende honorable* of a dinner in form. About the same time a spy of ours was seized at Brest, but not happening to be acquainted with Mr. Stanley, was broken upon the wheel.

† Villas of the Florentine nobility.

too well done, nor the villas themselves pretty; but the prospects are charming. I have since received two more letters from you of November 30th and December 7th. You seem to receive mine at last, though very slowly.

We have at last got a spring-tide of good luck. The rebels turned back from Derby, and have ever since been flying with the greatest precipitation. The Duke, with all his horse and a thousand foot mounted, has pursued them with astonishing rapidity: and General Oglethorpe, with part of Wade's horse, has crossed over upon them. There has been little prospect of coming up with their entire body; but it dismayed them; their stragglers were picked up, and the towns in their way preserved from plunder, by their not having time to do mischief. This morning an express is arrived from Lord Malton* in Yorkshire, who has had an account of Oglethorpe's cutting a part of them to pieces, and of the Duke's overtaking their rear, and entirely demolishing it. We believe all this, but as it is not yet confirmed, don't depend upon it too much. The fat East India ships are arrived safe from Ireland—I mean the prizes; and yesterday a letter arrived from Admiral

* Sir Thomas Watson Wentworth, Knight of the Bath and Earl of Malton; afterwards created Marquis of Rockingham.

Townshend in the West Indies, where he has fallen in with the Martinico fleet, (each ship valued at eight thousand pounds,) taken twenty, sunk ten, and driven ashore two men of war, their convoy, and battered them to pieces. All this will raise the pulse of the stocks, which have been exceedingly low this week, and the Bank itself in danger. The private rich are making immense fortunes out of the public distress: the dread of the French invasion has occasioned this. They have a vast embarkation at Dunkirk; the Duc de Richelieu, Marquis Fimarcon, and other general officers, are named in form to command. Nay, it has been notified in form by the insolent Lord John Drummond,* who has got to Scotland, and sent a drum to Marshal Wade, to announce himself commander for the French King in the war he designs to wage in England, and to propose a cartel for the exchange of prisoners. No answer has been made to this rebel; but the King has acquainted the parliament with this audacious message. We have a vast fleet at sea; and the main body of the Duke's army is coming down to the coast, to prevent their landing, if they should slip our ships. Indeed, I can't believe they will attempt coming hither, as they must hear of the destruc-

* Brother of the titular Duke of Perth.

tion of the rebels in England; but they will probably dribble away to Scotland, where the war may last considerably. Into England I scarce believe the Highlanders will be drawn again:—to have come as far as Derby; to have found no rising in their favour, and to find themselves not strong enough to fight either army, will make lasting impressions!

Vernon, I hear, is recalled for his absurdities, and at his own request, and Martin named for his successor.

We had yesterday a very remarkable day in the House: the King notified his having sent for six thousand Hessians into Scotland. Mr. Pelham for an address of thanks. Lord Cornbury* (indeed an exceedingly honest man,) was for thanking for the notice, not for the sending for the troops; and proposed to add a representation of the national being the only constitutional troops; and to hope we should be exonerated of these foreigners as soon as possible. Pitt, and that clan joined him; but the voice of the House, and the desires of the whole kingdom for all the troops we can get, were so strong, that on the division we were 190 to 44: I think and

* Henry Hyde, only son of Henry the last Earl of Clarendon. He was called up to the House of Peers, by the style of Lord Hyde, and died unmarried before his father, at Paris, 1754.

hope this will produce some Hanoverians too. That it will produce a dismission of the Cobhamites is pretty certain; the Duke of Bedford and Lord Gower are warm for both points. The latter has certainly renounced Jacobitism.

Boetslaar is come again from Holland, but his errand not yet known. You will have heard of another victory* which the Prussian has gained over the Saxons: very bloody on both sides; but now he is master of Dresden.

We again think that we have got the second son,† under the name of Macdonald. Nobody is permitted to see any of the prisoners.

In the midst of our political distresses, which I assure you have reduced the town to a state of presbyterian dullness, we have been entertained with the marriage of the Duchess of Bridgewater‡ and Dick Lyttelton: she, forty, plain, very rich, and with five children; he, six-and-twenty, handsome, poor, and proper to get her

* The battle of Kesselsdorf gained by Prince Leopold of Anhalt Dessau over the Saxon army, commanded by Count Rutowsky. This event took place on the 15th of December, and was followed by the taking of Dresden by the King of Prussia.—D.

† Henry Stuart, afterwards Cardinal of York. This intelligence did not prove true.—D.

‡ Lady Rachel Russell, elder sister of John Duke of Bedford, and widow of Scrope Egerton Duke of Bridgewater, married to her second husband, Col. Richard Lyttelton, brother of Sir George Lyttelton, and afterwards Knight of the Bath.

five more. I saw the other day a very good *Irish* letter. A gentleman in Dublin, full of the great qualities of my Lord Chesterfield, has written a panegyric on them, particularly on his affability and humility; with a comparison between him and the *hauteur* of all other Lord-Lieutenants. As an instance, he says, the Earl was invited to a great dinner, whither he went *by mistake* at one instead of three. The master was not at home, the lady not dressed, every thing in confusion. My Lord was so humble as to dismiss his train and take a hackney-chair, and went and stayed with *Mrs. Phipps* till dinner-time—*la belle humilité!*

I am not at all surprised to hear of my cousin Don Sebastian's stupidity—Why, child, he cannot articulate; how would you have had him educated?—Cape Breton, Bastia, Martinico! if we are undone this year, at least we go out with *éclat*. Good night.

LETTER CXLVII.

Arlington-Street, Jan. 3, 1746.

I DEFERRED writing to you till I could tell you that the rebellion was at an end in England. The Duke has taken Carlisle; but was long

enough before it to prove how basely or cowardly it was yielded to the rebel: you will see the particulars in the Gazette. His royal Highness is expected in town every day; but I still think it probable that he will go to Scotland. That country is very clamorous for it. If the King does send him, it should not be with that sword of mercy, with which the present family have governed those people. All the world agrees in the fitness of severity to highwaymen, for the sake of the innocent who suffer—then can rigour be ill-placed against banditti, who have so terrified, pillaged, and injured the poor people in Cumberland, Lancashire, Derbyshire, and the counties, through which this rebellion has stalked! There is a military magistrate of some fierceness sent into Scotland, with Wade's army, who is coming to town; it is General Hawley. He will not sow the seeds of future disloyalty, by too easily pardoning the present.

The French still go on with their preparations at Dunkirk and their sea-ports; but I think few people believe now that they will be exerted against us: we have a numerous fleet in the Channel, and a large army on the shores opposite to France. The Dutch fear that all this storm is to burst on them. Since the Queen's

making peace with Prussia, the Dutch are applying to him for protection; and, I am told, wake from their neutral lethargy.

We are in a good quiet state here in town; the Parliament is reposing itself for the holidays. The Ministry is in private agitation: the Cobham part of the coalition is going to be disbanded: Pitt's wild ambition cannot content itself with what he had asked and had had granted; and he has driven Lyttelton and the Grenvilles to adopt all his extravagances. But then they are at variance again within themselves; Lyttelton's wife* hates Pitt, and does not approve his governing her husband and hurting their family; so that at present it seems, he does not care to be a martyr to Pitt's caprices, which are in excellent training, for he is governed by her mad grace of Queensberry.† All this makes foul weather; but to me is only a cloudy landscape.

* Lucy Fortescue, sister of Lord Clinton, first wife of Sir George Lyttelton.

† Catherine Hyde, daughter of the Earl of Clarendon, and wife of Charles Douglas Duke of Queensberry; a famous beauty, celebrated by Prior in that pretty poem which begins, "Thus Kitty beautiful and young;" and often mentioned in Swift's and Pope's letters. She was forbid the Court, for promoting subscriptions to the second part of the Beggar's Opera, when it had been stopped from being acted. She and the Duke erected the monument to Gay in Westminster Abbey.

The Prince has dismissed Hume Campbell,* who was his solicitor, for attacking Lord Tweedale† on the Scotch affairs: the latter has resigned the seals of Secretary of State for Scotland to-day. I conclude, when the holidays are over, and the rebellion travelled so far back, we shall have warm inquiries in Parliament.

This is a short letter, I perceive; but I know nothing more; and the Carlisle-part of it will make you wear your beaver more erect than I believe you have of late. Adieu!

LETTER CXLVIII.

Arlington-Street, Jan. 17, 1746.

It is a very good symptom, I can tell you, that I write to you seldom: it is a fortnight since my last; and nothing material has happened in this interval. The Rebels are intrenching and fortifying themselves in Scotland; — and what a despicable affair is a rebellion upon

* Only brother of the Earl of Marchmont.

† The Marquis of Tweedale was one of the discontented Whigs during the administration of Sir Robert Walpole, on whose removal he came to court, and was made Secretary of State, attaching himself to Lord Granville's faction, whose youngest daughter Frances he afterwards married. He was reckoned a good civilian, but was a very dull man.

the defensive! General Hawley is marched from Edinburgh, to put it quite out. I must give you some idea of this man, who will give a mortal blow to the pride of the Scotch nobility. He is called *Lord Chief Justice;* frequent and sudden executions are his passion. Last winter he had intelligence of a spy to come from the French army: the first notice our army had of his arrival, was by seeing him dangle on a gallows in his muff and boots. One of the surgeons of the army begged the body of a soldier who was hanged for desertion, to dissect: "Well," said Hawley, "but then you shall give me the skeleton to hang up in the guard-room." He is very brave and able; with no small bias to the brutal. Two years ago, when he arrived at Ghent, the magistrates, according to custom, sent a gentleman, with the offer of a sum of money to engage his favour. He told the gentleman, in great wrath, that the King his master paid him, and that he should go tell the magistrates so; at the same time dragging him to the head of the stairs and kicking him down. He then went to the town-hall; on their refusing him entrance, he burst open the door with his foot, and seated himself abruptly: told them how he had been affronted, was persuaded they had no hand in it, and demanded to have the

gentleman given up to him, who never dared to appear in the town while he stayed in it. Now I am telling you anecdotes of him, you shall hear two more. When the Prince of Hesse, *our* son-in-law, arrived at Brussels, and found Hawley did not wait on him, the Prince sent to know if he expected the first visit?—he replied, "He always expected that inferior officers should wait on their commanders; and not only that, but he gave his Highness but half-an-hour to consider of it." The Prince went to him. I believe I told you of Lord John Drummond sending a drum to Wade to propose a cartel. Wade returned a civil answer, which had the King's and Council's approbation. When the drummer arrived with it at Edinburgh, Hawley opened it and threw it into the fire, would not let the drummer go back, but made him write to Lord J. Drummond, "That rebels were not to be treated with." If you don't think that spirit like this will do—do you see, I would not give a farthing for your presumption.*

The French invasion is laid aside; we are turning our hands to war again upon the Continent. The House of Commons is something of

* Glover in his memoirs speaks of Hawley with great contempt, and talks of "his beastly ignorance and negligence," which occasioned the loss of the battle of Falkirk.—D.

which I can give you no description: Mr. Pitt, the meteor of it, is neither yet in place, nor his friends out. Some Tories oppose: Mr. Pelham is distressed, and has vast majorities. When the scene clears a little, I will tell you more of it.

The two last letters I have had from you, are of Dec. 21, and Jan. 4. You was then still in uneasiness—by this time I hope you have no other distresses, than are naturally incident to your *minyness*.

I never hear any thing of the Countess* except just now, that she is grown tired of sublunary affairs, and willing to come to a composition with her Lord: I believe the price will be two thousand a-year. The other day, his and her lawyers were talking over the affair before *her* and several other people: her counsel, in the heat of the dispute, said to my Lord's lawyers, "Sir, Sir, we shall be able to prove that her Ladyship was denied nuptial rights and conjugal enjoyments for seven years." It was excellent! my Lord must have had matrimonial talents indeed, to have reached to Italy—besides, you know, she made it a point after her son was born, not to sleep with her husband.

Thank you for the little medal. I am glad I

* Lady Orford.

have nothing more to tell you—you little expected that we should so soon recover our tranquillity. Adieu!

LETTER CXLIX.

Arlington-Street, Jan. 28, 1746.

Do they send you the gazettes as they used to do? if you have them, you will find there an account of *another* battle lost in Scotland — our arms cannot succeed there. Hawley, of whom I said so much to you in my last, has been as unsuccessful as Cope, and by almost every circumstance the same, except that Hawley had less want of skill and much more presumption. The very same dragoons ran away at Falkirk, that ran away at Preston-Pans. Though we had seven thousand men, and the Rebels but five, we had scarce three regiments that behaved well. General Huske and Brigadier Cholmondeley,* my Lord's brother, shone extremely; the former beat the enemy's right wing; and the latter, by rallying two regiments, prevented the

* The Hon. James Cholmondeley, second son of George second Earl of Cholmondeley. He served with distinction both in Flanders and Scotland. In 1750, he became Colonel of the Inniskillen regiment of Dragoons; and died in 1775.—D.

pursuit. Our loss is trifling; for many of the Rebels fled as fast as the glorious dragoons; but we have lost some good officers, particularly Sir Robert Monroe; and seven pieces of cannon. A worse loss is apprehended; Stirling Castle; which could hold out but ten days; and that term expires to-morrow. The Duke is gone post to Edinburgh, where he hoped to arrive to-night; if possible, to relieve Stirling. Another battle will certainly be fought before you receive this; I hope with the Hessians in it, who are every hour expected to land in Scotland. With many other glories, the English courage seems gone too! The great dependence is upon the Duke; the soldiers adore him; and with reason: he has a lion's courage, vast vigilance and activity; and, I am told, great military genius. For my own particular, I am uneasy that he is gone; Lord Bury and Mr. Conway, two of his aides-de-camp, and brave as he, are gone with him: the ill-behaviour of the soldiers lays a double obligation on the officers to set them examples of running on danger. The Ministry would have kept back Mr. Conway, as being in Parliament; which when the Duke told him, he burst into tears, and protested that nothing should hinder his going—and he is gone! Judge, if I have not reason to be alarmed!

Some of our prisoners in Scotland (the former prisoners) are released: they had the privilege of walking about the town, where they were confined, upon their parole: the Militia of the country rose and set them at liberty. General Hawley is so strict as to think they should be sent back; but nobody here comprehends such refinement: they could not give their parole that the town should not be taken. There are two or three others, who will lay the Government under difficulties, when we have got over the rebellion. They were come to England on their parole; and when the executions begin, they must in honour be given up — the question indeed will be, to whom?

Adieu! my dear Sir! I write you this short letter, rather than be taxed with negligence on such an event; though, you perceive, I know nothing but what you will see in the printed papers.

P.S. The Hessians would not act, because we would not settle a cartel with Rebels!

LETTER CL.

Arlington Street, Feb. 7, 1746.

TILL yesterday that I received your last of Jan. 27, I was very uneasy at finding you still remained under the same anxiety about the rebellion, when it had so long ceased to be formidable with us: but you have got all my letters and are out of your pain. Hawley's defeat (or at least what was called so, for I am persuaded that the victory was ours as far as there was any fighting, which indeed lay in a very small compass, the great body of each army running away) will have thrown you back into your terrors; but here is a letter to calm you again. All Monday and Tuesday we were concluding that the battle between the Duke and the Rebels must be fought, and nothing was talked of, but the expectation of the courier. He did arrive indeed on Wednesday morning, but with no battle; for the moment the rebel army saw the Duke's, they turned back with the utmost precipitation; spiked their cannon, blew up their magazine, and left behind them their wounded and our prisoners. They crossed the Forth, and in one day fled four-and-thirty miles to Perth, where, as they have strong intrenchments, some imagine they will wait to fight; but their deser-

tion is too great: the whole clan of the Macdonalds, one of their best, has retired on the accidental death of their chief. In short, it looks exceedingly like the conclusion of this business, though the French have embarked Fitz-James's regiment at Ostend for Scotland. The Duke's name disperses armies, as the Pretender's raised them.

The French seem to be at the eve of taking Antwerp and Brussels, the latter of which is actually besieged. In this case I don't see how we can send an army abroad this summer, for there will be no considerable towns in Flanders left in the possession of the Empress-Queen.

The *new* regiments, of which I told you so much, have again been in dispute: as their term was near expired, the Ministry proposed to continue them for four months longer: this was last Friday, when, as we every hour expected the news of a conclusive battle, which, if favourable, would render them useless, Mr. Fox, the general against the new regiments, begged it might only be postponed till the following Wednesday, but 170 against 89 voted them that very day. On the very Wednesday came the news of the flight of the Rebels; and two days before that, news from Chester of Lord Gower's *new* regiment having mutinied, on hearing that they were to be

continued beyond the term for which they had listed.

At Court all is confusion: the King, at Lord Bath's instigation, has absolutely refused to make Pitt Secretary at War. How this will end, I don't know, but I don't believe in bloodshed: neither side is famous for being incapable of yielding.

I wish you joy of having the Chutes again, though I am a little sorry that their bravery was not rewarded, by staying at Rome till they could triumph in their turn—however, I don't believe that at Florence you want opportunities of exulting. That Monroe you mention was made travelling physician by my father's interest, who had great regard for the old Doctor:* if he has any skill in quacking madmen, his art may perhaps be of service now in the Pretender's court.

I beg my eagle may not come till it has the opportunity of a man-of-war: we have lost so many merchantmen lately, that I should never expect to receive it that way.

I can say nothing to your opinion of the young Pretender being a cheat; nor, as the rebellion is near at an end, do I see what end it would answer, to prove him original or spu-

* Physician to Bedlam.

rious. However, as you seem to dwell upon it, I will mention it again to my uncle.

I hear that my sister-Countess is projecting her return, being quite sick of England, where nobody visits her. She says there is not one woman of sense in England. Her journey, however, will have turned to account, and I believe, end in almost doubling her allowance.

Adieu! my dear child; love the Chutes for me as well as for yourself.

LETTER CLI.

Arlington-Street, Feb. 14, 1746.

By the relation I am going to make, you will think that I am describing Turkish, not English revolutions; and will cast your eye upwards to see if my letter is not dated from Constantinople. Indeed, violent as the changes have been, there has been no bloodshed; no Grand Vizier has had a cravat made of a bowstring, no Janizaries have taken upon them to alter the succession, no Grand Signior is deposed—only his Sublime Highness's dignity has been a little impaired—oh! I forgot; I ought not to frighten you; you will interpret all these fine allusions, and think on the rebellion—pho! we are such

considerable proficients in politics, that we can form rebellions within rebellions, and turn a government topsy-turvy at London, while we are engaged in a civil war in Scotland. In short, I gave you a hint last week of an insurrection in the closet, and of Lord Bath having prevented Pitt from being Secretary at War. The ministry gave up that point; but finding that a change had been made in a scheme of foreign politics, which they had laid before the King, and for which he had thanked them; and perceiving some symptoms of a resolution to dismiss them at the end of the Session, they came to a sudden determination not to do Lord Granville's business by carrying the supplies, and then to be turned out: so on Monday morning, to the astonishment of everybody, the two Secretaries of State threw up the Seals, and the next day Mr. Pelham, with the rest of the Treasury, the Duke of Bedford with the Admiralty, Lord Gower Privy Seal, and Lord Pembroke* Groom of the Stole, gave up

* Henry Herbert ninth Earl of Pembroke; an intelligent lover of the arts, and an amateur architect of considerable merit. Walpole says of him in his account of Sculptors and Architects, "No man had a purer taste in building than Earl Henry, of which he gave a few specimens: besides his works at Wilton, the new Lodge in Windsor Park; the Countess of Suffolk's house, at Marble Hill, Twickenham; the Water-house in Lord Orford's Park, at Houghton, are incontestable proofs of Lord Pembroke's taste; it was more than taste, it was

too: the Dukes of Devonshire, Grafton, and Richmond, the Lord Chancellor,* Winnington Paymaster, and almost all the other great officers and offices, declaring they would do the same. Lord Granville immediately received both Seals, one for himself, and the other to give to whom he pleased. Lord Bath was named first Commissioner of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer; Lord Carlisle† Privy Seal, and Lord Winchilsea re-instated in the Admiralty. Thus far all went swimmingly; they had only forgot one little point, which was to secure a majority in both Houses—in the Commons, they unluckily found that they had no better man to take the lead, than poor Sir John Rushout, for Sir John Barnard refused to be Chancellor of the Exchequer: so did Lord Chief Justice Willes to be Lord Chancellor; and the wildness of the scheme soon prevented others, who did not wish ill to Lord Granville, or well to the Pelhams, from giving in to it. Hop, the Dutch minister, did not a little in-

passion for the utility and honour of his country, that engaged his Lordship to promote and assiduously overlook the construction of Westminster Bridge, by the ingenious Monsieur Labelye, a man that deserves more notice than this slight encomium can bestow."—D.

* Lord Hardwicke.—D.

† Henry Howard fourth Earl of Carlisle, K. G. Died in 1758. —D.

crease the confusion, by declaring, that he had immediately dispatched a courier to Holland, and did not doubt but the States would directly send to accept the terms of France. I should tell you too, that Lord Bath's being of the enterprise, contributed hugely to poison the success of it. In short, his Lordship, whose politics were never characterized by steadiness, found that he had not courage enough to take the Treasury—you may guess how ill-laid his schemes were, when he durst not indulge both his ambition and avarice! In short, on Wednesday morning—(pray mind, this was the very Wednesday after the Monday on which the change had happened,) he went to the King, and told him he had tried the House of Commons, and found *it would not do.* Bounce! went all the project into shivers, like the vessels in Ben Jonson's Alchymist, when they are on the brink of the philosopher's stone — the poor King, who, from being fatigued with the Duke of Newcastle, and sick of Pelham's timidity and compromises, had given in to this mad hurly-burly of alterations, was confounded with having floundered to no purpose, and to find himself more than ever in the power of men he hated, shut himself up in his closet, and refused to admit any more of the persons who were pouring in

upon him with white sticks and golden keys, and commissions, &c. At last he sent for Winnington, and told him, he was the only honest man about him, and he should have the honour of the reconciliation, and sent him to Mr. Pelham to desire they would all return to their employments.

Lord Granville is as jolly as ever; laughs and drinks, and owns it was mad, and owns he would do it again to-morrow—it would not be quite so safe, indeed, to try it soon again, for the triumphant party are not at all in the humour to be turned out every time his Lordship has drunk a bottle too much; and that House of Commons that he could not make do for him, would do to send him to the Tower till he was sober. This was the very worst period he could have selected, when the fears of men had made them throw themselves absolutely into all measures of government to secure the government itself; and that temporary strength of Pelham has my Lord Granville contrived to fix to him; and people will be glad to ascribe to the merit and virtue of the ministry, what they would be ashamed to own, but was really the effect of their own apprehensions. It was a good idea of somebody, when no man would accept a place under the new system, that Granville and Bath

were met going about the streets, calling *odd man!* as the hackney chairmen do when they want a partner. This little faction of Lord Granville, goes by the name of the *Grandvillains.*

There! who would think that I had written you an entire history in the compass of three sides of paper? Vertot would have composed a volume on this event, and entitled it, *the Revolutions of England.* You will wonder at not having it notified to you by Lord Granville himself, as is customary for new Secretaries of State: when they mentioned to him writing to Italy, he said—"To Italy! no: before the courier can get thither, I shall be out again." It absolutely makes one laugh: as serious as the consequences might be, it is impossible to hate a politician of such jovial good-humour. I am told that he ordered the packet-boat to be stopped at Harwich till Saturday, till he should have time to determine what he would write to Holland. This will make the Dutch receive the news of the double revolution at the same instant.

The Duke and his name are pursuing the scattered Rebels into their very mountains, determined to root out sedition entirely. It is believed, and we expect to hear, that the young Pretender is embarked and gone. Wish the Chutes joy of the happy conclusion of this affair!

Adieu! my dear Child! After describing two revolutions, and announcing the termination of a rebellion, it would be below the dignity of my letter to talk of anything of less moment. Next post I may possibly descend out of my historical buskins, and converse with you more familiarly —*en attendant*, gentle reader, I am,

Your sincere well-wisher,

HORACE WALPOLE,

Historiographer to the high and mighty Lord John Earl Granville.

LETTER CLII.

Arlington Street, March 6, 1746.

I KNOW I have missed two or three posts, but you have lost nothing: you perhaps expected that our mighty commotions did not subside at once, and that you should still hear of struggles and more shocks: but it all ended at once; with only some removals and promotions which you saw in the Gazette. I should have written however, but I have been hurried with my sister's* wedding; but all the ceremony of that too is over now, and the dinners and the visits, &c.

* Lady Maria Walpole, married to Charles Churchill, Esq.

The rebellion has fetched breath; the dispersed clans have re-united and marched to Inverness, from whence Lord Loudon was forced to retreat, leaving a garrison in the castle, which has since yielded without firing a gun. Their numbers are now reckoned at seven thousand: old Lord Lovat* has carried them a thousand Frasers. The French continually drop them a ship or two: we took two with the Duke of Berwick's brother on board: it seems evident that they design to keep up our disturbances as long as possible, to prevent our sending any troops to Flanders. Upon the prospect of the rebellion being at an end, the Hessians were ordered back, but luckily were not gone; and now are quartered to prevent the Rebels slipping the Duke, (who is marching to them,) and returning into England. This counter-order was given in the morning, and in the evening came out the Gazette, and said the Hessians are to go away. This doubling style in the ministry is grown so characteristic, that the French are actually playing a farce, in which harlequin enters, as an English courier, with two bundles of dispatches

* Simon Fraser Lord Lovat, a man of parts, but of infamous character. He had the folly, at the age of eighty, to enter into the rebellion, upon a promise from the Pretender, that he would make him Duke of Fraser. He was taken, tried, and beheaded.—D.

fastened to his belly and his back: they ask him what the one is? "*Eh! ces sont mes ordres.*"—And what the other? "*Mais elles sont mes contre-ordres.*"

We have been a little disturbed in some other of our politics, by the news of the King of Sardinia having made his peace: I think it comes out now that he absolutely had concluded one with France, but that the haughty court of Spain rejected it: what the Austrian pride had driven him to, the Spanish pride drove him from. You will allow that our affairs are critically bad, when all our hopes centre in that *honest* monarch, the King of Prussia—but so it is; and I own I see nothing that can restore us to being a great nation but his interposition. Many schemes are framed, of making him Stadtholder of Holland, or Duke of Burgundy in Flanders, in lieu of the Silesias, or altogether, and that I think would follow—but I don't know how far any of these have been carried into propositions.

I see by your letters that our fomentations of the Corsican rebellion have had no better success than the French tampering in ours—for ours, I don't expect it will be quite at an end, till it is made one of the conditions of peace, that they shall give it no assistance.

The small-pox has been making great havoc

in London; the new Lord Rockingham,* whom I believe you knew when only Thomas Watson, is dead of it, and the title extinct. My Lady Conway† has had it, but escaped.

My brother is on the point of finishing all his affairs with his Countess; she is to have fifteen hundred per year; and her mother gives her two thousand pounds. I suppose this will send her back to you, added to her disappointments in politics, in which it appears she has been tampering. Don't you remember a very foolish Knight, one Sir Bourchier Wrey? ‡ Well, you do: the day Lord Bath was in the Treasury, that one day! she wrote to Sir Bourchier at Exeter, to tell him that now their friends were coming into power, and it was a brave opportunity for him to come up and make his own terms. He came, and is lodged in her house, and sends about cards to invite people to come and see

* Thomas Watson third Earl of Rockingham, succeeded his elder brother Lewis in the family honours in 1745, and died himself in 1746. The Earldom extinguished upon his death; but the Barony of Rockingham devolved on his kinsman Thomas Watson Wentworth Earl of Malton, who was soon afterwards created Marquis of Rockingham.—D.

† Lady Isabella Fitzroy, daughter of Charles Duke of Grafton, and wife of Francis Lord Conway, afterwards Earl of Hertford.

‡ Sir Bourchier Wrey of Tawstock, in Devonshire, the fifth Baronet of the family. He was Member of Parliament for Barnstaple, and died in 1784.—D.

him at the Countess of Orford's. There is a little fracas I hear in their domestic; the Abbé-Secretary has got one of the maids with child. I have seen the dame herself but once these two months, when she came into the Opera at the end of the first act, fierce as an incensed turkey-cock, you know her look, and towing after her Sir Francis Dashwood's new wife,* a poor forlorn presbyterian prude, whom he obliges to consort with her.

Adieu! for I think I have now told you all I know. I am very rry that you are so near losing the good Chutes, but I cannot help having an eye to myself in their coming to England.

LETTER CLIII.

Arlington-Street, March 21, 1746.

I HAVE no new triumphs of the Duke to send you: he has been detained a great while at Aberdeen by the snows. The Rebels have gathered numbers again, and have taken Fort-Augustus, and are marching to Fort William. The Duke complains extremely of the *loyal* Scotch; says he can get no intelligence, and reckons himself more in an enemy's country,

* Widow of Sir Richard Ellis.

than when he was warring with the French in Flanders. They profess the big professions wherever he comes, but before he is out of sight of any town, beat up for volunteers for rebels. We see no prospect of his return, for he must stay in Scotland while the rebellion lasts; and the existence of that seems too intimately connected with the being of Scotland, to expect it should soon be annihilated.

We rejoice at the victories of the King of Sardinia, whom we thought lost to our cause. To-day we are to vote subsidies to the Electors of Cologne and Mentz. I don't know whether they will be opposed by the *Electoral Prince;** but he has lately erected a new opposition, by the councils of Lord Bath, who has got him from Lord Granville: the latter and his faction act with the Court.

I have told you to the utmost extent of my political knowledge; of private history there is nothing new. Don't think, my dear child, that I hurry over my letters, or neglect writing to you; I assure you I never do, when I have the least grain to lap up in a letter: but consider how many chapters of correspondence are extinct: Pope and poetry are dead! Patriotism has kissed hands on accepting a place: the ladies

* The Prince of Wales.

O. and T.* have exhausted scandal both in their persons and conversations: Divinity and controversy are grown good Christians, say their prayers and spare their neighbours; and I think even self-murder is out of fashion. Now judge whether a correspondent can furnish matter for the common intercourse of the post!

Pray what luxurious debauch has Mr. Chute been guilty of, that he is laid up with the gout? I mean, that he was, for I hope his fit has not lasted till now. If you are ever so angry, I must say, I flatter myself I shall see him before my eagle, which I beg may repose itself still at Leghorn, for the French privateers have taken such numbers of our merchantmen, that I cannot think of suffering it to come that way. If you should meet with a good opportunity of a man-of-war, let it come—or I will postpone my impatience. Adieu!

P. S. I had sealed my letter, but break it open, to tell you that an account is just arrived of two of our privateers having met eight-and-twenty transports going with supplies to the Brest fleet, and sunk ten, taken four, and driven the rest on shore.

* Orford and Townshend.—D.

LETTER CLIV.

Arlington-Street, March 28, 1746.

I DON'T at all recollect what was in those two letters of mine, which I find you have lost: for your sake, as you must be impatient for English news, I am sorry you grow subject to these miscarriages; but in general, I believe there is little of consequence in my correspondence.

The Duke has not yet left Aberdeen for want of his supplies; but by a party which he sent out, and in which Mr. Conway was, the Rebels do not seem to have recovered their spirits, though they have recruited their numbers; for eight hundred of them fled on the first appearance of our detachment, and quitted an advantageous post. As much as you know, and as much as you have lately heard of Scotch *finesse*, you will yet be startled at the refinements that nation have made upon their own *policy*. Lord Fortrose,* whose father was in the last rebellion,

* William Mackenzie fifth Earl of Seaforth, the father of Kenneth, Lord Fortrose, had been engaged in the rebellion of 1715, and was attainted. He died in 1740. In consequence of his attainder, his son never assumed the title of Seaforth, but continued to be called Lord Fortrose, the second title of the family. He was Member of Parliament in 1741 for the Burghs of Fortrose, &c. and in 1747 and 1754, for the County of Ross. He died in 1762. His only son Kenneth was created Viscount Fortrose, and Earl of Seaforth in Ireland.—D.

and who has himself been restored to his fortune, is in parliament and in the army: he is with the Duke—his wife and his clan with the Rebels. The head of the Mackintosh's is acting just the same part. The clan of the Grants, always esteemed the most Whig tribe, have literally in all the forms signed a *neutrality* with the Rebels. The most honest instance I have heard, is in the town of Forfar, where they have chosen their annual magistrates; but at the same time entered a memorandum in their town-book, that they shall not execute their office, *till it is decided which King is to reign.*

The parliament is adjourned for the Easter holidays. Princess Caroline is going to the Bath for a rheumatism.

The Countess, whose return you seem so much to dread, has entertained the town with an excellent vulgarism. She happened one night at the Opera to sit by Peggy Banks,* a celebrated beauty, and asked her several questions about the singers and dancers, which the other naturally answered, as one woman of fashion answers another. The next morning Sir Bourchier Wrey

* Margaret, sister of John Hodgkinson Banks, Esq.; married in 1757 to the Hon. Henry Grenville, fifth son of the Countess Temple, who was appointed Governor of Barbadoes in 1746, and Ambassador to the Ottoman Porte in 1761.—D.

sent Miss Banks an opera-ticket, and my Lady sent her a card, to thank her for her civilities to her the night before, and that she intended to wait on her very soon. Do but think of Sir B. Wrey's paying a woman of fashion for being civil to my Lady O! Sure no apothecary's wife in a market-town, could know less of the world than these two people! The operas flourish more than in any latter years; the composer is Gluck, a German: he is to have a benefit, at which he is to play on a set of drinking-glasses, which he modulates with water: I think I have heard you speak of having seen some such thing.

You will see in the papers long accounts of a most shocking murder, that has been committed by a lad* on his mistress, who was found dead in her bedchamber, with an hundred wounds; her brains beaten out, stabbed, her face, back, and breasts slashed in twenty places—one hears of nothing else wherever one goes—But adieu! it is time to finish a letter, when one is reduced for news to the casualties of the week.

* One Henderson, hanged for murdering Mrs. Dalrymple.

LETTER CLV.

Arlington-Street, April 15, 1746.

YOUR triumphs in Italy are in high fashion: till very lately Italy was scarce ever mentioned as part of the scene of war. The apprehensions of your great King making his peace began to alarm us; and when we just believed it finished, we have received nothing but torrents of good news. The King of Sardinia* has not only carried his own character and success to the highest pitch, but seems to have given a turn to the general face of the war, which has a much more favourable aspect than was to be expected three months ago. He has made himself as considerable in the scale as the Prussian, but with real valour, and as great abilities, and without the infamy of the other's politics.

The rebellion seems once more at its last gasp; the Duke is marched, and the Rebels fly before him, in the utmost want of money. The famous Hazard sloop is taken with two hundred men and officers, and about eight thousand pounds in money, from France. In the midst of such good news from thence, Mr. Conway has got a regi-

* Charles Emmanuel the Third, an able Sovereign, and the last of the House of Savoy, who possessed any portion of that talent, for which the race had previously been so celebrated.—D.

ment, for which I am sure you will take part in my joy. In Flanders we propose to make another great effort, with an army of above ninety thousand men; that is, forty Dutch, above thirty Austrians, eighteen Hanoverians, the Hessians, who are to return; and we propose twelve thousand Saxons; but no English; though, if the rebellion is at all suppressed in any time, I imagine some of our troops will go, and the Duke command the whole: in the mean time the army will be under Prince Waldeck and Bathiani. You will wonder at my running so glibly over eighteen thousand Hanoverians, especially as they are all to be in our pay, but the nation's digestion has been much facilitated, by the pill given to Pitt, of Vice-Treasurer of Ireland. Last Friday was the debate on this subject, when we carried these troops by 255 against 122: Pitt, Lyttelton, three Grenvilles, and Lord Barrington, all voting roundly for them, though the eldest Grenville two years ago had declared in the House, that he would seal it with his blood that he never would give his vote for a Hanoverian—don't you shudder at such perjury? and this in a republic, and where there is no religion that dispenses with oaths! Pitt was the only one of this *ominous* band that opened his mouth, and it was to add impudence to pro-

fligacy—but no criminal at the *Place de Grève,* was ever so racked as he was by Dr. Lee, a friend of Lord Granville, who gave him the question both ordinary and extraordinary.

General Hawley has been tried, (not in person, you may believe,) and condemned by a Scotch jury for murder, on hanging a spy. What do you say to this? or what will you say when I tell you, that Mr. Ratcliffe, who has been so long confined in the Tower, and supposed the Pretender's youngest son, is not only suffered to return to France, but was entertained at a great dinner by the Duke of Richmond, as a relation!* The same Duke has refused his beautiful Lady Emily to Lord Kildare,† the richest and the first Peer of Ireland, on a ridiculous notion of the King's evil being in the family—but sure that ought to be no objection: a very little grain more of pride and Stuartism might persuade all the royal bastards, that they have a faculty of curing that distemper.

The other day an odd accidental discovery was made; some of the Duke's baggage, which he did not want, was sent back from Scotland,

* He was related to the Duke's mother by the Countess of Newburgh, his mother.

† She afterwards married Lord Kildare.—D.

with a bill of the contents. Soon after, another large parcel, but not specified in the bill, was brought to the Captain, directed like the rest. When they came to the Custom-house here, it was observed, and they sent to Mr. Poyntz,* to know what they should do; he bade them open it, suspecting some trick; but when they did, they found a large crucifix, copes, rich vestments, beads, and heaps of such like trumpery, consigned from the titulary Primate of Scotland, who is with the Rebels: they imagine, with the privity of some of the vessels, to be conveyed to somebody here in town.

Now I am telling you odd events, I must relate one of the strangest I ever heard. Last week an elderly woman gave information against her maid for coining, and the trial came on at the Old Bailey. The mistress deposed, that having been left a widow several years ago, with four children, and no possibility of maintaining them, she had taken to coining: that she used to buy old pewter pots, out of each of which she made as many shillings, &c. as she could put off for three pounds, and that by this practice, she had bred up her children, bound them out apprentices, and set herself up in a little shop, by which she got a comfortable livelihood; that she

* Stephen Poyntz, Treasurer, and formerly Governor to the Duke.

had now given over coining, and indited her maid as accomplice. The maid in her defence said, "that when her mistress hired her, she told her, that she did something up in a garret, into which she must never inquire: that all she knew of the matter was, that her mistress had often given her moulds to clean, which she did, as it was her duty: that indeed she had sometimes seen pieces of pewter-pots cut, and did suspect her mistress of coining; but that she never had had, or put off one single piece of bad money." The Judge asked the mistress if this was true; she answered, "Yes; and that she believed her maid was as honest a creature as ever lived; but that knowing herself in her power, she never could be at peace; that she knew, by informing she should secure herself; and not doubting but the maid's real innocence would appear, she concluded the poor girl would come to no harm." The Judge flew into the greatest rage, told her he wished he could stretch the law to hang her; and feared he could not bring off the maid for having concealed the crime; but, however, the Jury did bring her in *not guilty*. I think I never heard a more particular instance of parts and villainy.

I inclose a letter for Stosch, which was left here with a scrap of paper, with these words;

Mr. Natter is desired to send the lettres for Baron de Stosch, in Florence, by Mr. H. W. I don't know who Mr. Natter* is, nor who makes him this request, but I desire Mr. Stosch will immediately put an end to this method of correspondence, for I shall not risk my letters to you, by containing his; nor will I be post to such a dirty fellow.

Your last was of March 22nd, and you mention Madame Suares' illness; I hope she is better, and Mr. Chute's gout better; I love to hear of my Florentine acquaintance, though they all seem to have forgot me; especially the Princess, whom you never mention. Does she never ask after me? Tell me a little of the state of her *State*, her amours, devotions, and appetite. I must transcribe a paragraph out of an old book of letters,† printed in 1660, which I met with the other day: "My thoughts upon the reading your letter, made me stop in Florence, and go no farther, than to consider the happiness of them who live in that town, where the people come so near to angels in knowledge, that they can counterfeit Heaven well enough, to give their friends a taste of it in this life." I agree to the happiness of living in Florence,

* He was an engraver of Seals.

† A collection of Letters by Toby Matthews.

but I am sure, knowledge was not one of its recommendations, which never was any where at a lower ebb—I had forgot; I beg Dr. Cocchi's pardon, who is much an exception; how does he do? Adieu!

P. S. Lord Malton, who is the nearest heir-male to the extinct Earldom of Rockingham, and has succeeded to a Barony belonging to it, is to have his own Earldom erected into a Marquisate, with the title of Rockingham. Vernon is struck off the list of Admirals.

LETTER CLVI.

Arlington-Street, April 25, 1746.

You have bid me for some time send you good news—well! I think, I will. How good would you have it? must it be a total victory over the Rebels; with not only the Boy, that is here, killed, but the other, that is not here, too; their whole army put to the sword, *besides* an infinite number of prisoners; all the Jacobite estates in England confiscated, and all those in Scotland—what would you have done with them?—or could you be content with something much under this? how much will you abate? will you compound

for Lord John Drummond, taken by accident? or for three presbyterian parsons, who have very poor livings, stoutly refusing to pay a large contribution to the Rebels!—Come, I will deal as well with you as I can, and for once, but not to make a practice of it, will let you have a victory! My friend, Lord Bury,* arrived this morning from the Duke, though the news was got here before him, (for with all our victory, it was not thought safe to send him through the heart of Scotland,) so he was shipped at Inverness, within an hour after the Duke entered the town, kept beating at sea five days, and then put on shore at North Berwick, from whence he came post in less than three days to London; but with a fever upon him, for which he had been twice bloodied but the day before the battle; but he is young and high in spirits, and I flatter myself will not suffer from this kindness of the Duke; the King has immediately ordered him a thousand pound, and I hear will make him his own aid-de-camp. My dear Mr. Chute, I beg your pardon, I had forgot you have the gout, and consequently not the same patience to wait for the battle, with which I, knowing the particulars, postpone it.

* George Keppel, eldest son of William Anne Earl of Albemarle, whom he succeeded in the title.

On the 16th the Duke, by forced marches, came up with the Rebels, a little on this side Inverness — by the way, the battle is not christened yet; I only know that neither Prestonpans * nor Falkirk,† are to be godfathers. The Rebels, who fled from him after their victory, and durst not attack him, when so much exposed to them at his passage ‡ of the Spey, now stood him, they seven thousand, he ten. They broke through Barril's regiment, and killed Lord Robert Kerr,§ a handsome young gentleman, who was cut to pieces with above thirty wounds; but they were soon repulsed and fled; the whole engagement not lasting above a quarter of an hour. The young Pretender escaped: Mr. Conway says, he hears, wounded; he certainly was in the rear. They have lost above a thousand men in the engagement and pursuit; and six hundred were already taken; among which latter are their French Ambassador and Earl Kilmarnock.|| The Duke of Perth and Lord

* † Where the King's troops had been beaten by the Rebels. This was called *the battle of Culloden.*

‡ The letter, relating that event, was one of those that were lost.

§ Second son of the Marquis of Lothian.

|| William Boyd fourth Earl of Kilmarnock, in Scotland. He was tried by the House of Lords for high treason, condemned, and beheaded on Tower Hill, August 18, 1746. He was the direct male ancestor of the present Earl of Erroll. Johnson says of him,

" Pitied by gentle minds, Kilmarnock died."—D.

Ogilvie* are said to be slain; Lord Elcho† was in a salivation, and not there. Except Lord Robert Kerr, we lost nobody of note: Sir Robert Rich's eldest son has lost his hand, and about 130 private men fell. The defeat is reckoned total, and the dispersion general; and all their artillery is taken. It is a brave young Duke! The town is all blazing round me, as I write, with fireworks and illuminations: I have some inclination to wrap up half a dozen skyrockets, to make you drink the Duke's health. Mr. Doddington, on the first report, came out with a very pretty illumination; so pretty, that I believe he had it by him, ready for *any* occasion.

I now come to a more melancholy theme, though your joy will still be pure, except from what part you take in a private grief of mine. It is the death of Mr. Winnington,‡ whom you only knew as one of the first men in England, from his parts and from his employment. But I was familiarly acquainted with him, loved and admired him, for he had great good-nature, and a quickness of wit, most pe-

* James Lord Ogilvie, eldest son of David third Earl of Airlie. He had been attainted for the part he took in the rebellion of 1715.—D.

† David Lord Elcho, eldest son of James fourth Earl of Wemyss. He was attainted in 1746; but the family honours were restored, as were those of Lord Airlie, by Act of Parliament in 1826.—D.

‡ Thomas Winnington, Paymaster of the Forces.

culiar to himself: and for his public talents, he has left nobody equal to him, as before, nobody was superior to him but my father. The history of his death is a cruel tragedy, but what, to indulge me who am full of it, and want to vent the narration, you must hear. He was not quite fifty, extremely temperate and regular, and of a constitution remarkably strong, hale, and healthy. A little above a fortnight ago he was seized with an inflammatory rheumatism, a common and known case, dangerous, but scarce ever remembered to be fatal. He had a strong aversion to all physicians, and lately had put himself into the hands of one Thompson, a quack, whose foundation of method could not be guessed, but by a general contradiction to all received practice. This man was the oracle of Mrs. Masham,* sister, and what one ought to hope she did not think of, co-heiress to Mr. Winnington: his other sister is as mad in methodism as this in physic, and never saw him. This ignorant wretch, supported by the influence of the sister, soon made such progress in fatal absurdities, as purging, bleeding, and starving him, and checking all perspiration, that his friends

* Harriet, daughter of Salway Winnington, Esq. of Stanford Court, in the county of Worcester. Married to the Hon. Samuel Masham, afterwards second Lord Masham. She died in 1761.—D.

Mr. Fox and Sir Charles Williams absolutely insisted on calling in a physician. Whom could they call, but Dr. Bloxholme, an intimate old friend of Mr. Winnington, and to whose house he always went once a year? This Doctor, grown paralytic and indolent, gave in to every thing the quack advised: Mrs. Masham all the while ranting and raving. At last, which *at last* came very speedily, they had reduced him to a total dissolution, by a diabetes and a thrush; his friends all the time distracted for him, but hindered from assisting him; so far, that the night before he died, Thompson gave him another purge, though he could not get it all down. Mr. Fox by force brought Dr. Hulse, but it was too late; and even then, when Thompson owned him lost, Mrs. Masham was against trying Hulse's assistance. In short, madly or wickedly, they have murdered* a man, to whom nature would have allotted a far longer period, and had given a degree of abilities, that were carrying that period to so great a height of lustre, as perhaps would have excelled most ministers, who in this country have owed their greatness to the greatness of their merit.

Adieu! my dear Sir, excuse what I have writ-

* There were several pamphlets published on this case, on both sides.

ten to indulge my own concern, in consideration of what I have written to give you joy.

P. S. Thank you for Mr. Oxenden; but don't put yourself to any great trouble, for I desired you before not to mind formal letters much, which I am obliged to give: I write to you separately, when I wish you to be particularly kind to my recommendations.

LETTER CLVII.

Arlington-Street, May 16, 1746.

I HAVE had nothing new to tell you since the victory, relative to it, but that it has entirely put an end to the rebellion. The number slain is generally believed much greater than is given out. Old Tullybardine* has surrendered himself; the Lords Kilmarnock, Balmerino,† and Ogilvie‡ are prisoners, and coming up to their trials. The Pretender is not openly taken, but many people think he is in their power; however, I dare say he will be allowed to escape;

* Elder brother of the Duke of Athol; he was outlawed for the former rebellion.

† Arthur Elphinstone sixth Lord Balmerino, in Scotland. He was beheaded at the same time and place with Lord Kilmarnock; and on the scaffold distinguished himself by his boldness, fortitude, and even cheerfulness.—D.

‡ This was a mistake; it was not Lord Ogilvie, but Lord Cromarty.

and some French ships are hovering about the coast to receive him. The Duke is not yet returned, but we have amply prepared for his reception, by settling on him immediately and for ever twenty-five thousand pounds a-year, besides the fifteen which he is to have on the King's death. It was imagined, that the Prince would have opposed this, on the reflection, that fifteen thousand was thought enough for him, though heir of the Crown, and abounding in issue: but he has wisely *reflected forwards,* and likes the precedent, as it will be easy to find victories in his sons to reward, when once they have a precedent to fight with.

You must live upon domestic news, for our foreign is exceedingly unwholesome Antwerp is gone,* and Bathiani with the allied army retired under the cannon of Breda: the junction of the Hanoverians cut off, and that of the Saxons put off. We are now, I suppose, at the eve of a bad peace; though as Cape-Breton must be a condition, I don't know who will dare to part with it. Little Æolus (the Duke of Bedford) says they shall not have it, that they shall have Woburn† as soon—and I suppose they will! much such positive *patriot* politics have brought

* It was taken by the French.—D.

† The seat of the Duke of Bedford.

on all this ruin upon us! All Flanders is gone, and all our money, and half our men, and half our navy, because we would have *no search.* Well! but we ought to think on what we have got too!—we have got Admiral Vernon's head on our signs, and we are going to have Mr. Pitt at the head of our affairs. Do you remember the physician in Moliere, who wishes the man dead that he may have the greater honour from recovering him? Mr. Pitt is Paymaster; Sir W. Yonge Vice-Treasurer of Ireland; Mr. Fox, Secretary-at-War; Mr. Arundel,* Treasurer of the Chambers, in the room of Sir John Cotton, who is turned out; Mr. Campbell (one of my father's admiralty) and Mr. Legge in the Treasury; and Lord Duncannon† succeeds Legge in the Admiralty.

Your two last were of April 19th and 26th. I wrote one to Mr. Chute, inclosed to you, with farther particulars of the battle; and I hope you received it. I am entirely against your sending my eagle, while there is any danger.

Adieu! my dear child! I wrote to-day,

* The Hon. Richard Arundel, youngest son of John second Lord Arundel of Trerice. He had been Master of the Mint under Sir Robert Walpole's Administration —D.

† William Ponsonby Viscount Duncannon, afterwards second Earl of Bessborough.—D.

merely because I had not written very lately; but you see I had little to say.

LETTER CLVIII.

Arlington-Street, June 6, 1746.

It was a very unpleasant reason for my not hearing from you last post, that you was ill; but I have had a letter from you since of May 24th, that has made me easy again for your health: if you was not losing the good Chutes, I should have been quite satisfied; but that is a loss you will not easily repair, though I were to recommend you Hobarts * every day. Sure you must have had flights of strange awkward animals, if you can be so taken with him! I shall begin to look about me, to see the merits of England: he was no curiosity here; and yet heaven knows there are many better, with whom I hope I shall never be acquainted. As I have cautioned you more than once against minding my recommendatory letters, (which one gives because one can't refuse them,) unless I write to you separately, I have no scruple in giving them.

* The Hon. John Hobart, afterwards second Earl of Buckinghamshire. Walpole had given him a letter of introduction to Sir Horace Mann.—D.

You are extremely good to give so much credit to my bills at first sight; but don't put down Hobart to my account; I used to call him the *Clearcake;* fat, fair, sweet, and seen through in a moment. By what you tell me, I should conclude the Countess was not returning; for Hobart is not a morsel that she can afford to lose.

I am much obliged to you for the care you take in sending my eagle by my Commodore-Cousin, but I hope it will not be till after his expedition. I know the extent of his genius; he would hoist it over board on the prospect of an engagement, and think he could buy me another at Hyde-park-corner with the prize-money; like the Roman tar that told his crew, that if they broke the antique Corinthian statues, they should find new ones.

We have been making peace lately, but I think it is off again; there is come an unpleasant sort of a letter, transmitted from Vanhoey* at Paris; it talks something of Rebels not to be treated as Rebels, and of a Prince Charles that is somebody's cousin and friend—but as nobody knows anything of this—why, I know nothing of it neither. There are battalions ordered for Flanders, and countermanded, and a few less ordered again: if I knew exactly what day this

* The Dutch Minister at Paris.

would reach you, I could tell you more certainly, because the determination for or against is only of every other day. The Duke is coming: I don't find it certain, however, that the Pretender is got off.

We are in the height of festivities for the Serenity of Hesse, our son-in-law, who passes a few days here on his return to Germany. If you recollect Lord Elcho, you have a perfect idea of his person and parts. The great officers banquet him at dinner; in the evenings there are plays, operas, ridottos, and masquerades.

You ask me to pity you for losing the Chutes; indeed I do; and I pity them for losing you: they will often miss Florence, and its tranquillity and happy air. Adieu! Comfort yourself with what you do not lose.

LETTER CLIX.

Arlington-Street, June 20, 1746.

We are impatient for letters from Italy to confirm the news of a victory over the French and Spaniards. The time is critical, and every triumph or defeat material, as they may raise or fall the terms of peace. The wonderful letters of Vanhoey and Monsieur d'Argenson in favour

of the Rebels, but which, if the Ministry have any spirit, must turn to their harm, you will see in all the papers. They have rather put off the negotiations, and caused the sending five thousand men this week to Flanders. The Duke is not yet returned from Scotland, nor is anything certainly known of the Pretender. I don't find any period fixed for the trial of the Lords; yet the Parliament sits on, doing nothing, few days having enough to make a House. Old Marquis Tullibardine, with another set of Rebels are come, amongst whom is Lord Macleod, son of Lord Cromarty,* already in the Tower. Lady Cromarty went down *incog* to Woolwich to see her son pass by, without the power of speaking to him: I never heard a more melancholy instance of affection! Lord Elcho† has written from Paris to Lord Lincoln to solicit his pardon; but as he has distinguished himself beyond all the Rebel Commanders by brutality and insults and cruelty to our prisoners, I think he is likely to remain where he is.

* George Mackenzie third Earl of Cromartie, and his eldest son John Lord Macleod. They had been deeply engaged in the rebellion, were taken prisoners at Dunrobin Castle in Sutherland, and from thence conveyed to the Tower. They were, upon trial, found guilty of high treason; but their lives were granted to them. Lord Macleod afterwards entered the Swedish service. Lady Cromartie was Isabel daughter of Sir William Gordon, of Invergordon, Bart.—D.

† Eldest son of the Earl of Wemyss.

Jack Spenser,* old Marlborough's grandson and heir, is just dead, at the age of six or seven and thirty, and in possession of near 30,000*l.* a-year, merely because he would not be abridged of those invaluable blessings of an English subject, brandy, small-beer and tobacco.

Your last letter was of May 31st. Since you have effectually lost the good Chutes, I may be permitted to lay out all my impatience for seeing them. There are no endeavours I shall not use to show how much I love them for all their friendship to you. You are very kind in telling me how much I am honoured by their Highnesses of Modena; but how can I return it? would it be civil to send them a compliment through a letter of yours? Do what you think properest for me.

I have nothing to say to Marquis Riccardi about his trumpery gems, but what I have already said: that nobody here will buy them together; that if he will think better, and let them be sold by auction, he may do it most advantageously, for, with all our distress, we have not at all lost the rage of expense: but that for sending them to Lisbon, I will by means do it, as his impertinent sending them to me without

* Brother of Charles Spenser Earl of Sunderland and Duke of Marlborough.

my leave, shall in no manner draw me into the risk of paying for them. That, in short, if he will send anybody to me with full authority to receive them, and to give me the most ample discharge for them, I will deliver them, and shall be happy so to get rid of them. There they lie in a corner of my closet, and will probably come to light at last with excellent antique mould about them! Adieu!

LETTER CLX.

Arlington-Street, July 7, 1746.

I HAVE been looking at the dates of my letters, and find that I have not written to you since the 20th of last month. As long as it seems, I am not in fault; I now write merely lest you should think me forgetful of you, and not because I have anything to say. Nothing great has happened; and for little politics, I live a good deal out of the way of them. I have no manner of connection with any Ministry, or Opposition to Ministry; and their merits and their faults are equally a secret to me. The Parliament sitting so long has worn itself to a skeleton; and almost everybody takes the opportunity of shortening their stay in the country, which I believe in

their hearts most are glad to do, by going down, and returning for the trials, which are to be on the 28th of this month. I am of the number; so don't expect to hear from me again till that æra.

The Duke is still in Scotland, doing his family the only service that has been done for them there since their accession. He daily picks up notable prisoners, and has lately taken Lord Lovat, and Murray the Secretary. There are flying reports of the Boy being killed, but I think not certain enough for the father * to faint away again—I blame myself for speaking lightly of the old man's distress; but a swoon is so natural to his character, that one smiles at it at first, without considering when it proceeds from cowardice, and when from misery. I heard yesterday that we are to expect a battle in Flanders soon: I expect it with all the tranquillity that the love of one's country admits, when one's heart is entirely out of the question, as, thank God! mine is: not one of my friends will be in it. I wish it may be as magnificent a victory for us, as your giornata di San Lazaro!

I am in great pain for my eagle, now the Brest-fleet is thought to be upon the coast of Spain: but what do you mean by him and his

* James Stuart, called "The Old Pretender."—D.

pedestal filling three cases! is he like the Irishman's bird, in two places at once?

Adieu! my dear child; don't believe my love for you in the least abridged, whenever my letters are scarce or short. I never loved you better, and never had less to say, both which I beg you will believe by my concluding

Yours, &c.

P.S. Since I finished my letter, we hear that the French and Spaniards have escaped from Placentia, not without some connivance of your Hero-King.* Mons is taken.

LETTER CLXI.

Arlington-Street, Aug. 1, 1746.

I AM this moment come from the conclusion of the greatest and most melancholy scene I ever yet saw! you will easily guess it was the trials of the rebel Lords. As it was the most interesting sight, it was the most solemn and fine: a coronation is a puppet-show, and all the splendour of it, idle; but this sight at once feasted one's eyes and engaged all one's passions. It began last Monday; three-parts of Westminster-

* The King of Sardinia.—D.

hall were inclosed with galleries, and hung with scarlet; and the whole ceremony was conducted with the most awful solemnity and decency, except in the one point of leaving the prisoners at the bar, amidst the idle curiosity of some crowd, and even with the witnesses who had sworn against them, while the Lords adjourned to their own house to consult. No part of the Royal Family was there, which was a proper regard to the unhappy men, who were become their victims. One hundred and thirty-nine Lords were present, and made a noble sight on their benches *frequent and full!* The Chancellor* was Lord High Steward; but though a most comely personage with a fine voice, his behaviour was mean, curiously searching for occasion to bow to the Minister† that is no peer, and consequently applying to the other Ministers, in a manner, for their orders; and not even ready at the ceremonial. To the prisoners he was peevish; and instead of keeping up to the humane dignity of the law of England, whose character it is to point out favour to the criminal, he crossed them, and almost scolded at any offer they made towards defence. I had armed myself with all the resolution I could, with the

* Sir Philip Yorke Lord Hardwicke.

† Henry Pelham.

thought of their crimes and of the danger past, and was assisted by the sight of the Marquis of Lothian* in weepers for his son who fell at Culloden—but the first appearance of the prisoners shocked me! their behaviour melted me! Lord Kilmarnock and Lord Cromartie are both past forty, but look younger. Lord Kilmarnock is tall and slender, with an extreme fine person: his behaviour a most just mixture between dignity and submission; if in anything to be reprehended, a little affected, and his hair too exactly dressed for a man in his situation; but when I say this, it is not to find fault with him, but to show how little fault there was to be found. Lord Cromartie is an indifferent figure, appeared much dejected, and rather sullen: he dropped a few tears the first day, and swooned as soon as he got back to his cell. For Lord Balmerino, he is the most natural brave old fellow I ever saw: the highest intrepidity, even to indifference. At the bar he behaved like a soldier and a man; in the intervals of form, with carelessness and humour. He pressed extremely to have his wife, his pretty Peggy,† with him in the Tower. Lady Cromartie only sees her hus-

* William Ker third Marquis of Lothian. Lord Robert Ker, who was killed at Culloden, was his second son.—D.

† Margaret Lady Balmerino, daughter of Captain Chalmers.—D.

band through the grate, not choosing to be shut up with him, as she thinks she can serve him better by her intercession without: she is big with child and very handsome; so are their daughters. When they were to be brought from the Tower in separate coaches, there was some dispute in which the axe must go—old Balmerino cried, "Come, come, put it with me." At the bar, he plays with his fingers upon the axe, while he talks to the gentleman-gaoler; and one day somebody coming up to listen, he took the blade and held it like a fan between their faces. During the trial, a little boy was near him, but not tall enough to see; he made room for the child and placed him near himself.

When the trial began, the two Earls pleaded guilty; Balmerino not guilty, saying he could prove his not being at the taking of the castle of Carlisle, as was laid in the indictment. Then the King's counsel opened, and Serjeant Skinner pronounced the most absurd speech imaginable; and mentioned the Duke of Perth, *who,* said he, *I see by the papers is dead.* Then some witnesses were examined, whom afterwards the old hero shook cordially by the hand. The Lords withdrew to their House, and returning, demanded of the Judges, whether, one point not being proved, though all the rest were, the indictment

was false? to which they unanimously answered in the negative. Then the Lord High Steward asked the Peers severally, whether Lord Balmerino was guilty! All said, *guilty upon honour*, and then adjourned, the prisoner having begged pardon for giving them so much trouble. While the Lords were withdrawn, the Solicitor-General Murray, (brother of the Pretender's minister,)* officiously and insolently went up to Lord Balmerino, and asked him, how he could give the Lords so much trouble, when his Solicitor had informed him that his plea could be of no use to him? Balmerino asked the bystanders who this person was? and being told, he said, "Oh, Mr. Murray! I am extremely glad to see you; I have been with several of your relations; the good lady, your mother, was of great use to us at Perth." Are not you charmed with this speech? how just it was! As he went away, he said, "They call me Jacobite; I am no more a Jacobite than any that tried me; but if the Great Mogul had set up his standard, I should have followed it, for I could not starve." The worst of his case is, that after the battle of Dumblain, having a company in the Duke of Argyle's regiment, he deserted with it to the Rebels, and has since been pardoned. Lord

* Lord Dunbar.

Kilmarnock is a presbyterian, with four Earldoms* in him, but so poor since Lord Wilmington's stopping a pension that my father had given him, that he often wanted a dinner. Lord Cromartie was Receiver of the Rents of the King's second son in Scotland, which, it was understood, he should not account for; and by that means had six hundred a-year from the Government: Lord Elibank,† a very prating, impertinent Jacobite, was bound for him in nine thousand pounds, for which the Duke is determined to sue him.

When the Peers were going to vote, Lord Foley‡ withdrew, as too well a wisher; Lord Moray,§ as nephew of Lord Balmerino—and Lord Stair—as, I believe, uncle to his great grandfather. Lord Windsor,‖ very affectedly, said, "I am sorry I must say, *guilty upon my honour*." Lord Stamford¶ would not answer to the name of *Henry*, having been christened *Harry*—what a great way of thinking on such an occasion! I was diverted too with old Norsa,

* Kilmarnock, Erroll, Linlithgow, and Calendar.—D.

† Patrick Murray fifth Lord Elibank.—D.

‡ Thomas second Lord Foley, of the first creation.—D.

§ James Stewart ninth Earl of Moray. His mother was Jean Elphinstone, daughter of John fourth Lord Balmerino.—D.

‖ Herbert Windsor, second Viscount Windsor in Ireland. He sat in Parliament as Lord Montjoy of the Isle of Wight. He died in 1758, when his titles extinguished.—D.

¶ Harry Grey, fourth Earl of Stamford. Died in 1768.—D.

the father of my brother's concubine, an old Jew that kept a tavern; my brother, as auditor of the Exchequer, has a gallery along one whole side of the court; I said, "I really feel for the prisoners!" old Issachar replied, "Feel for them! pray, if they had succeeded, what would have become of *all us?*" When my Lady Townshend heard her husband vote, she said, "I always knew *my* Lord was *guilty*, but I never thought he would own it *upon his honour.*" Lord Balmerino said, that one of his reasons for pleading *not guilty*, was, that so many ladies might not be disappointed of their show.

On Wednesday, they were again brought to Westminster-hall, to receive sentence; and being asked what they had to say, Lord Kilmarnock with a fine voice, read a very fine speech, confessing the extent of his crime, but offering his principles as some alleviation, having his eldest son (his second unluckily was with him,) in the Duke's army, *fighting for the liberties of his country at Culloden, where his unhappy father was in arms to destroy them.* He insisted much on his tenderness to the English prisoners, which some deny, and say that he was the man who proposed their being put to death, when General Stapleton urged that *he* was come to fight, and not to butcher; and that if they acted any such barbarity, he would leave them with all his men. He very

artfully mentioned Vanhoey's letter, and said how much he should scorn to owe his life to such intercession. Lord Cromartie spoke much shorter, and so low, that he was not heard but by those who sat very near him; but they prefer his speech to the other. He mentioned his misfortune in having drawn in his eldest son, who is prisoner with him; and concluded with saying, "If no part of this bitter cup must pass from me, not mine, O God, but thy will be done!" If he had pleaded *not guilty*, there was ready to be produced against him a paper signed with his own hand, for putting the English prisoners to death.

Lord Leicester went up to the Duke of Newcastle, and said, "I never heard so great an orator as Lord Kilmarnock; if I was your grace, I would pardon him, and make him *Paymaster*."*

That morning a paper had been sent to the Lieutenant of the Tower for the prisoners; he gave it to Lord Cornwallis,† the Governor, who carried it to the House of Lords. It was a plea for the prisoners, objecting that the late act for regulating the trials of Rebels did not take

* Alluding to Mr. Pitt, who had lately been preferred to that post, from the fear the ministry had of his abusive eloquence.

† Charles fifth Lord Cornwallis. He was created an Earl in 1753, and died in 1762.—D.

place till after their crime was committed. The Lords very tenderly and rightly sent this plea to them, of which, as you have seen, the two Earls did not make use, but old Balmerino did, and demanded council on it. The High Steward, almost in a passion, told him, that when he had been offered council, he did not accept it—do but think on the ridicule of sending them the plea, and then denying them council on it! The Duke of Newcastle, who never lets slip an opportunity of being absurd, took it up as a ministerial point, in defence of his creature the Chancellor; but Lord Granville moved, according to order, to adjourn to debate in the chamber of parliament, where the Duke of Bedford and many others spoke warmly for their having council; and it was granted. I said *their*, because the plea would have saved them all; and affected nine rebels who had been hanged that very morning; particularly one Morgan, a poetical lawyer. Lord Balmerino asked for Forester and Wilbraham; the latter a very able lawyer in the House of Commons, who, the Chancellor said privately, he was sure would as soon be hanged, as plead such a cause. But he came as council to-day, (the third day,) when Lord Balmerino gave up his plea as invalid, and submitted, without any speech. The High

Steward then made his, very long and very poor, with only one or two good passages: and then pronounced sentence!

Great intercession is made for the two Earls: Duke Hamilton,* who has never been at Court, designs to kiss the King's hand, and ask Lord Kilmarnock's life. The King is much inclined to some mercy; but the Duke, who has not so much of Cæsar after a victory, as in gaining it, is for the utmost severity. It was lately proposed in the city, to present him with the freedom of some company; one of the aldermen said aloud, "Then let it be of the *Butchers!*" The Scotch and his Royal Highness are not at all guarded in their expressions of each other. When he went to Edinburgh, in his pursuit of the Rebels, they would not admit his guards, alleging that it was contrary to their privileges; but they rode in, sword in hand; and the Duke, very justly incensed, refused to see any of the magistrates. He came with the utmost expedition to town, in order for Flanders; but found that the Court of Vienna had already sent Prince Charles thither, without the least notification, at which both King and Duke are greatly offended. When the latter waited on his brother, the Prince carried him into a room

* James sixth Duke of Hamilton; died in 1758.—D.

that hangs over the wall of St. James's Park, and stood there with his arm about his neck, to charm the gazing mob.

Murray, the Pretender's Secretary, has made ample confessions: the Earl of Traquair,* and Dr. Barry, a physician, are apprehended; and more warrants are out—so much for Rebels! Your friend Lord Sandwich is instantly going Ambassador to Holland, to pray the Dutch to build more ships. I have received yours of July 19th, but you see have no more room left, only to say, that I conceive a good idea of my eagle, though the seal is a bad one. Adieu!

P. S. I have not room to say anything to the Tesi till next post; but unless she will sing gratis, would advise her to drop this thought.

LETTER CLXII.

Arlington-Street, Aug. 12, 1746.

To begin with the Tesi; she is mad if she desires to come hither. I hate long histories, and so will only tell you in a few words, that Lord Middlesex † took the opportunity of a

* Charles Stuart fifth Earl of Traquair.—D.

† Charles Sackville, eldest son of Lionel Duke of Dorset, a Lord of the Treasury.

rivalship between his own mistress, the Nardi, and the Violetta,* the finest and most admired dancer in the world, to involve the whole menage of the opera in the quarrel, and has paid nobody; but like a true Lord of the Treasury, has shut up his own exchequer. The principal mandancer was arrested for debt; to the composer his Lordship gave a bad note, not payable in two years, besides amercing him entirely three hundred pounds, on pretence of his siding with the Violette. If the Tesi likes this account—*venga! venga!*

Did I tell you that your friend Lord Sandwich was sent Ambassador to Holland? he is: and that Lady Charlotte Fermor† was to be married to Mr. Finch,‡ the Vice-Chamberlain? She is. Mr. Finch is a comely black widower, without children, and heir to his brother Winchilsea, who has no sons. The Countess-mother has been in an embroil, (as we have often known her,) about carrying Miss Shelly, a bosom-friend, into the Peeress' place at the trials. Lord Granville, who is extremely fond of Lady Charlotte, has given her all her sister's jewels, to the

* She was a German, and married Mr. Garrick, the celebrated actor.

† Second daughter of Thomas Earl of Pomfret, and sister of Lady Granville.

‡ William Finch, brother of the Earl of Winchilsea, had been Ambassador in Holland.

great discontent of his own daughters. She has five thousand pounds, and Mr. Finch settles fifteen thousand pounds more upon her. Now we are upon the chapter of marriages, Lord Petersham* was last night married to one of our first beauties, Lady Caroline Fitzroy;† and Lord Coke‡ is to have the youngest of the late Duke of Argyll's daughters,§ who is none of our beauties at all.

Princess Louisa has already reached the object of her wish ever since she could speak, and is Queen of Denmark. We have been a little lucky lately in the deaths of Kings, and promise ourselves great matters from the new monarch in Spain.|| Princess Mary is coming over from Hesse to drink the Bath waters; that is the pretence for leaving her brutal husband, and for visiting the Duke and Princess Caroline, who love her extremely. She is of the softest, mildest temper in the world.

We know nothing certainly of the young Pretender, but that he is concealed in Scotland, and

* Son of the Earl of Harrington, Secretary of State.

† Eldest daughter of Charles Duke of Grafton, Lord Chamberlain.

‡ Edward, only son of Thomas Earl of Leicester.

§ Lady Mary Campbell. She survived her husband fifty-eight years: he having died in 1753, and she in 1811.—D.

|| Philip V., the mad and imbecile King of Spain, was just dead. He was succeeded by his son Ferdinand VI. who died in 1759.—D.

devoured with distempers: I really wonder how an Italian constitution can have supported such rigours! He has said, *that he did not see what he had to be ashamed of; and that if he had lost one battle, he had gained two.* Old Lovat curses Cope and Hawley for the loss of those two, and says, if they had done their duty, he had never been in this scrape. Cope is actually going to be tried; but Hawley, who is fifty times more culpable, is saved by partiality: Cope miscarried by incapacity; Hawley, by insolence and carelessness.

Lord Cromartie is reprieved; the Prince asked his life, and his wife made great intercession, though when he was taken, he was actually found in bed with Lady Sutherland.* Duke Hamilton's intercession for Lord Kilmarnock has rather hurried him to the block: he and Lord Balmerino are to die next Monday. Lord Kilmarnock, with the greatest nobleness of soul, desired to have Lord Cromartie preferred to himself for pardon, if there could be but one saved; and Lord Balmerino laments, that himself and Lord Lovat were not taken at the same time, "For then," says he, "we might have been sacrificed, and those other two brave men escaped." Indeed, Lord Cromartie does not

* Lady Elizabeth Wemyss, wife of William Earl of Sutherland.—D.

much deserve the epithet, for he wept whenever his execution was mentioned. Balmerino is jolly with his pretty Peggy. There is a remarkable story of him at the battle of Dunblain, where the Duke of Argyll, his Colonel, answered for him, on his being suspected. He behaved well; but as soon as we had gained the victory, went off with his troop to the Pretender, protesting that he had never feared death but that day, as he had been fighting against his conscience. Popularity has changed sides since the year 15, for now the City and the generality are very angry that so many Rebels have been pardoned. Some of those taken at Carlisle dispersed papers at their execution, saying, they forgave all men but three, the Elector of Hanover, the *pretended* Duke of Cumberland, and the Duke of Richmond, who signed the capitulation at Carlisle.

Wish Mr. Hobart joy of his new Lordship; his father took his seat to-day as Earl of Buckingham; Lord Fitzwilliam is made an English Earl with him, by his old title. Lord Tankerville* goes governor† to Jamaica; a cruel method of recruiting a prodigal nobleman's broken fortune, by sending him to pillage a province! Adieu!

* Charles Bennet second Earl of Tankerville. Died in 1753.—D.

† This did not happen.

P.S. I have taken a pretty house at Windsor, and am going thither for the remainder of the summer.

LETTER CLXIII.

Windsor, Aug. 21, 1746.

You will perceive by my date that I am got into a new scene, and that I am retired hither like an old summer-dowager; only that I have no toad-eater to take the air with me in the back part of my lozenge-coach, and to be scolded. I have taken a small house here within the Castle, and propose spending the greatest part of every week here till the Parliament meets: but my jaunts to town will prevent my news from being quite provincial and marvellous. Then I promise you I will go to no races nor assemblies, nor make comments upon couples that come in chaises to the White-Hart.

I came from town (for take notice, I put this grace upon myself for the country) the day after the execution of the rebel-lords: I was not at it, but had two persons come to me directly who were at the next house to the scaffold; and I saw another who was upon it, so that you may depend upon my accounts.

Just before they came out of the Tower, Lord Balmerino drank a bumper to King James's health. As the clock struck ten, they came forth on foot, Lord Kilmarnock all in black, his hair unpowdered in a bag, supported by Forster, the great Presbyterian, and by Mr. Home, a young clergyman, his friend. Lord Balmerino followed, alone, in a blue coat turned up with red, his rebellious regimentals, a flannel waistcoat, and his shroud beneath; their hearses following. They were conducted to a house near the scaffold; the room forwards had benches for spectators; in the second Lord Kilmarnock was put, and in the third backwards Lord Balmerino; all three chambers hung with black. Here they parted! Balmerino embraced the other, and said, "My Lord, I wish I could suffer for both!" He had scarce left him, before he desired again to see him, and then asked him, "My Lord Kilmarnock, do you know anything of the resolution taken in our army, the day before the battle of Culloden, to put the English prisoners to death?" He replied, "My Lord, I was not present; but since I came hither, I have had all the reason in the world to believe that there was such order taken; and I hear the Duke has the pocket-book with the order." Balmerino answered, "It was a lie raised to excuse their bar-

barity to us."—Take notice, that the Duke's charging this on Lord Kilmarnock (certainly on misinformation) decided this unhappy man's fate! The most now pretended, is, that it would have come to Lord Kilmarnock's turn to have given the word for the slaughter, as lieutenant-general, with the patent for which he was immediately drawn into the rebellion, after having been staggered by his wife, her mother, his own poverty, and the defeat of Cope. He remained an hour and half in the house, and shed tears. At last he came to the scaffold, certainly much terrified, but with a resolution that prevented his behaving in the least meanly or unlike a gentleman. He took no notice of the crowd, only to desire that the baize might be lifted up from the rails, that the mob might see the spectacle. He stood and prayed some time with Forster, who wept over him, exhorted and encouraged him. He delivered a long speech to the Sheriff, and with a noble manliness stuck to the recantation he had made at his trial; declaring he wished that all who embarked in the same cause might meet the same fate. He then took off his bag, coat and waistcoat with great composure, and after some trouble put on a napkin-cap, and then several times tried the block, the executioner, who was in white with a white apron, out of tenderness

concealing the axe behind himself. At last the Earl knelt down, with a visible unwillingness to depart, and after five minutes dropped his handkerchief, the signal, and his head was cut off at once, only hanging by a bit of skin, and was received in a scarlet cloth by four of the undertaker's men kneeling, who wrapped it up and put it into the coffin with the body; orders having been given not to expose the heads, as used to be the custom.

The scaffold was immediately new-strewed with saw-dust, the block new-covered, the executioner new dressed, and a new axe brought. Then came old Balmerino, treading with the air of a general. As soon as he mounted the scaffold, he read the inscription on his coffin, as he did again afterwards: he then surveyed the spectators, who were in amazing numbers, even upon masts of ships in the river; and pulling out his spectacles read a treasonable speech, which he delivered to the Sheriff, and said, the young Pretender was so sweet a Prince, that flesh and blood could not resist following him; and lying down to try the block, he said, "If I had a thousand lives, I would lay them all down here in the same cause." He said, if he had not taken the sacrament the day before, he would have knocked down Williamson, the lieu-

tenant of the Tower, for his ill usage of him. He took the axe and felt it, and asked the headsman, how many blows he had given Lord Kilmarnock; and gave him three guineas. Two clergymen, who attended him, coming up, he said, "No, gentlemen, I believe you have already done me all the service you can." Then he went to the corner of the scaffold, and called very loud for the Warder, to give him his perriwig, which he took off, and put on a night-cap of Scotch plaid, and then pulled off his coat and waistcoat and lay down; but being told he was on the wrong side, vaulted round, and immediately gave the sign by tossing up his arm, as if he were giving the signal for battle. He received three blows, but the first certainly took away all sensation. He was not a quarter of an hour on the scaffold; Lord Kilmarnock above half a one. Balmerino certainly died with the intrepidity of a hero, but with the insensibility of one too. As he walked from his prison to execution, seeing every window and top of house filled with spectators, he cried out, "Look, look, how they are all piled up like rotten oranges!"

My Lady Townshend, who fell in love with Lord Kilmarnock at his trial, will go nowhere to dinner, for fear of meeting with a rebel-pie; she says, everybody is so bloody-minded, that they

eat rebels! The Prince of Wales, whose intercession saved Lord Cromartie, says he did it in return for old Sir W. Gordon, Lady Cromartie's father, coming down out of his death-bed, to vote against my father in the Chippenham election. If his Royal Highness had not countenanced inveteracy like that of Sir Gordon, he would have no occasion to exert his gratitude now in favour of Rebels. His brother has plucked a very useful feather out of the cap of the Ministry, by forbidding any application for posts in the army to be made to anybody but himself: a resolution, I dare say, he will keep as strictly and minutely as he does the discipline and dress of the army. Adieu!

P.S. I have just received yours of Aug. 9th. You had not then heard of the second great battle of Placentia, which has already occasioned new instructions, or in effect, a recall being sent after Lord Sandwich.

LETTER CLXIV.

Windsor, Sept. 15, 1746.

You have sent me Marquis Rinuncini with as much secrecy as if you had sent me a present.

I was here; there came an exceedingly fair written and civil letter from you, dated last May: I comprehended by the formality of it, that it was written for the person who brought it, not for the person it was sent to. I have been to town on purpose to wait on him, and though you know he was not of my set, yet being of Florence, and recommended by you, and recollecting how you used to cuddle over a bit of politics with the old Marquis,* I set myself to be wondrous civil to Marquis Folco: pray, *faites valoir ma politesse!* You have no occasion to let people know exactly the situation of my villa; but talk of my *standing in campagna*, and coming directly in *sedia di posta*, to *far mio dovere al Signor Marchesino*. I stayed literally an entire week with him, carried him to see palaces and Richmond gardens and park, and Chenevix's shop, and talked a great deal to him *alle conversazioni*. It is a wretched time for him; there is not a soul in town; no plays; and Ranelagh shut up. You may say I should have stayed longer with him, but I was obliged to return for fear of losing *my vintage*. I shall be in London again in a fortnight, and then I shall do more *mille gentilezze*. Seriously, I was glad to see

* Marquis Rinuncini, the elder, had been envoy in England, and Prime Minister to John Gaston, the last Great Duke.

him — after I had got over being sorry to see him, (for with all the goodness of one's *Soquxkin soqubut,* as the Japanese call the heart, you must own it is a little troublesome to be showing the tombs,) I asked him a thousand questions, rubbed up my old tarnished Italian, and inquired about fifty people that I had entirely forgot till his arrival. He told me some passages, that I don't forgive you for not mentioning; your Cicisbeatura, Sir, with the Antinora;* and Manelli's† marriage and jealousy: who consoles my illustrious mistress?‡ Rinuncini has announced the future arrival of the Abbate Niccolini, the elder Pandolfini, and the younger Panciatici; these two last, you know, were friends of mine; I shall be extremely glad to see them.

Your two last were of Aug. 23rd and 30th. In the latter you talk of the execution of the rebel Lords, but don't tell me whether you received my long history of their trials. Your Florentines guessed very rightly about my Lady O.'s reasons for not returning amongst you: she has picked up a Mr. Shirley,§ no great genius— but with all her affectation of parts, you know

* Sister of Madame Grifoni.

† Signor Ottavio Manelli, had been cicisbeo of Madame Grifoni.

‡ Madame Grifoni.

§ Sewallis Shirley, uncle of Earl Ferrers. (He married Lady Orford, after her first husband's death.—D.)

she never was delicate about the capacity of her lovers. This swain has so little pretensions to any kind of genius, that two years ago being to act in the Duke of Bedford's company,* he kept back the play three weeks, because he could not get his part by heart, though it consisted but of seventeen lines and a half. With him she has retired to a villa near Newpark, and lets her house in town.

Your last letter only mentions the progress of the King of Sardinia towards Genoa; but there is an account actually arrived of his being master of it. It is very big news, and I hope will make us look a little haughty again: we are giving ourselves airs, and sending a secret expedition against France: we don't indeed own that it is in favour of the Chevalier William Courtenay,† who, you know, claims the crown of France, and whom King William threatened them to proclaim, when they proclaimed the Pretender; but I believe the Protestant Highlanders in the south of France are ready to join him the moment he lands. There is one Sir Watkyn Williams, a

* The Duke of Bedford and his friends acted several plays at Woburn.

† Sir William Courtenay, said to be the right heir of Louis le gros. There is a notion that at the coronation of a new king of France, the Courtenays assert their pretensions, and that the King of France says to them, "*Apres Nous, Vous.*"

great Baron in Languedoc, and a Sir John Cotton, a Marquis of Dauphinè,* who have engaged to raise a great number of men, on the first debarkation that we make.

I think it begins to be believed that the Pretender's son is got to France; pray, if he passes through Florence, make it as agreeable to him as you can, and introduce him to all my acquaintance. I don't indeed know him myself, but he is a particular friend of my cousin Sir John Philipps,† and of my sister-in-law Lady O. who will both take it extremely kindly—besides, do, for your own sake; you may make your peace with her this way; and if ever Lord Bath comes into power, she will secure your remaining at Florence. Adieu!

LETTER CLXV.

Windsor, Oct. 2, 1746.

By your own loss you may measure my joy at the receipt of the dear Chutes.‡ I strolled to

* Two Jacobite Knights of Wales and Cambridgeshire.

† Sir J. Philipps, of Picton Castle in Pembrokeshire; a noted Jacobite. He was first cousin of Catherine Shorter, first wife of Sir Robert Walpole.

‡ John Chute and Francis Whitehed had been several years in Italy, chiefly at Florence.

town one day last week, and there I found them! poor creatures! there they were! wondering at everything they saw, but with the difference from Englishmen that go abroad, of keeping their amazement to themselves. They will tell you of wild Dukes in the playhouse, of streets dirtier than forests, and of women more uncouth than the streets. I found them extremely surprized at not finding any ready-furnished palace built round two courts. I do all I can to reconcile their country to them, though seriously they have no affectation, and have nothing particular in them, but that they have nothing particular: a fault, which the climate and their neighbours will soon correct. You may imagine how we have talked you over, and how I have inquired after the state of your *Wetbrownpaperhood.* Mr. Chute adores you: do you know, that as well as I love you, I never found all those charms in you that he does! I own this to you out of pure honesty, that you may love him as much as he deserves. I don't know how he will succeed here, but to me he has more wit than anybody I know: he is altered, and I think, broken: Whitehed is grown leaner considerably, and is a very pretty gentleman. He did not reply to me, as the Turcotti* did *bonnement* to you, when

* A fine singer.

you told her she was a little thinner: do you remember how she puffed and chuckled, and said, "And indeed I think you are too." Mr. Whitehed was not so sensible of the blessing of decrease, as to conclude that it would be acceptable news even to shadows: he thinks me plumped out. I would fain have enticed them down hither, and promised we would live just as if we were at the King's Arms in *via di Santo Spirito*:* but they were obliged to go *chez eux*, not *pour se décrasser*, but *pour se crasser*. I shall introduce them *a tutte le mie conoscenze*, and shall try to make *questo paese as agreeable to them as possible;* except in one point, for I have sworn never to tell Mr. Chute a word of news, for then he will be writing it to you, and I shall have nothing to say. This is a lucky resolution for you, my dear child, for between two friends one generally hears nothing; the one concludes that the other has told all.

I have had two or three letters from you since I wrote. The young Pretender is generally believed to have got off the 16th of last month: if he were not, with the zeal of the Chutes, I believe they would go to Scotland to hunt him,

* Mr. Mann hired a large palace of the Mannetti family at Florence in via di Santo Spirito: foreign Ministers in Italy affix large shields with the arms of their sovereign over their door.

and would be impatient to send a limb to Cardinal Acquaviva and Monsignor Piccolomini. I quite gain a winter with them, having had no expectation of them till spring. Adieu!

LETTER CLXVI.

Arlington-Street, Oct. 14, 1746.

You will have been alarmed with the news of another battle* lost in Flanders, where we have no Kings of Sardinia. We make light of it, do not allow it to be a battle, but call it *the action near Liege.* Then we have whittled down our loss extremely, and will not allow a man more than three hundred and fifty English slain out of the 4000. The whole of it, as it appears to me, is, that we gave up eight battalions to avoid fighting; as at Newmarket people pay their forfeit when they foresee they should lose the race; though if the whole army had fought, and we had lost the day, one might have hoped to have come off for eight battalions. Then they tell you, that the French had four-and-twenty-pounders, and that they must beat us by the superiority of their cannon: so that to me it is grown a paradox, to war with a nation who have a mathematical certainty of beating you; or else it is

* The battle of Rocoux.

a still stranger paradox, why you cannot have as large cannon as the French. This loss was balanced by a pompous account of the triumphs of our invasion of Bretagne; which in plain terms, I think, is reduced to burning two or three villages and reimbarking: at least, two or three of the transports are returned with this history, and know not what is become of Lestock and the rest of the invasion. The young Pretender is landed in France with thirty Scotch, but in such a wretched condition, that his highland Highness had no breeches.

I have received your's of the 27th of last month, with the capitulation of Genoa, and the kind conduct of the Austrians to us their allies, so extremely like their behaviour whenever they are fortunate. Pray, by the way, has there been any talk of my cousin,* the Commodore, being blameable in letting slip some Spanish ships?—don't mention it as from me, but there are whispers of court-martial on him. They are all the fashion now—if you miss a post to me, I will have you tried by a court-martial. Cope is come off most gloriously, his courage ascertained, and even his conduct, which everybody had

* George Townshend, eldest son of Charles Lord Viscount Townshend, by Dorothy, his second wife, sister of Sir Robert Walpole. (He was subsequently tried by a Court martial for his conduct upon this occasion, and honourably acquitted.—D.)

given up, justified. Folkes and Lascelles, two of his generals, are come off too, but not so happily in the opinion of the world. Oglethorpe's sentence is not yet public, but it is believed not to be favourable. He was always a bully, and is now tried for cowardice. Some little dash of the same sort is likely to mingle with the judgment on *il furibondo* Matthews, though his party rises again a little, and Lestock's acquittal begins to pass for a party-affair. In short, we are a wretched people, and have seen our best days!

I must have lost a letter, if you really told me of the sale* of the Duke of Modena's pictures, as you think you did; for when Mr. Chute told it me, it struck me as quite new. They are out of town, good souls! and I shall not see them this fortnight, for I am here only for two or three days, to inquire after the battle, in which not one of my friends were. Adieu!

LETTER CLXVII.

Arlington Street, Nov. 4, 1746.

MR. CHUTE and I agreed not to tell you of any new changes, till we could tell you more of them, that you might not be *put into a taking* as you

* To the King of Poland.

was last winter with the revolution of three days: but I think the present has ended with a single fit. Lord Harrington,* quite on a sudden, resigned the Seals: it is said, on some treatment not over gracious: but he is no such novice to be shocked with that, though I believe it has been rough, ever since his resigning last year, which he did more boisterously than he is accustomed to behave to majesty. Others talk of some quarrel with his brother Secretary, who, in complaisance, is all for drums and trumpets. Lord Chesterfield was immediately named his successor; but the Duke of Newcastle has taken the northern province, as of more business, and consequently better suited *to his experience and abilities!* I flatter myself that this can no way affect you. Ireland is to be offered to Lord Harrington, or the Presidentship; and the Duke of Dorset, now President, is to have the other's refusal. The King has endured a great deal with your old complaint; and I felt for him, recollecting all you underwent.

You will have seen in the papers all the histories of our glorious expeditions† and invasions of France, which have put Cressy and Agincourt out of all countenance. On the first view, indeed,

* William Stanhope Earl of Harrington, Secretary of State.

† The expedition to Quiberon.

one should think that our fleet had been to victual, for our chief prizes were cows and geese, and turkeys. But I rather think that the whole was fitted out by the Royal Society, for they came back quite satisfied with having *discovered* a fine bay! Would one believe, that in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and forty-six, we should boast of *discovering* something on the coast of France, as if we had found out the North-east passage, or penetrated into some remote part of America? The Guards are come back too, who never went: in one single day they received four several different orders!

Matthews is broke at last. Nobody disputes the justice of the sentence; but the legality of it is not quite so authenticated. Besides some great errors in the forms, whenever the Admiralty perceived any of the court-martial inclined to favour him, they were constantly changed. Then, the expense has been enormous; two hundred thousand pounds! chiefly by employing young captains, instead of old half-pay officers; and by these means, double commissions. Then there has been a great fracas between the court-martial and Willes.* He, as Chief Justice, sent a summons, in the ordinary form of law, to Mayerne, to appear as an evidence in a trial

* John Willes, Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas.

where a Captain had prosecuted Sir Chaloner Ogle for horrid tyranny: the ingenious court-martial sat down and drew up articles of impeachment, like any House of Commons, against the Chief Justice, for stopping their proceedings! and the Admiralty, still more ingenious, had a mind to complain of him to the House! He was charmed to catch them at such absurdities—but I believe at last it is all compromised.

I have not heard from you for some time, but I don't pretend to complain: you have real occupation; my idleness is for its own sake. The Abbé Niccolini and Pandolfini are arrived; but I have not yet seen them. Rinuncini cannot bear England—and if the Chutes speak their mind, I believe they are not captivated yet with anything they have found: I am more and more with them: Mr. Whitehed is infinitely improved; and Mr. Chute has absolutely more wit, knowledge, and good-nature, than, to their great surprise, ever met together in one man. He has a bigotry to you, that even astonishes me, who used to think that I was pretty well in for loving you; but he is very often ready to quarrel with me for not thinking you all pure gold. Adieu!

LETTER CLXVIII.

Windsor, Nov. 12, 1746.

I AM come hither, *per saldare;* but though the country is excellently convenient, from the idleness of it, for beginning a letter, yet it is not at all *commode* for finishing one: the same ingredients that fill a basket by the carrier, will not fill half a sheet of paper; I could send you a cheese, or a hare; but I have not a morsel of news. Mr. Chute threatened me to tell you the distress I was in last week, when I *starved* Niccolini and Pandolfini on a *fast-day,* when I had thought to banquet them sumptuously. I had luckily given a guinea for two pine-apples, which I knew they had never seen in Italy, and upon which they revenged themselves for all the meat that they dared not touch. Rinuncini could not come. How you mistook me, my dear child! I meant simply, that you had not mentioned his coming; very far from reproving you for giving him a letter. Don't I give letters for you every day to Cubs, ten times *Cubber* than Rinuncini? and don't you treat them as if all their names were Walpole? If you was to send me all the uncouth productions of Italy, do you think any of them would be so brutal as Sir William Maynard? I am exactly like you; I have no greater

pleasure than to make them value your recommendation, by showing how much I value it. Besides, I love the Florentines for their own sakes, and to indemnify them, poor creatures! a little for the Richcourts, the Lorraines, and the Austrians. I have received, per mezzo di Pucci,* a letter from Marquis Riccardi, with orders to consign to the bearer all his treasure in my hands, which I shall do immediately with great satisfaction. There are four rings that I should be glad he would sell me, but they are such trifles, and he will set such a value on them the moment he knows I like them, that it is scarce worth while to make the proposal, because I would give but a little for them. However, you may hint what plague I have had with his *roba*, and that it will be a *gentillezza* to sell me these four dabs. One is a man's head, small, on cornelian, and intaglio; a fly, ditto; an Isis, cameo; and an inscription in Christian Latin: the last is literally not worth two sequins.

As to Mr. Townshend, I now know all the particulars, and that Lord Sandwich† was at the bottom of it. What an excellent heart his Lordship will have by the time he is threescore, if he sets out thus! The persecution‡ is on account

* Minister from the Great Duke.

† John Montagu Earl of Sandwich, First Lord of the Admiralty.

‡ Vide letter CLXVI.

of the poor boy's relation to my father; of whom the world may judge pretty clearly already, from the abilities and disinterestedness of such of his enemies as have succeeded; and from their virtue in taking any opportunity to persecute any of his relations; in which even the public interest of their country can weigh nothing, when clashing with their malice. The King of Sardinia has written the strongest letter imaginable to complain of the grievous prejudice the Admiralty has done his affairs by this step.

Don't scold me for not sending you those lines* to Eckardt: I never wrote anything that I esteemed less, or that was seen so incorrect; nor can I at all account for their having been so much liked, especially as the thoughts were so old and so common. I was hurt at their getting into print. I inclose you an epilogue† that I have written since, merely for a specimen of something more correct. You know or have known, that Tamerlane is always acted on King William's birthday, with an occasional prologue; this was the epilogue to it, and succeeded to flatter me. Adieu!

* The Beauties, an epistle to Eckardt, the painter; reprinted in Dodsley's Miscellanies.

† On the suppression of the Rebellion: it is in the same collection.

LETTER CLXIX.

Arlington-Street, Dec. 5, 1746.

We are in such a news-less situation, that I have been some time too without writing to you; but I now answer one I received from you yesterday. You will excuse me, if I am not quite so transported as Mr. Chute is, at the extremity of Acquaviva.* I can't afford to hate people so much at such a distance: my aversions find employment within their own atmosphere.

Rinuncini returns to you this week, not at all contented with England: Niccolini is extremely, and turns his little talent to great account: there is nobody of his own standard but thinks him a great genius. The Chutes and I deal extremely together; but they abuse me, and tell me I am grown so *English!* lack-a-day! so I am; as folks that have been in the Inquisition, and did not choose to broil, come out excellent Catholics!

I have been unfortunate in my own family; my nephew,† Captain Cholmondeley, has mar-

* Cardinal Acquaviva, Protector of Spain, and a great promoter of the interests of the Pretender.

† Robert, second son of George Earl of Cholmondeley, married Mary, sister of Mrs. Margaret Woffington, the actress. He afterwards quitted the army and took orders.

ried a player's sister; and I fear Lord Malpas * is on the brink of matrimony with another girl of no fortune. Here is a ruined family! their father totally undone, and all he has seized for debt!

The Duke is gone to Holland to settle the operations of the campaign, but returns before the opening of it. A great reformation has been made this week in the army; the horse are broke, and to be turned into dragoons, by which sixty thousand pounds a-year will be saved. Whatever we do in Flanders, I think you need not fear any commotions here, where Jacobitism seems to have gasped its last. Mr. Radcliffe, the last Derwentwater's brother, is actually named to the gallows for Monday; but the imprudence of Lord Morton,† who has drawn himself into the Bastile, makes it doubtful whether the execution will be so quick. The famous orator Henley is taken up for treasonable flippancies.

You know Lord Sandwich is minister at the Hague. Sir Charles Williams, who has resigned the Paymastership of the marines, is talked of for going to Berlin, but it is not yet done. The

* George, eldest son of Lord Cholmondeley, married Miss Edwards. (She was the daughter and heiress of Sir Francis Edwards, Bart. of Grete, in Shropshire.—D.)

† James Douglas ninth Earl of Morton.—D.

parliament has been most serene, but there is a storm in the air: the Prince waits for an opportunity of erecting his standard, and a disputed election between him and the Grenvilles is likely very soon to furnish the occasion. We are to have another contest about Lord Bath's borough,* which Mr. Chute's brother formerly lost, and which his colleague, Luke Robinson, has carried by a majority of three, though his competitor is returned. Lord Bath wrote to a man for a list of all that would be against him: the man placed his own and his brother's names at the head of the list.

We have operas, but no company at them; the Prince and Lord Middlesex *Impresarii.* Plays only are in fashion: at one house the best company that perhaps ever were together, Quin, Garrick, Mrs. Pritchard, and Mrs. Cibber: at the other, Barry, a favourite young actor, and the Violette,† whose dancing our friends don't like; I scold them, but all the answer is, "Lord! you are so *English!*" If I do clap sometimes when they don't, I can fairly say with Œdipus,

"My hands are guilty, but my heart is free!"

Adieu!

* Heydon.

† A German, afterwards married to Garrick.

LETTER CLXX.

Arlington-Street, Christmas-day, 1746.

We are in great expectation of farther news from Genoa, which the last accounts left in the greatest confusion, and I think absolutely in the hands of the Genoese ;* a circumstance that may chance to unravel all the fine schemes in Provence! Marshal Bathiani, at the Hague, treated this revolt as a trifle ; but all the letters by last post make it a re-conquest. The Dutch do all the Duke asks: we talk of an army of 140,000 men in Flanders next campaign. I don't know how the Prince of Orange relishes his brother-in-law's dignities and success.

Old Lovat has been brought to the bar of the House of Lords: he is far from having those abilities for which he has been so cried up. He saw Mr. Pelham at a distance and called to him, and asked him if it were worth while to make all this fuss to take off a grey head fourscore years old? In his defence he complained of his estate

* This circumstance is thus alluded to in a letter of Sir Horace Mann's, dated Dec. 20th, 1746. "The affairs of Genoa are in such a horrid situation, that one is frightened out of one's senses. The accounts of them are so confused, that one does not know what to make of them; but it is certain that the mob is quite master of the town and of every thing in it. They have sacked several houses, particularly that of the Doge, and five or six others, belonging to those who were the principal authors of the alliance which the Republic made with France and Spain."—D.

being seized and kept from him. Lord Granville took up this complaint very strongly, and insisted on having it inquired into. Lord Bath went farther, and as some people think, intended the Duke; but I believe he only aimed at the Duke of Newcastle, who was so alarmed with this motion, that he kept the House above a quarter of an hour in suspense, till he could send for Stone,* and consult what he should do. They made a rule to order the old creature the profits of his estate till his conviction. He is to put in his answer the 13th of January.

Lord Lincoln is Cofferer at last, in the room of Waller,† who is dismissed. Sir Charles Williams has kissed hands, and sets out for Dresden in a month: he has hopes of Turin, but I think Villettes is firm. Don't mention this.

Did I ever talk to you of a Mr. Davis, a Norfolk gentleman, who has taken to painting? He has copied the Dominichin, the third picture he ever copied in his life: how well, you may judge; for Mr. Chute, who, I believe you think, understands pictures if anybody does, happened to come in, just as Mr. Davis brought his copy hither. "Here," said I, "Mr. Chute, here is your Dominichin come to town to be copied."

* Andrew Stone, Secretary to the Duke of Newcastle, and afterwards Sub-governor to George Prince of Wales.

† Edmund Waller, of Beaconsfield.

He literally did not know it; which made me very happy for Mr. Davis, who has given me this charming picture. Do but figure to yourself a man of fifty years old, who was scarce ever out of the county of Norfolk, but when his hounds led him; who never saw a tolerable picture till those at Houghton four years ago; who plays and composes as well as he paints, and who has no more of the Norfolk dialect than a Florentine! He is the most decent, sensible man you ever saw.

Rinuncini is gone: Niccolini sups continually with the Prince of Wales, and *learns the Constitution!* Pandolfini is put to-bed, like children, to be out of the way. Adieu!

P. S. My Lady O. who has entirely settled her affairs with my brother, talks of going abroad again, not being able to live here on fifteen hundred pounds a-year—many an old lady, and uglier too, lives very *comfortably* upon less. After I had writ this, your brother brought me another letter with a confirmation of all we had heard about Genoa. You may be easy about the change of provinces,* which has not been made as was designed. *Ecco Monsù Chute.*

* Meaning a change in the Secretaries of State. There were at this time two, one of whom was called the Secretary of State for the Northern Province, and the other the Secretary of State for the Southern Province.—D.

FROM MR. CHUTE.

Mr. Walpole gives me a side, and I catch hold of it to tell you that I parted this minute with your charming brother, who has been in council with me about your grand affair;* it is determined now to be presented to the King by way of memorial; and to-morrow we meet again to draw it up: Mr. Stone has graciously signified that this is a very proper opportunity: one should think he must know.

Oh! I must tell you: I was here last night, and saw my Lord Walpole† for the first time, but such a youth! I declare to you, I was quite astonished at his sense and cleverness, it is impossible to describe it; it was just what would have made you as happy to observe as it did me: he is not yet seventeen, and is to continue a year longer at Eton, upon his own desire. Alas! how few have I seen of my countrymen half so formed even at their return from their travels! I hope you will have him at Florence one day or other, he will pay you amply for the Pigwiggins, and——

Mr. Walpole is quite right in all he tells you

* Of Mr. Mann's arrears.

† George, only son of Robert second Earl of Orford, whom he succeeded in the title.

of the miracle worked by St. Davis, which certainly merits the credit of deceiving far better judges of painting than I, who am no judge of anything but you, whom I pretend to understand better than anybody living, and am, therefore,

My dear Sir,

&c. &c. &c.

J. C.

LETTER CLXXI.

Arlington-Street, Jan. 27, 1747.

THE Prince has formally declared a new Opposition, which is never to subside till he is King, (*s'entend,* that he does not carry his point sooner.) He began it pretty handsomely the other day with 143 to 184, which has frightened the ministry like a bomb. This new party wants nothing but heads; though not having any, to be sure the struggle is the fairer. Lord Baltimore* takes the lead; he is the best and honestest man in the world, with a good deal of jumbled knowledge; but not capable of conducting a party. However, the next day, the Prince, to reward him, and to punish Lord Archibald Hamilton, who voted with the ministry, told

* Charles Calvert Lord Baltimore, had been a Lord of the Admiralty, on the change of the ministry in 1742. He died soon after the Prince in 1751.

Lord Baltimore that he would not give him the trouble of waiting any more as Lord of the Bedchamber, but would make him Cofferer. Lord B. thanked him, but desired that it might not be done in a way disagreeable to Lord Archibald, who was then Cofferer. The Prince sent for Lord Archibald, and told him he would either make him Comptroller, or give him a pension of twelve hundred pounds a-year; the latter of which the old soul accepted, and went away content; but returned in an hour with a letter from his wife,* to say, that as his Royal Highness was angry with her husband, it was not proper for either of them to take their pensions. It is excellent! When she was dismissed herself, she accepted the twelve hundred pounds, and now will not let her husband, though he had accepted. It must mortify the Prince wondrously to have four-and-twenty hundred pounds a-year thrown back into an Exchequer, that never yet overflowed!

I am a little piqued at Marquis Riccardi's refusing me such a trifle as the four rings, after all the trouble I have had with his trumpery. However, I think I cannot help telling him, that

* Jane, sister of the Earl of Abercorn, and wife of Lord Archibald Hamilton, great uncle of Duke Hamilton; she had been Mistress of the Robes, &c. to the Princess of Wales, and the supposed mistress of the Prince. She died at Paris, in December 1752.

Lord Carlisle and Lord Duncannon, who heard of his collection from Niccolini, have seen it, and are willing, at a reasonable price, to take it between them: if you let me know the lowest, and in money that I understand, not his equivocal pistoles, I will allow so much to Florence-civilities, as still to help him off with his goods, though he does not deserve it; as selling me four trifles could not have affected the general purchase. I pity your Princess Strozzi,* but cannot possibly hunt after her chattels: Riccardi has cured me of Italian merchandise, by forcing it upon me.

Your account of your former friend's neglect of you does not at all surprise me: there is an inveteracy, a darkness, a design and cunning in his character that stamp him for a very unamiable young man: it is uncommon for a heart to be so tainted so early. My cousin's† affair is entirely owing to him;‡ nor can I account for the pursuit of such unprovoked revenge.

* She had been robbed of some of the most valuable gems of the famous Strozzi collection.

† The Hon. George Townshend. See what is said of him in letter CLXVI, and note.—D.

‡ It appeared afterwards that the person here mentioned, after having behaved very bravely, gave so perplexed an account of his own conduct, that the Admiralty thought it necessary to have it examined; but the inquiry proved much to his honour.

I never heard of the advertisement that you mention to have received from Sir James Grey,* nor believe it was ever in the House of Commons; I must have heard of it. I hear as little of Lady O., who never appears; nor do I know if she sees Niccolini: he lives much with Lady Pomfret (who has married her third daughter†) and a good deal with the Prince.

Adieu! I think I have answered your letter, and have nothing more to put into mine.

LETTER CLXXII.

Arlington-Street, Feb. 23, 1747.

WHY, you do nothing but get fevers! I believe you try to dry your Wet-brown-paperness, till you scorch it. Or do you play off fevers against the Princess's *coliques?* Remember, hers are only for the support of her dignity, and that is what I never allowed you to have: you must‡ have twenty unlawful children, and then be

* "Sir James Gray has sent me the copy of an advertisement, the publisher of which, he says, had been examined before the House of Commons, *Lost or mislaid an ivory table book,* containing various queries vastly strong." Letter of Sir H. Mann of Jan. 10th, 1747. It probably related to the trial of the Rebel Lords.—D.

† Lady Henrietta Fermor, second wife of Mr. Conyers.

‡ All the following paragraph alludes to Princess Craon.

twenty years in devotion, and have twenty unchristian appetites and passions all the while, before you may think of getting into *a cradle* with *épuisements*, and have a Monsieur Forzoni * to burn the wings of boisterous gnats—pray be more robust—do you hear!

One would think you had been describing our opera, not your own; we have just set out with one in, what they call, the French manner, but about as like it, as my Lady Pomfret's hash of plural persons and singular verbs or infinitive moods was to Italian. They sing to jigs, and dance to church music: Phaeton is run away with by horses that go a footpace, like the Electress's† coach, with such long traces, that the postilion was in one street and the coachman in another—then comes Jupiter with a farthing-candle to light a squib and a half, and that they call fireworks. Reginello, the first man, is so old and so tall, that he seems to have been growing ever since the invention of operas. The first woman has had her mouth let out to show a fine set of teeth, but it lets out too much bad voice at the same time. Lord Middlesex, for his great prudence in having provided such very tractable

* Her gentleman usher.

† The Electress Palatine Dowager, the last of the House of Medici; she lived at Florence.

steeds to Prince Phaeton's car, is going to be Master of the Horse to the Prince of Wales; and for his excellent economy in never paying the performers, is likely to continue in the treasury. The two Courts growl again; and the old question of settling the 50,000*l.* a-year, talked of. The Tories don't list kindly under this new Opposition; though last week we had a warm day on a motion for inquiring into useless places and quarterings. Mr. Pitt was so well advised as to acquit my father pretty amply, in speaking of the Secret Committee. My Uncle Horace thanked him in a speech, and my brother Ned has been to visit him—*Tant d'empressement,* I think, rather shows an eagerness to catch at any opportunity of paying court to him; for I do not see the so vast merit in owning now for his interest, what for his honour he should have owned five years ago. This motion was spirited up by Lord Bath, who is raving again, upon losing the borough of Heydon, from which last week we threw his brother-in-law Gumley, and instated Luke Robinson, the old sufferer for my father, and the colleague of Mr. Chute's brother; an incident that will not heighten your indifference, any more than it did mine.

Lord Kildare is married to the charming Lady

Emily Lenox, who went the very next day to see her sister Lady Caroline Fox, to the great mortification of the haughty Duchess-mother. They have not given her a shilling, but the King endows her, by making Lord Kildare a Viscount Sterling ;* and they talk of giving him a pinchbeck-dukedom too, to keep him always first peer of Ireland. Sir Everard Falkener is married to Miss Churchill, and my sister is brought to-bed of a son.

Panciatici is arrived, extremely darkened in his person and enlivened in his manner. He was much in fashion at the Hague, but I don't know if he will succeed so well here; for in such great cities as this, you know people affect not to think themselves honoured by foreigners; and though we don't quite barbarize them as the French do, they are *toujours des Etrangers.* Mr. Chute thinks we have to the full all the politeness that can make a nation brutes to the rest of the world. He had an excellent adventure the other day with Lord Holderness, whom he met at a party at Lady Betty Germain's, but who could not possibly fatigue himself to recollect that they had ever met before in their lives.

* Meaning an *English* Viscount. He was created Viscount Leinster of Taplow in Bucks, Feb. 21st, 1747.—D.

Towards the end of dinner Lady Betty mentioned remembering a grandmother of Mr. Chute who was a peeress: immediately the Earl grew as fond of him as if they had walked together at a coronation. He told me another good story last night of Lord Hervey,* who was going with them from the opera, and was so familiar as to beg they would not call him *my Lord* and *your Lordship*. The freedom proceeded; when on a sudden, he turned to Mr. Whithed, and with a distressed friendly voice, said, "Now have you no peerage that can come to you by any woman?"

Adieu! my dear Sir; I have no news to tell you. Here is another letter of Niccolini that has lain in my standish this fortnight.

LETTER CLXXIII.

Arlington-Street, March 20, 1747.

I HAVE been living at old Lovat's trial, and was willing to have it over before I talked to you of it. It lasted seven days; the evidence was as strong as possible; and after all he had denounced, he made no defence. The Solicitor-General,† who was one of the managers for the House

* George, eldest son of John Lord Hervey, and afterwards Earl of Bristol, and Minister at Turin and Madrid.

† William Murray.

of Commons, shone extremely; the Attorney-General,* who is a much greater lawyer, is cold and tedious. The old creature's behaviour has been foolish, and at last, indecent. I see little of parts in him, nor attribute much to that cunning for which he is so famous: it might catch wild Highlanders; but the art of dissimulation and flattery is so refined and improved, that it is of little use now where it is not very delicate. His character seems a mixture of tyranny and pride in his villainy. I must make you a little acquainted with him. In his own domain he governed despotically, either burning or plundering the lands and houses of his open enemies, or taking off his secret ones by the assistance of his cook, who was his poisoner in chief. He had two servants who married without his consent: he said, "You shall have enough of each other," and stowed them in a dungeon, that had been a well, for three weeks. When he came to the Tower, he told them, that if he were not so old and infirm, they would find it difficult to keep him there. They told him they had kept much younger: "Yes," said he, "but they were inexperienced; they had not broke so many gaols as I have." At his own house he used to say, that for thirty years of his life he never saw a gallows

* Sir Dudley Ryder; afterwards Lord Chief Justice.

but it made his neck ache. His last act was to shift his treason upon his eldest son, whom he forced into the rebellion. He told Williamson, the Lieutenant of the Tower, "We will hang my eldest son, and then my second shall marry your niece." He has a sort of ready humour at repartee, not very well adapted to his situation. One day that Williamson complained that he could not sleep, he was so haunted with *rats*—he replied, "What do you say, that you are so haunted with *Ratcliffes?*" The first day, as he was brought to his trial, a woman looked into the coach, and said, "You ugly old dog, don't you think you will have that frightful head cut off?" He replied, "You ugly old ——, I believe I shall." At his trial he affected great weakness and infirmities, but often broke out into passions; particularly at the first witness, who was his vassal: he asked him how he dared to come thither! the man replied, to satisfy his conscience. Murray, the Pretender's Secretary, was the chief evidence, who, in the course of his information, mentioned Lord Traquair's having conversed with Lord Barrymore, Sir Watkyn Williams, and Sir John Cotton, on the Pretender's affairs, but that they were shy. He was proceeding to name others, but was stopped by Lord Talbot, and the Court ac-

quiesced—I think very indecently. It is imagined the Duchess of Norfolk would have come next upon the stage. The two Knights were present, as was Macleod, against whom a bitter letter from Lovat was read, accusing him of breach of faith; and afterwards Lovat summoned him to answer some questions he had to ask; but did not. It is much expected that Lord Traquair, who is a great coward, will give ample information of the whole plot. When Sir Everard Falkener had been examined* against Lovat, the Lord High Steward asked the latter if he had anything to say to Sir Everard? he replied, "No; but that he was his humble servant, and wished him joy of his young wife." The two last days he behaved ridiculously, joking, and making everybody laugh even at the sentence. He said to Lord Ilchester, who sat near the bar, "*Je meurs pour ma patrie, et ne m'en soucie gueres.*" When he withdrew, he said, "Adieu! my Lords, we shall never meet again in the same place." He says he will be hanged, for that his neck is so short and bended, that he should be struck in the shoulders. I did not think it possible to feel so little as I did at so melancholy a spectacle, but tyranny and villainy

* He was Secretary to the Duke, whom he had attended into Scotland during the rebellion.

wound up by buffoonery took off all edge of concern. The foreigners were much struck; Niccolini seemed a great deal shocked, but he comforts himself with the knowledge he thinks he has gained of the English constitution.

Don't thank Riccardi for me; I don't feel obliged for his immoderate demand, but expect very soon to return him his goods, for I have no notion that the two Lords who are to see them next week, will rise near his price. We have nothing like news: all the world has been entirely taken up with the trial. Here is a letter from Mr. Whithed to Lord Hobart. Mr. Chute would have written to-night, if I had not; but will next post. Adieu!

LETTER CLXXIV.

Arlington-Street, April 10, 1747.

I DEFERRED writing to you as long as they deferred the execution of old Lovat, because I had a mind to send you some account of his death, as I had of his trial. He was beheaded yesterday, and died extremely well, without passion, affectation, buffoonery, or timidity: his behaviour was natural and intrepid. He professed himself a Jansenist; made no speech, but sat

down a little while in a chair on the scaffold, and talked to the people round him. He said, "He was glad to suffer for his country, *dulce est pro Patriâ mori:* that he did not know how, but he had always loved it, *nescio quâ natale solum, &c.;* that he had never swerved from his principles; that this was the character of his family, who had been gentlemen for five hundred years." He lay down quietly, gave the sign soon, and was dispatched at a blow. I believe it will strike some terror into the Highlands, when they hear there is any power great enough to bring so potent a tyrant to the block. A scaffold fell down, and killed several persons; one, a man that had rid post from Salisbury the day before to see the ceremony; and a woman was taken up dead with a live child in her arms. The body* is sent into Scotland: the day was cold, and before it set out, the coachman drove the hearse about the court, before my Lord Traquair's dungeon, which could be no agreeable sight: it might to Lord Cromartie, who is *above the chair.*† Mr. Chute was at the execution with the Italians, who were more entertained than shocked: Panciatici told me, "It was a *triste* spectacle, *mais qu'il ne laissoit d'être beau.*" Nic-

* It was countermanded, and buried in the Tower.

† Lord Cromartie had been pardoned.—D.

colini has treasured it up among his insights into the English Constitution. We have some chance of a Peer's trial, that has nothing to do with the rebellion. A servant of a college has been killed at Oxford, and a verdict of wilful murder by persons unknown, brought in by the Coroner's inquest. These persons unknown are supposed to be Lord Abergavenny,* Lord Charles Scot,† and two more, who had played tricks with the poor fellow that night, while he was drunk, and the next morning he was found with his skull fractured, at the foot of the first Lord's staircase. One pities the poor boys, who undoubtedly did not foresee the melancholy event of their sport.

I shall not be able till next letter to tell you about Riccardi's gems; Lord Duncannon has been in the country; but he and Lord Carlisle are to come to me next Sunday, and determine.

Mr. Chute gave you some account of the Independents;‡ the committee have made a

* George Neville fifteenth Lord and first Earl of Abergavenny. Died 1785.—D.

† Lord Charles Scott, second son of Francis Duke of Buccleugh. He died at Oxford during the year 1747.—D.

‡ An innkeeper in Piccadilly, who had been beaten by them, gave information against them for treasonable practices, and a Committee of the House of Commons, headed by Sir W. Yonge and Lord Coke, was appointed to inquire into the matter.

foolish affair of it, and cannot furnish a report. Had it extended to three years ago, Lord Sandwich and Grenville* of the Admiralty would have made an admirable figure as Dictators of some of the most Jacobite healths that ever were invented. Lord Doneraile, who is made Comptroller to the Prince, went to the Committee, (whither all members have a right to go, though not to vote, as it is select, not secret,) and plagued Lyttelton to death, with pressing him to inquire into the healths of the year 43. The ministry are now trembling at home, with fear of losing the Scotch bills for humbling the Highland chiefs: they have whittled them down almost to nothing, in complaisance to the Duke of Argyll; and at last he deserts them. Abroad they are in panics for Holland, where the French have at once besieged two towns, that must fall into their hands, though we have plumed ourselves so much on the Duke's being at the head of 115,000 men.

There has been an excellent civil war in the house of Finch: our friend Lady Charlotte,† presented a daughter of John Finch, (him who

* George Grenville, afterwards Prime Minister.—D.

† Lady Charlotte Fermor, second daughter of Thomas Earl of Pomfret, and second wife of William Finch, Vice-Chamberlain to the King, formerly Ambassador in Holland, and brother of Daniel Earl of Winchilsea.

was stabbed by Sally Salisbury,)* his offspring by Mrs. Younger,† whom he since married. The King, Prince, and Princess, received her: her aunt Lady Bel,‡ forbad Lady Charlotte to present her to Princess Emily, whither, however, she carried her in defiance. Lady Bel called it publishing a bastard at Court, and would not present her—think on the poor girl! Lady Charlotte, with spirit, presented her herself. Mr. W. Finch stepped up to his other sister the Marchioness of Rockingham,§ and whispered her with his composed civility, that he knew it was a plot of her and Lady Bel to make Lady Charlotte miscarry. The sable dame, (who, it was said, is the blackest of the family, because she swept the chimney,) replied, "This is not a place to be indecent, and therefore I shall *only* tell you, that you are a rascal and a villain, and that if ever you dare to put your head into my house, I will kick you down stairs myself." *Politesse Angloise!*

* Sally Salisbury, alias Pridden, a woman of the town, stabbed the Hon. John Finch in a bagnio in the neighbourhood of Covent-garden; but he did not die of the wound.—D.

† Elizabeth Younger. Her daughter by the Hon. John Finch married John Mason, Esq. of Greenwich.—D.

‡ Lady Isabella Finch, Lady of the Bedchamber to the Princesses Emily and Caroline.

§ Lady Mary Finch, fifth daughter of Daniel sixth Earl of Winchilsea, married in 1716 to the Hon. Thomas Wentworth, afterwards created Marquis of Rockingham.—D.

Lord Winchilsea, (who, with his brother Edward, is embroiled with both sides,) came in, and informed everybody of any circumstances that tended to make both parties in the wrong. I am impatient to hear how this operates between my Lady Pomfret and her friend Lady Bel. Don't you remember how the Countess used to lug a half-length picture of the latter behind her post-chaise all over Italy, and have a new frame made for it in every town where she stopped? and have you forgot their correspondence, that poor Lady Charlotte was daily and hourly employed to transcribe into a great book, with the proper names in red ink? I have but just room to tell you, that the King is perfectly well; and that the Pretender's son was sent from Spain as soon as he arrived there. Thank you for the news of Mr. Townshend. Adieu!

LETTER CLXXV.

Arlington-Street, May 5, 1747.

It is impossible for me to tell you more of the new Stadtholder * than you must have heard from all quarters. Hitherto his existence has been of

* The Prince of Orange had just then been raised to that dignity in a tumultuary manner.

no service to his country. Hulst, which we had heard was relieved, has surrendered. The Duke was in it privately, just before it was taken, with only two aid-de-camps, and has found means to withdraw our three regiments. We begin to own now that the French are superior: I never believed they were not, or that we had taken the field before them; for the moment we had taken it, we heard of Marshal Saxe having detached fifteen thousand men to form sieges. There is a print published in Holland of the Devil weighing the Count de Saxe and Count Lowendahl in a pair of scales, with this inscription:

Tous deux vaillants,	Tous deux galiards,	Tous deux sans foy.
Tous deux galants,	Tous deux paliards,	Tous deux sans loy.
Tous deux constants,	Tous deux Batards,*	Tous deux à moy.

We are taken up with the Scotch bills for weakening clanships and taking away heritable jurisdictions. I have left them sitting on it to-day, but was pleased with a period of Nugent, "These jurisdictions are grievous—but nobody complains of them: therefore, what? there-

* The Count de Saxe was a natural son of Augustus the Second, King of Poland and Elector of Saxony, and of the Countess Konigsmark. The Count de Lowendahl was not a "Batard" himself; but his father, Woldemar, Baron of Lowendahl, was the son of the Count of Gildenlew, who was the natural son of Frederick the Third, King of Denmark.—D.

fore, they are excessively grievous." We had a good-natured bill moved to-day by Sir William Yonge, to allow council to prisoners on impeachments for treason, as they have on indictments. It hurt everybody at old Lovat's trial, all guilty as he was, to see an old wretch worried by the first lawyers in England, without any assistance but his own unpractised defence. It had not the least opposition; yet this was a point struggled for in King William's reign, as a privilege and dignity inherent in the Commons, that the accused by them should have no assistance of council. How reasonable, that men chosen by their fellow-subjects, for the defence of their fellow-subjects, should have rights detrimental to the good of the people whom they are to protect! Thank God! we are a better-natured age, and have relinquished this savage privilege with a good grace!

Lord Cowper* has resigned the Bedchamber, on the Beefeaters being given to Lord Falmouth. The latter, who is powerful in elections, insisted on having it: the other had nothing but a promise from the King, which the ministry had already twice forced him to break.

Mr. Fox gave a great ball last week at Hol-

* William second Earl Cowper, son of the Chancellor. He died in 1764.—D.

land-house, which he has taken for a long term, and where he is making great improvements. It is a brave old house, and belonged to the gallant Earl of Holland, the lover of Charles the First's Queen. His motto has puzzled everybody; it is, *Ditior est qui se.* I was allowed to hit off an interpretation, which yet one can hardly reconcile to his gallantry, nor can I decently repeat it to you. While I am writing, the Prince is going over the way to Lord Middlesex's, where there is a ball in mask to-night for the royal children.

The two Lords have seen and refused Marquis Riccardi's gems: I shall deliver them to Pucci; but am so simple (you will laugh at me,) as to keep the four I liked: that is, I will submit to give him fifty pounds for them, if he will let me choose one ring more; for I will at least have it to call them at ten guineas a-piece. If he consents, I will remit the money to you, or pay it to Pucci, as he likes. If not, I return them with the rest of the cargo. I can choose no ring for which I would give five guineas.

I have received yours of April 25th, since I came home. You will scold me for being so careless about the Pretender's son; but I am determined not to take up his idea again, till he is at least on this side Derby. Do excuse me;

but when he could not get to London, with all the advantages which the ministry had smoothed for him, how can he ever meet more concurring circumstances?

If my Lady's* return has no better foundation than Niccolini's authority, I assure you you may believe as little of it as you please. If he knows no more of her, than he does of everything else that he pretends to know, as I am persuaded he does not, knowledge cannot possibly be thinner spread. He has been a progress to add more matter to the mass, that he already don't understand. Adieu!

LETTER CLXXVI.

Arlington Street, May 19, 1747.

As you will receive the Gazette at the same time with this letter, I shall leave you to that for the particulars of the great naval victory that Anson has gained over the French off Cape Finisterre.† It is a very big event, and by far one of the most considerable that has happened

* Lady Orford.—D.

† Upon this occasion Admiral Anson took six French men-of-war, and four of their East Indiamen, and sunk or destroyed the rest of heir fleet.—D.

during this war. By it he has defeated two expeditions at once; for the fleet that he has demolished, was to have split, part for the recovery of Cape Breton, part for the East Indies. He has always been most remarkably fortunate: Captain Grenville, the youngest of the brothers, was as unlucky; he was killed by the cannon that was fired as a signal for their striking.* He is extremely commended: I am not partial to the family; but it is but justice to mention, that when he took a great prize some time ago, after a thousand actions of generosity to his officers and crew, he cleared sixteen thousand pounds, of which he gave his sister ten. The King is in great spirits. The French fought exceedingly well.

I have no other event to tell you, but the promotion of a new brother of your's. I condole with you, for they have literally sent one Dayrolle† Resident to Holland, under Lord Sandwich,

—— Mimum partes tractare secundas.

This curious Minister has always been a led-

* Thomas Grenville, youngest brother of Richard Earl Temple. As soon as he was struck by the cannon-ball, he said, gallantly, "Well! it is better to die thus, than to be tried by a court-martial!"

† Solomon Dayrolles, Esq. There are many letters addressed to him in Lord Chesterfield's Miscellaneous Correspondence.—D.

Captain to the Dukes of Grafton and Richmond; used to be sent to auctions for them, and to walk in the Park with their daughters, and once went dry-nurse to Holland with them. He has belonged, too, a good deal to my Lord Chesterfield, to whom, I believe, he owes this new honour; as he had before made him black-rod in Ireland, and gave the ingenious reason, that he had a black face. I believe he has made him a minister, as one year, at Tunbridge, he had a mind to make a wit of Jacky Barnard, and had the impertinent vanity to imagine that his authority was sufficient.

Your brother is gone over the way with Mr. Whithed, to choose some of Lord Cholmondeley's pictures for his debt; they are all given up to the creditors, who yet scarce receive forty per cent. of their money.

It is wrong to send so short a letter as this so far, I know; but what can one do? after the first fine shower, I will send you a much longer. Adieu!

LETTER CLXXVII.

Arlington-Street, June 5, 1747.

Don't be more frightened at hearing the Parliament is to be dissolved in a fortnight, than

you are obliged to be as a good Minister. Since this Parliament has not brought over the Pretender, I trust the death of it will not. You will want to know the reason of this sudden step: several are given, as the impossibility of making either peace or war, till they are secure of a new majority; but I believe the true motive is to disappoint the Prince, who was not ready with his elections. In general, people seem to like the measure, except the Speaker, who is very pompous about it, and speaks constitutional paragraphs. There are rumours of changes to attend its exit. People imagine Lord Chesterfield* is to quit, but I know no other grounds for this belief, than that they conclude the Duke of Newcastle must be jealous of him by this time. Lord Sandwich is looked upon as his successor whenever it shall happen. He is now here, to look after his Huntingdonshire boroughs. We talk nothing but elections—however, it is better than talking them for a year together. Mine for Callington (for I would not come in for Lynn, which I have left to Prince Pigwiggin†) is so easy, that I shall have no trouble, not even the dignity of being carried in triumph, like

* He was now Secretary of State, which office he did not resign till Feb. 1748.—D.

† Eldest son of Horatio Walpole, brother of Sir R. Walpole.

the lost sheep, on a porter's shoulders; but may retire to a little new farm that I have taken just out of Twickenham. The house is so small, that I can send it you in a letter to look at: the prospect is as delightful as possible, commanding the river, the town, and Richmond park; and being situated on a hill descends to the Thames through two or three little meadows, where I have some Turkish sheep and two cows, all studied in their colours for becoming the view. This little rural *bijou* was Mrs. Chenevix's, the toy-woman *à la mode*, who in every dry season is to furnish me with the best rain-water from Paris, and now and then with some Dresden-china cows, who are to figure like wooden classics in a library: so I shall grow as much a shepherd as any swain in the Astræa.

Admiral Anson* is made a baron, and Admiral Warren† Knight of the Bath—so is Niccolini to be—when the King dies.‡ His Majesty and his son were last night at the masquerade at Rane-

George Anson, created Lord Anson of Soberton. He is well known for his voyage round the world, as well as for his naval successes. He was long first Lord of the Admiralty; but did not distinguish himself as a statesman. He died suddenly while walking in his garden at Moor Park in Hertfordshire, June 6th, 1762.—D.

† Sir Peter Warren was the second in command in the victory off Cape Finisterre.—D.

‡ The Abbé Niccolini was in much favour with the Prince of Wales.—D.

lagh, where there was so little company, that I was afraid they would be forced to walk about together.

I have been desired to write to you for two scagliola tables; will you get them? I will thank you, and pay you too.

You will hardly believe that I intend to send you this for a letter, but I do. Mr. Chute said he would write to you to-day, so mine goes as page to his. Adieu!

LETTER CLXXVIII.

Arlington-Street, June 26, 1747.

You can have no idea of the emptiness of London, and of the tumult everywhere else. To-day many elections begin. The sums of money disbursed within this month would give anybody a very faint idea of the poverty of this undone country! I think the expense and contest is greater now we are said to be all of a mind, than when parties ran highest. Indeed I ascribe part of the solitude in town to privilege being at an end; though many of us can afford to bribe so high, it is not so easy to pay debts. Here am I, as Lord Cornbury* says, sitting for

* Henry Hyde, only son of the last Earl of Clarendon. He died before his father.

a borough, while everybody else stands for one. He diverted me extremely the other day with the application of a story to the King's speech.—It says, the reason for dissolving the Parliament is its being so near dissolution: Lord Cornbury said it put him in mind of a jailor in Oxfordshire who was remarkably humane to his prisoners; one day he said to one of them, "My good friend, you know you are to be hanged on Friday se'nnight; I want extremely to go to London; would you be so kind as to be hanged next Friday?"

Pigwiggin is come over, more Pigwiggin than ever! He entertained me with the horrid ugly figures that he saw at the Prince of Orange's court: think of his saying *ugly figures!* He is to be chosen for Lynn, whither I would not go, because I must have gone; I go to Callington again, whither I don't go. My brother chooses Lord Luxborough* for Castlerising. Would you know the connexion? This Lord keeps Mrs. Horton the player; *we* keep Miss Norsa the player: Rich the harlequin is an intimate of all; and to cement the harlequinity, somebody's brother (excuse me if I am not perfect in such a genealogy) is to marry the Jewess's sister. This

* Robert Knight, eldest son of the famous Cashier of the S. S. Company. (Created Lord Luxborough in Ireland 1746, and Earl of Catherlough in 1763. Died in 1772.—D.)

coup de théatre procured Knight his Irish coronet, and has now stuffed him into Castlerising, about which my brother had quarrelled with me, for not looking upon it, as, what he called, a family-borough. Excuse this ridiculous detail; it serves to introduce the account of the new peers, for Sir Jacob Bouverie, a considerable Jacobite, who is made Viscount Folkestone, bought his ermine at twelve thousand pounds a-yard of *the Duchess of Kendal* d'aujourdhui.* Sir Harry Liddel is Baron Ravensworth, and Duncombe Baron Feversham; Archer and Rolle have only changed their Mr.-ships for Lordships. Lord Middlesex has lost one of his Lordships, that of the Treasury; is succeeded by the second Grenville, and he by Ellis† at the Admiralty. Lord Ashburnham had made a magnificent summer suit to wait, but Lord Cowper at last does not resign the bedchamber. I intend to laugh over this *disgrazia* with the Chuteheds, when they return triumphant from Hampshire, where Whithed has no enemy. *Apropos* to enemies! I believe the battle in Flanders is *compromised,* for one never hears of it.

The Duchess of Queensberry‡ has at last been

* Lady Yarmouth, the mistress of George II.—D.

† Right Hon. Welbore Ellis.—D.

‡ She had quarrelled with the Court in consequence of the refusal to permit Gay's sequel to the Beggar's opera, called "Polly," to be acted.—D.

at Court, a point she has been intriguing these two years. Nobody gave into it. At last she snatched at the opportunity of her son being obliged to the King for a regiment in the Dutch service, and would not let him go to thank, till they sent for her too. Niccolini, who is next to her in absurdity and importance, is gone electioneering with Doddington.

I expect Pucci every day to finish my trouble with Riccardi; I shall take any ring, though he has taken care I should not take another tolerable one. If you will pay him, which I fancy will be the shortest way to prevent any *fripponnerie*, I will put the money into your brother's hands.

My eagle is arrived—my eagle *tout court*, for I hear nothing of the pedestal: the bird itself was sent home in a store-ship; I was happy that they did not reserve the statue, and send its footstool. It is a glorious fowl! I admire it, and everybody admires it as much as it deserves. There never was so much spirit and fire preserved, with so much labour and finishing. It stands fronting the Vespasian: there are no two such morsels in England!

Have you a mind for an example of English *bizarrerie?* there is a Fleming here, who carves exquisitely in ivory, one Verskovis; he has done much for me and where I have recommended

him; but he is starving, and returning to Rome, to carve for—the English, for whom, when he was there before, he could not work fast enough.

I know nothing, nor ever heard of the Mills's and Davisons; and know less than nothing of whether they are employed from hence. There is nobody in town of whom to inquire; if there were, they would ask me for what borough these men were to stand, and wonder that I could name people from any other motive. Adieu!

LETTER CLXXIX.

Arlington Street, July 3, 1747.

You would think it strange not to hear from me after a battle;* though the printed relation is so particular, that I could only repeat what that contains. The *sum total* is, that we would fight, which the French did not intend; we gave them, or did not take, the advantage of situation; they attacked: what part of our army was engaged did wonders, for the Dutch ran away, and we had contrived to post the Austrians in such a manner, that they could not assist us: we were overpowered by numbers, though the centre was first broke by the retreating Dutch; and

* The battle of Laffelt.

though we retired, we killed twelve thousand of the enemy, and lost six ourselves. The Duke was very near taken, having through his short-sight, mistaken a body of French for his own people. He behaved as bravely as usual; but his prowess is so well-established, that it grows time for him to exert other qualities of a General.

We shine at sea; two-and-forty sail of the Domingo fleet have fallen into our hands, and we expect more. The ministry are as successful in their elections: both Westminster and Middlesex have elected Court-candidates, and the City of London is taking the same step, the first time of many years that the two latter have been Whig; but the non-subscribing at the time of the rebellion, has been most successfully played off upon the Jacobites—of which stamp great part of England was till—the Pretender came. This would seem a paradox in any other country, but contradictions are here the only rule of action. Adieu!

LETTER CLXXX.

Arlington-Street, July 28, 1747.

THIS is merely one of my letters of course, for I have nothing to tell you. You will hear that

Bergenopzoom still holds out, and is the first place that has not said *yes,* the moment the French asked it the question. The Prince of Waldeck has resigned, on some private disgust with the Duke. Mr. Chute received a letter from you yesterday, with the account of the deliverance of Genoa, which had reached us before, and had surprised nobody. But when you wrote, you did not know of the great victory obtained by eleven battalions of Piemontese over six-and-forty of the French, and of the lucky but brave death of their commander, the Chevalier de Belleisle. He is a great loss to the French, none to Count Saxe; an irreparable one to his own brother, whom, by the force of his parts, he had pushed so high, at the same time always declining to raise himself, lest he should eclipse the Marshal, who seems now to have missed the ministry, by his Italian scheme, as he did before by his ill-success in Germany. We talk of nothing but peace: I hope we shall not make as bad an one as we have made a war, though one is the natural consequence of the other.

We have at last discovered the pedestal for my glorious eagle, at the bottom of the storeship; but I shall not have it out of the Custom-house till the end of this week. The lower part of the eagle's beak has been broke off and lost:

I wish you would have the head only of your Gesse cast, and send it me, to have the original restored from it.

The commission for the scagliola tables was given me without any dimensions; I suppose there is a common size. If the original friar * can make them, I shall be glad: if not, I fancy the person would not care to wait so long as you mention, for what would be less handsome than mine.

I am almost ashamed to send you this summer-letter; but nobody is in town; even election news are all over. Adieu!

LETTER CLXXXI.

Arlington-Street, Sept. 1, 1747.

YOUR two last are of August 1st and 22nd. I fear my last to you was of July 28th. I have no excuse, but having nothing to tell you, and having been in the country. Bergenopzoom still holds out; the French have lost great numbers before it, though at first, at least, it was not at all well-defended. Nothing else is talked of, and opinions differ so much about the event, that I don't pretend to guess what it will be.

* Scagliola is a composition, which was made only at Florence by father Hugford, an Irish friar.

It appears now that if the Dutch had made but decent defences of all the other towns, France would have made but slow progress in the conquest of Flanders, and wanted many thousand men that now threaten Europe.

There are not ten people in London besides the Chuteheds and me; the White one is going into Hampshire; I hope to have the other a little with me at Twickenham, whither I go tomorrow for the rest of the season.

I don't know what to say to you about Mr. Mill; I can learn nothing about him: my connexions with anything ministerial are as little as possible; and were they bigger, the very commission, that you apprehend, would be a reason to make them keep it secret from you, on whose account alone they would know I inquired. I cannot bring myself to believe that he is employed from hence; and I am always so cautious of meddling about you, for fear of risking you in any light, that I am the unfittest person in the world to give you any satisfaction on this head: however, I shall continue to try.

I never heard anything so unreasonable as the Pope's request to that Cardinal Guadagni;* but I suppose they will make him comply.

* This relates to a request made by the Pope to Cardinal Guadagni, to resign a piece of preferment, which he was in possession of.—D.

You will, I think, like Sir James Grey; he is very civil and good-humoured, and sensible. Lord ——* is the two former, but alas! he is returned little wiser than he went.

Is there a bill of exchange sent to your brother? or may not I pay him without? it is fifty pounds and three zechins, is it not? Thank you.

Pandolfini is gone with Count Harrache; Panciatici goes next week; I believe he intended staying longer; but either the finances fail, or he does not know how to dispose of these two empty months alone; for Niccolini is gone with the Prince to Cliefden. I have a notion the latter would never leave England, if he could but bring himself to change his religion; or which he would like as well, if he could persuade the Prince to change his. Good night!

LETTER CLXXXII.

Arlington-Street, Oct. 2, 1747.

I AM glad the Chuteheds are as idle as I am, for then you will believe it is nothing but idleness. I don't know that it is absolutely so; I rather flatter myself that it is want of materials that has made me silent, I fear, above these five weeks. Literally nothing has happened but the

* So in the MS.—D.

treachery at Bergenopzoom, and of that all the world knows at least as much as I do. The Duke is coming home, and both armies are going into quarters, at least for the present: the French, I suppose, will be in motion again with the first frosts. Holland seems gone!—how long England will remain after it, Providence and the French must determine! This is too ample a subject to write but little upon, and too obvious to require much.

The Chuteheds have been extremely good, and visited and stayed with me at Twickenham —I am sorry I must at your expense be so happy. If I were to say all I think of Mr. Chute's immense honesty, his sense, his wit, and his knowledge, and his humanity, you would think I was writing a dedication. I am happy in him; I don't make up to him for you, for he loves nothing a quarter so well; but I try to make him regret you less—do you forgive me? Now I am commending your friends, I reproach myself with never having told you how much I love your brother Gal*—you yourself have not more constant good humour—indeed he has not such trials with illness, as you have, you patient soul! but he is like you, and much to my fancy. Now I live a good deal at Twickenham, I see

* Galfridus Mann, twin-brother of Horace Mann.

more of him, and like to see more of him: you know I don't throw my liking about the street.

Your Opera must be fine, and that at Naples glorious: they say we are to have one, but I doubt it. Lady Middlesex is breeding—the child will be well-born; the Sackville is the worst blood it is supposed to swell with. Lord Holderness has lost his son. Lady Charlotte Finch, when she saw company on her lying-in, had two toilets spread in her bedchamber with her own and Mr. Finch's dressing plate. This was certainly a stroke of vulgarity that my Lady Pomfret copied from some *festino* in [illegible]ly.

Lord Bath and his Countess and his son* have been making a tour: at Lord Leicester's† they forgot to give anything to the servants that showed the house; upon recollection—and deliberation, they sent back a man and horse six miles with—half a crown! What loads of money they are saving for the French!

Adieu! my dear child—perhaps you don't know that *I cast many a Southern look*‡ towards Florence—I think within this half year I have thought more of making you a visit, than in any

* William Viscount Pulteney, only son of Lord Bath. He died in his father's life time.—D.

† Holkham.—D.

‡ Shakspeare, Henry IV.—"Cast many a northern look to see his father bring up his powers."

half-year since I left you. I don't know whether the difficulties will ever be surmounted, but you cannot imagine how few they are: I scarce think they are in the plural number.

LETTER CLXXXIII.

Arlington-Street, Nov. 10, 1747.

I CAME to town but last week; but on looking over the dates of my letters, I find I am six weeks in arrear to you. This is a period that ought to make me blush, and beyond what I think I was ever guilty; but I have not a tittle to tell you; that is, nothing little enough has happened, nor big enough, except Admiral Hawke's* great victory, and for that I must have transcribed the gazettes.

The Parliament met this morning, the House extremely full, and many new faces. We have done nothing but choose a speaker, and in choos-

* Admiral Edward Hawke, afterward created Lord Hawke for his eminent naval services. On the 15th July 1747, he met a large fleet of French merchant vessels going from the ports of France to the West Indies, and guarded by a strong force of ships-of-war. He completely routed them, and took six of the ships-of-war. It was in his dispatch to the Admiralty on this occasion, that he made use of the following remarkable expression—"As the enemy's ships were large, they took a great deal of *drubbing*."—D.

ing him, flattered Mr. Onslow, who is re-chosen. In about ten days one shall be able to judge of the complexion of the winter, but there is not likely to be much opposition. The Duke was coming, but is gone back to Breda for a few days. When he does return, it will be only for three weeks. He is to watch the French and the negotiations for peace, which are to be opened—I believe not in earnest.

Whithed has made his entrance into Parliament; I don't expect he will like it. The first session is very tiresome with elections; and without opposition there will be little spirit.

Lady Middlesex has popped out her child before its time; it is put into spirits, and my Lord very *loyally* cries over it. Lady Gower carried a niece to Leicester-fields* the other day, to present her: the girl trembled—she pushed her, "What are you so afraid of! Don't you see that musical clock! Can you be afraid of a man that has a musical clock?"

Don't call this a letter; I don't call it one; it only comes to make my letter's excuses. Adieu!

* Where the Prince of Wales held his court. Lady Gower was Mary Tufton, daughter of Thomas Earl of Thanet, and widow of Anthony Grey Earl of Harold, who became in 1736 the third wife of John second Lord Gower.—D.

LETTER CLXXXIV.

Arlington-Street, Nov. 24, 1747.

You say so many kind things to me in your letter of Nov. 7th, on my talking of a journey to Florence, that I am sorry I mentioned it to you. I did it to show you that my silence is far from proceeding from any forgetfulness of you; and as I really think continually of such a journey, I name it now and then; though I don't find how to accomplish it. In short, my affairs are not so independent of everybody, but that they require my attending to them, to make them go smoothly; and unless I could get them into another situation, it is not possible for me to leave them. Some part of my fortune is in my Lord O.'s* hands; and if I were out of the way of giving him trouble, he has not generosity enough to do anything that would be convenient to me. I will say no more on this subject, because it is not a pleasant one; nor would I have said this, but to convince you that I did not mention returning to Florence out of *gaieté de cœur*. I never was happy but there; have a million of times repented returning to England, where I never was happy, nor expect to be. For Mr. Chute's silence, next to myself, I can answer for him: he

* Lord Orford, the eldest brother of Horace Walpole.—D.

always loves you, and I am persuaded wishes nothing more than himself at Florence. I did hint to him your kind thought about Venice, because, as I saw no day-light to it, it could not disappoint him; and because I knew how sensible he would be to this mark of your friendship. There is not a glimmering prospect of our sending a Minister to Berlin; if we did, it would be a person of far greater consideration than Sir James Grey; and even if he went thither, there are no means of procuring his succession for Mr. Chute. My dear child, you know little of England, if you think such and so quiet merit as his likely to meet friends here. Great assurance or great quality are the only recommendations. My father was abused for employing low people with parts—that complaint is totally removed.

You reproach me with telling you nothing of Bergenopzoom: seriously I knew nothing but what was in the papers; and in general, on those great public events, I must transcribe the gazette, if you will have me talk to you. You will have seen by the King's Speech, that a Congress is appointed at Aix-la-Chapelle, but nobody expects any effect from it. Except Mr. Pelham, the ministry in general are for the war; and what is comical, the Prince and the Opposition are so too. We have had but one division

yet in the House, which was on the Duke of Newcastle's interfering in the Seaford election. The numbers were, 247 for the Court, against 96. But I think it very probable that in a little time a stronger opposition will be formed, for the Prince has got some new and very able speakers; particularly a young Mr. Potter,* son of the last Archbishop, who promises very greatly: the world is already matching him against Mr. Pitt.

I sent Niccolini the letter; and here is another from him. I have not seen him this winter, nor heard of him: he is of very little consequence, when there is anything else that is.

I have lately had Lady Mary Wortley's Eclogues† published, but they don't please, though so excessively good: I say so confidently, for Mr. Chute agrees with me: he says, for the epistle to Arthur Grey, scarce any woman could have written it, and no man; for a man who had had

* Thomas, son of Dr. Potter, Archbishop of Canterbury, was appointed Secretary to the Princess of Wales, in which post he remained till the death of the Prince: he made two celebrated speeches on the Seaford election, and on the contest between Aylesbury and Buckingham for the Summer Assizes; but did not long support the character here given of him.

† Some of these Eclogues had been printed long before: they were now published with other of her poems by Dodsley, in quarto, and soon after with others reprinted in his Miscellany.

experience enough to paint such sentiments so well, would not have had warmth enough left. Do you know anything of Lady Mary? her adventurer son* is come into parliament, but has not opened. Adieu, my dear child! *nous nous reverrons un jour!*

LETTER CLXXXV.

Arlington-Street, Jan. 12, 1748.

I HAVE just received a letter from you of the 19th of last month, in which you tell me you was just going to complain of me, when you received one from me: I fear I am again as much to blame, as far as not having written; but if I had, it could only be to repeat what you say would be sufficient, but what I flatter myself I need not repeat. The town has been quite empty, and the parliament, which met but yesterday, has been adjourned these three weeks. Except elections and such tiresome squabbles, I don't believe it will produce anything: it is all harmony. From Holland we every day hear

* Edward Wortley Montagu, after a variety of adventures in various characters, was taken up at Paris with Mr. Taaffe, another Member of Parliament, and imprisoned in Fort Léveque, for cheating and robbing a Jew.

bad news, which, though we don't believe at the present, we agree it is always likely to be true by to-morrow. Yet with no prospect of success, and scarce with a possibility of beginning another campaign, we are as martial as ever; I don't know whether it is, because we think a bad peace worse than a bad war, or that we don't look upon misfortunes and defeats abroad as enough our own, and are willing to taste of both at home. We are in no present apprehension from domestic disturbances, nor in my private opinion do I believe the French will attempt us, till it is for themselves. They need not be at the trouble of sending us Stuarts; that ingenious house could not have done the work of France more effectually than the Pelhams and the patriots have.

I will tell you a secret; there is a transaction going on to send Sir Charles Williams to Turin; he has asked it, and it is pushed: in my private opinion, I don't believe Villettes* will be easily overpowered; though I wish it from loving Sir Charles, and from thinking meanly of the other — but talents are no passports — Sir Everard Falkener† is going to Berlin. General Sinclair

* Minister at Turin, afterwards in Switzerland.

† He had been Ambassador at Constantinople; he was not sent to Berlin, but was Secretary to the Duke and one of the general Postmasters.

is presently to succeed Wentworth: he is Scotch-issime, in all the latitude of the word; and not very able; he made a poor business of it at Port L'Orient.

Lord Coke* has demolished himself very fast; I mean his character: you know he was married but last Spring; he is always drunk, has lost immense sums at play, and seldom goes home to his wife till eight in the morning. The world is vehement on her side; and not only her family, but his own give him up. At present matters are patching up, by the mediation of my brother, but I think can never go on: she married him extremely against her will; and he is at least an out-pensioner of Bedlam: his mother's family have many of them been mad.

I thank you, I have received the eagle's head: the bill is broken off individually in the same spot with the original; but as the piece is not lost, I believe it will serve.

I should never have expected you to turn Lorrain:† is your Madame de Givrecourt a successor‡ of my sister? I think you hint so.

* Edward, only son of Thomas Earl of Leicester, married Mary, youngest daughter of John Duke of Argyll, from whom he was parted; he died in 1752.

† The Emperor kept a Lorrain regiment at Florence; but there was little intercourse between the two nations.

‡ With Count Richcourt.

Where is the Princess, that you are so reduced? Adieu, my dear child! I don't say a kind word to you, because you seem to think it necessary, for assuring you of the impossibility of my ever forgetting, or loving you less.

LETTER CLXXXVI.

Arlington-Street, Jan. 26, 1748.

I HAVE again talked over with our Chute the affair of Venice; but besides seeing no practicability in it, we think you will not believe that Sir James Grey will be so simple as to leave Venice, whither with difficulty he obtained to be sent, when you hear that Mr. Legge * has actually kissed hands, and sets out on Friday for Berlin, as Envoy-Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary. We thought Sir Everard Falkener sure, but this has come forth very unexpectedly. Legge is certainly a wiser choice; nobody has better parts; and if art and industry can obtain success, I know no one would use more: but I don't think that the King of Prussia, with half

* Henry Legge, second son of the Earl of Dartmouth, was made Secretary of the Treasury by Sir Robert Walpole; and was afterwards Surveyor of the Roads, a Lord of the Admiralty, a Lord of the Treasury, Treasurer of the Navy, Chancellor of the Exchequer. He had been bred to the sea, and was for a little time Minister at Berlin.

parts, and much cunning, so likely to be the dupe of more parts and as much cunning, as the people with whom Legge has so prosperously pushed his fortune. My father was fond of him to the greatest degree of partiality, till he endeavoured to have a nearer tie than flattery gave him, by trying to marry Lady Mary: after that my Lord could never bear his name. Since that he has wriggled himself in with the Pelhams, by being the warmest friend and servant of their new allies, and is the first favourite of the little Duke of Bedford. Mr. Villiers* was desired to go to Berlin, but refused, and proposed himself for the Treasury, till they could find something else for him. They laughed at this; but he is as fit for one employment as the other. We have a stronger reason than any I have mentioned against going to Venice; which is, the excuse it might give to the Vine,† to forget we were in being; an excuse which his hatred of our preferment would easily make him embrace, as more becoming a good Christian brother!

The Ministry are triumphant in their Parliament: there have been great debates on the

* Thomas Villiers, brother of the Earl of Jersey, had been Minister at Dresden, and was afterwards a Lord of the Admiralty.

† Antony Chute, of the Vine, in Hampshire, elder brother of J. Chute; died in 1754.

new taxes, but no division: the House is now sitting on the Wareham election, espousing George Pitt's uncle,* one of the most active Jacobites, but of the coalition and in place, against Drax,† a great favourite of the Prince, but who has already lost one question on this election by a hundred.

Admiral Vernon has just published a series of letters to himself, among which are several of Lord Bath, written in the height of his opposition: there is one in particular to congratulate Vernon on taking Portobello, wherein this great virtuous patriot advises him *to do nothing more*, assuring him that his inactivity would all be imputed to my father. One does not hear that Lord Bath has called him to any account for this publication, though as villainous to these correspondents, as one of them was in writing such a letter; or as the Admiral himself was, who used to betray all his instructions to this enemy of the Government. Nobody can tell why he has published these letters now, unless to get money. What ample revenge every year gives my father against his patriot enemies! Had he never deserved well himself, posterity must still have the greatest opinion of him, when

* John Pitt, one of the lords of trade.

† Hen. Drax, the Prince's secretary, died in 1755.

they see on what rascal foundations were built all the pretences to virtue, which were set up in opposition to him! Pultney counselling the Admiral who was entrusted with the war not to pursue it, that its mismanagement might be imputed to the Minister! the Admiral communicating his orders to such an enemy of his country! This enemy triumphant, seizing honours and employments, for himself and friends, which he had so avowedly disclaimed; other friends whom he had neglected, pursuing him for gratifying his ambition; accomplishing his ruin, and prostituting themselves even more than he had done! all of them blowing up a rebellion by every art that could blacken the King in the eyes of the nation—and some of them promoting the trials and sitting in judgment on the wretches whom they had misled and deserted!—how black a picture! what odious portraits, when time shall write the proper names under them!

As famous as you think your Mr. Mill, I can find nobody who ever heard his name. Projectors make little noise here; and even any one who only *has* made a noise is forgotten as soon as out of sight. The knaves and fools of the day are too numerous to leave room to talk of yesterday. The pains that people, who have a

mind to be named, are forced to take to be very particular, would convince you how difficult it is to make a lasting impression on such a town as this. Ministers, authors, wits, fools, patriots, prostitutes, scarce bear a second edition. Lord Bolingbroke, Sarah Malcom,* and old Marlborough, are never mentioned but by elderly folks to their grandchildren, who had never heard of them. What would last Pannoni's† a twelvemonth, is forgotten here in twelve hours. Good night!

LETTER CLXXXVII.

Arlington-Street, Feb. 16, 1748.

I AM going to tell you nothing but what Mr. Chute has told you already; that my Lord Chesterfield has resigned the seals, that the Duke of Newcastle has changed his province, and that the Duke of Bedford is the new Secretary of State. I think you need be under no apprehension from this change; I should be frightened enough, if you had the least reason; but I am quite at ease. Lord Chesterfield, who I believe had no quarrel but with his partner, is

* A Washerwoman at the Temple, executed for three murders.

† The coffee-house at Florence.

gone to Bath; and his youngest brother John Stanhope* comes into the Admiralty, where Sandwich is now first Lord. There seems to be some hitch in Legge's embassy; I believe we were overhasty. Proposals of peace were expected to be laid before Parliament, but that talk is vanished. The Duke of Newcastle, who is going greater lengths *in everything* for which he overturned Lord Granville, is all military; and makes more courts than one by this disposition. The Duke goes to Holland this week, and I hear we are going to raise another million. There are prodigious discontents in the army: the town had got a list of 150 officers, who desired at once to resign; but I believe this was exaggerated. *We* are great and very exact disciplinarians; our partialities are very strong, especially on the side of aversions; and none of these articles tally exactly with English tempers. Lord Robert Bertie† received a reprimand the other day by an *aid de camp* for blowing his nose

* John Stanhope, third son of Philip third Earl of Chesterfield, successively M. P. for Nottingham and Derby. He died in 1748. —D.

† Lord Robert Bertie was third son of Robert first Duke of Ancaster by his second wife. He became a general in the army, and Colonel of the second regiment of Guards, and was also a Lord of the Bed-chamber, and a Member of Parliament. He died in 1782. —D.

as he relieved the guard under a window,* where very exact notice is constantly taken of very small circumstances.

We divert ourselves extremely this winter; plays, balls, masquerades and pharaoh are all in fashion. The Duchess of Bedford has given a great ball, to which the King came with thirty masks. The Duchess of Queensberry is to give him a masquerade. Operas are the only consumptive entertainment. There was a new comedy last Saturday, which succeeds, called the Foundling;† I like the old Conscious Lovers better, and that not much; the story is the same, only that the Bevil of the new piece is in more hurry, and consequently more natural. It is extremely well acted by Garrick and Barry, Mrs. Cibber and Mrs. Woffington. My sister was brought to-bed last night of another boy. Sir C. Williams, I hear, grows more likely to go to Turin; you will have a more agreeble correspondent than your present voluminous brother.‡ Adieu!

* The Duke's. † By Edward Moor.

‡ Mr. Villettes.

LETTER CLXXXVIII.

Arlington-Street, March 11, 1748.

I HAVE had nothing lately to tell you but illnesses and distempers: there is what they call a milliary fever raging, which has taken off a great many people. It was scarce known till within these seven or eight years, but apparently increases every spring and autumn. They don't know how to treat it, but think they have discovered that bleeding is bad for it. The young Duke of Bridgewater* is dead of it. The Marquis of Powis† is dead too, I don't know of what, but though a Roman Catholic, he has left his whole fortune to Lord Herbert, the next male of his family, but a very distant relation. It is twelve thousand pounds a-year, with a very rich mine upon it; there is a debt, but the money and personal estate will pay it. After Lord Herbert‡ and his brother, who are both

* John Egerton second Duke of Bridgewater, eldest surviving son of Scroop the first Duke, by his second wife Lady Rachel Russell. He was succeeded by his younger brother Francis, upon whose death in 1803, the Dukedom of Bridgewater became extinct.—D.

† William Herbert second Marquis of Powis, upon whose death the title became extinct. His father William the first Marquis was created Duke of Powis and Marquis of Montgomery, by James the Second, after his abdication, which titles were in consequence never allowed.—D.

‡ Henry Arthur Herbert Lord Herbert, afterwards created Earl of Powis, married the young lady on whom the estate was entailed: his brother died unmarried.

unmarried, the estate is to go to the daughter of Lord Waldegrave's sister, by her first husband, who was the Marquis's brother.

In defiance of all these deaths, we are all diversions; Lady Dalkeith* and a company of Scotch nobility have formed a theatre, and have acted *the Revenge* several times; I can't say excellently: the Prince and Princess were at it last night. The Duchess of Queensberry gives a masquerade to-night, in hopes of drawing the King to it; but he will not go. I do; but must own it is wondrous foolish to dress one's self out in a becoming dress, *in cold blood.* There has been a new comedy, called *the Foundling*, far from good, but it took. Lord Hobart and some more young men made a party to damn it, merely for the love of damnation. The Templars espoused the play, and went armed with syringes charged with stinking oil, and with sticking plaisters. But it did not come to action; Garrick was impertinent, and the pretty men gave over their plot the moment they grew to be in the right.

* Caroline, eldest daughter of John Duke of Argyll, married the eldest son of the Duke of Buccleuch, who dying before his father, she afterwards married Charles Townshend, second son of the Lord Viscount Townshend. (She was created Baroness Greenwich in 1767.—D.)

I must now notify to you the approaching espousals of the most illustrious Prince Pigwiggin* with Lady Rachel Cavendish, third daughter of the Duke of Devonshire: the victim does not dislike it! my uncle makes great settlements, and the Duke is to get a peerage for Pigwiggin, upon the foot that the father cannot be spared out of the House of Commons—can you bear this old buffoon making himself of consequence, and imitating my father!

The Princess of Orange has got a son, and we have taken a convoy that was going to Bergen-opzoom; two trifling occurrences that are most pompously exaggerated, when the whole of both is, that the Dutch, who before sold themselves to France, will now grow excellent patriots, when they have a master entailed upon them; and we shall run ourselves more into danger, on having got an advantage which the French don't feel.

Violent animosities are sprung up in the House of Commons upon a sort of private affair between the Chief Justice Willes and the Grenvilles, who have engaged the ministry in an extraordinary step of fixing the Assizes at Buckingham by act of parliament in their favour.

* Horatio Walpole, eldest son of Horatio Walpole, brother of Sir Robert.

We have had three long days upon it in our House; and it is not yet over; but though they will carry it both there and in the Lords, it is by a far smaller majority than any they have had in this parliament. The other day Dr. Lee and Mr. Potter had made two very strong speeches against Mr. Pelham on this subject; he rose with the greatest emotion, fell into the most ridiculous passion, was near crying, and not knowing how to return it on the two, fell upon the Chief Justice, (who was not present,) and accused him of ingratitude. The eldest Willes got up extremely moved, but with great propriety and cleverness, "Told Mr. Pelham that his father had no obligation to any man now in the ministry; that he had been obliged to one of the greatest ministers that ever was, who is now no more; that the person who accused his father of ingratitude, was now leagued with the very men who had ruined that minister, to whom he (Mr. Pelham) owed his advancement, and without whom he would have been nothing!" This was daggers!—not a word of reply.

I had begun my letter before the masquerade, but had not time to finish it; there were not above one hundred persons; the dresses pretty; the Duchess as mad as you remember her. She had stuck up orders about dancing, as you see at

public bowling-greens; turned half the company out at twelve, kept those she liked to supper; and, in short, contrived to do an agreeable thing in the rudest manner imaginable; besides having dressed her husband in Scotch plaid, which just now is one of the things in the world that is reckoned most offensive—but you know we are all mad, so good night!

LETTER CLXXXIX.

Arlington-Street, April 29, 1748.

I KNOW I have not writ to you the Lord knows when, but I waited for something to tell you, and I have now what there was not much reason to expect. The preliminaries to the peace are actually signed* by the English, Dutch, and French: the Queen,† who would remain the only sufferer, though vastly less than she could expect, protests against this treaty, and the Sardinian minister has refused to sign too, till further orders. Spain is not mentioned, but France answers for them, and that they shall give us a new assiento. The armistice is for six weeks, with an exception to Maestricht, upon which the Duke sent Lord George Sackville to Marshal

* The peace of Aix-la-Chapelle.—D.

† Of Hungary.—D.

Saxe, to tell him that, as they are so near being friends, he shall not endeavour to raise the siege and spill more blood, but hopes the Marshal will give the garrison good terms, as they have behaved so bravely. The conditions settled are a general restitution on all sides, as Modena to its Duke, Flanders to the Queen, the Dutch towns to the Dutch, Cape Breton to France, and Final to the Genoese; but the Sardinian to have the cessions made to him by the Queen, who, you see, is to be made observe the treaty of Worms, though we do not. Parma and Placentia are to be given to Don Philip; Dunkirk to remain as it is, on the land-side; but to be *Utrecht'd** again to the sea. The Pretender to be renounced with all his descendants, male and female, even in stronger terms than by the quadruple alliance, and the cessation of arms to take place in all other parts of the world, as in the year 1712. The contracting powers agree to think of means of making the other powers come into this treaty, in case they refuse.

This is the substance; and wonderful it is what can make the French give us such terms, or why they have lost so much blood and treasure to so little purpose! for they have destroy-

* *i. e.* The works destroyed, as they were after the treaty of Utrecht. —D.

ed very little of the fortifications in Flanders. Monsieur de St. Severin told Lord Sandwich that he had full powers to sign now, but that the same courier that should carry our refusal, was to call at Namur and Bergenopzoom, where are mines under all the works, which were immediately to be blown up. There is no accounting for this, but from the King's aversion to go to the army, and to Marshal Saxe's fear of losing his power with the loss of a battle. He told Count Flemming, the Saxon Minister, who asked him if the French were in earnest in their offer of peace, "*Il est vray, nous demandons la paix comme des laches, et ne pouvons pas l'obtenir.*"

Stocks rise; the Ministry are in high spirits, and *peu s'en faut*, but we shall admire this peace as our own doing! I believe two reasons that greatly advanced it are, the King's wanting to go to Hanover, and the Duke's wanting to go into a salivation.

We had last night the most magnificent masquerade that ever was seen: it was by subscription at the Haymarket: everybody who subscribed five guineas had four tickets. There were about seven hundred people, all in chosen and very fine dresses. The supper was in two rooms, besides those for the King and Prince, who, with the foreign Ministers, had tickets given them.

You don't tell me whether the seal of which you sent me the impression, is to be sold: I think it fine, but not equal to the price which you say was paid for it. What is it? Homer or Pindar?

I am very miserable at the little prospect you have of success in your own affair: I think the person* you employed has used you scandalously. I would have you write to my uncle; but my applying to him would be very far from doing you service. Poor Mr. Chute has got so bad a cold that he could not go last night to the masquerade. Adieu! my dear child! there is nothing well that I don't wish you, but my wishes are very ineffectual!

LETTER CXC.

Arlington-Street, June 7, 1748.

Don't reproach me in your own mind for not writing, but reproach the world for doing nothing; for making peace as slowly as they made war. When anybody commits an event, I am ready enough to tell it you; but I have always declared against inventing news; when I do, I will set up a newspaper.

The Duke of Newcastle is not gone; he has

* Mr. Stone.

kissed hands, and talks of going this week: the time presses, and he has not above three days left to fall dangerously ill. There are a thousand wagers laid against his going: he has hired a transport, for the yatch is not big enough to convey all the tables and chairs and conveniences that he trails along with him, and which he seems to think don't grow out of England. I don't know how he proposes to lug them through Holland and Germany, though any objections that the map can make to his progress don't count, for he is literally so ignorant, that when one goes to take leave of him, he asks your commands into *the north*, concluding that Hanover is north of Great-Britain, because it is in the northern province, which he has just taken: you will scarce believe this, but upon my honour it is true.

The preliminaries wait the accession of Spain, before they can ripen into peace. Niccolini goes to Aix la Chapelle, and will be much disappointed if his advice is not asked there: he talks of being at Florence in October.

Sir William Stanhope has just given a great ball to Lady Caroline Petersham, to whom he takes extremely, since his daughter married herself to Mr. Ellis;* and as the Petershams are

* The Right Hon. Welbore Ellis, afterwards created Lord Men-

relations, they propose to be his heirs. The Chuteheds agreed with me, that the house, which is most magnificently furnished, all the ornaments designed by Kent, and the whole festino, put us more in mind of Florence, than anything we had seen here. There were silver-pharaoh and whist for the ladies that did not dance, deep basset and quinze for the men; the supper very fine.

I am now returning to my villa, where I have been making some alterations: you shall hear from me from *Strawberry-hill*, which I have found out in my lease, is the old name of my house; so pray, never call it Twickenham again. I like to be there better than I have liked being anywhere since I came to England. I sigh after Florence, and wind up all my prospects with the thought of returning there. I have days when I even set about contriving a scheme for going to you, and though I don't love to put you upon expecting me, I cannot help telling you, that I wish more than ever to be with you again. I can truly say, that I never was happy but at Florence, and you must allow that it is very natural to wish to be happy once more. Adieu!

dip. His first wife was Elizabeth only daughter of Sir William Stanhope, K.B. She died in 1761.—D.

LETTER CXCI.

Mistley, July 14, 1748.

I WOULD by no means resent your silence while you was at Pisa, if it were not very convenient; but I cannot resist the opportunity of taking it ill, when it serves to excuse my being much more to blame; and therefore, pray mind, I am very angry, and have not written, because you had quite left me off—and if I say nothing from hence,* do not imagine, it is because I am at a gentleman's house whom you don't know, and threescore miles from London, and because I have been but three days in London for above this month: I could say a great deal if I pleased, but I am very angry, and will not. I know several pieces of politics from Ipswich that would let you into the whole secret of the peace; and a quarrel at Dedham assembly, that is capable of involving all Europe in a new war—nay, I know what Admiral Vernon† knows of what you say has happened in the West Indies, and of which nobody else in England knows a word—but please to remember that you have been at the

* Mistley, near Manningtree, in Essex, the seat of Richard Rigby, Esq.

† He lived near Ipswich.

baths, and don't deserve that I should tell you a tittle—nor will I. In revenge, I will tell you something that happened to me four months ago, and which I would not tell you now, if I had not forgot to tell it you when it happened—nay, I don't tell it you now for yourself, only that you may tell it the Princess: I truly and seriously this winter won and was paid a milleleva at pharaoh; literally received a thousand and twenty-three sixpences for one: an event that never happened in the annals of pharaoh, but to Charles II.'s Queen Dowager, as the Princess herself informed me: ever since I have treated myself as Queen-dowager, and have some thoughts of being drawn so.

There are no good anecdotes yet arrived of the Duke of Newcastle's travels, except that at a review which the Duke made for him, as he passed through the army, he hurried about with his glass up to his eye, crying, "Finest troops! finest troops! greatest General!" then broke through the ranks when he spied any Sussex man, kissed him in all his accoutrements,—my dear Tom such an one! chattered of Lewes races; then back to the Duke with "Finest troops! greatest General!"—and in short was a much better show than any review. The Duke is expected over immediately; I don't know if

to stay, or why he comes—I mean, I do know, but am angry, and will not tell.

I have seen Sir James Grey, who speaks of you with great affection; and recommends himself extremely to me by it, when I am not angry with you; but I cannot possibly be reconciled till I have finished this letter, for I have nothing but this quarrel to talk of, and I think I have worn that out—so adieu! you odious, shocking, abominable monster!

LETTER CXCII.

Strawberry-Hill, ——

I BEG you will let me know whether the peace is arrived in Italy, or if you have heard anything of it, for in this part of the world, nobody can tell what is become of it. They say, the Empress Queen has stopped it; that she will not take back the towns in Flanders, which she says she knows are very convenient for us, but of no kind of use to her, and that she chooses to keep what she has got in Italy. However, we are determined to have peace at any rate, and the conditions must jumble themselves together as they can. These are the politics of Twickenham, my

metropolis; and to tell you the truth, I believe pretty near as good as you can have anywhere.

As to my own history, the scene is at present a little gloomy: my Lord Orford is in an extreme bad state of health, not to say a dangerous state: my uncle* is going off in the same way my father did. I don't pretend to any great feelings of affection for two men, because they are dying, for whom it is known I had little before, my brother especially having been as much my enemy as it was in his power to be; but I cannot with indifference see the family torn to pieces, and falling into such ruin, as I foresee; for should my brother die soon, leaving so great a debt, so small an estate to pay it off, two great places† sinking, and a wild boy of nineteen to succeed, there would soon be an end of the glory of Houghton, which had my father proportioned more to his fortune, would probably have a longer duration. This is an unpleasant topic to you who feel for us—however, I should not talk of it to one who would not feel. Your brother Gal. and I had a very grave conversation yesterday morning on this head; he thinks so like you, so reasonably and with so

* Lord Orford did not die till 1751, and old Horace Walpole not till 1757.—D.

† Auditor of the Exchequer and Master of the Buck-hounds.

much good nature, that I seem to be only finishing a discourse that I have already had with you. As my fears about Houghton are great, I am a little pleased to have finished a slight memorial* of it, a description of the pictures, of which I have just printed an hundred, to give to particular people: I will send you one, and shall beg Dr. Cocchi to accept another.

If I could let myself wish to see you in England, it would be to see you here: the little improvements I am making, have really turned Strawberry-hill into a charming villa; Mr. Chute, I hope, will tell you how pleasant it is: I mean literally tell you, for we have a glimmering of a *Venetian* prospect: he is just going from hence to town by water, down our *Brenta*.

You never say a word to me from the Princess, nor any of my old friends: I keep up our intimacy in my own mind, for I will not part with the idea of seeing Florence again. Whenever I am displeased here, the thoughts of that journey are my resource, just as cross would-be devout people when they have quarrelled with this world, begin packing up for the other. Adieu!

* Ædes Walpolianæ, or a description of the pictures at Houghton-hall, in Norfolk, first printed in 1747, and again in 1752.

LETTER CXCIII.

Strawberry-Hill, Sept. 18, 1748.

I HAVE two letters of yours to account for, and nothing to plead but my old insolvency — oh! yes, I have to scold you, which you find is an inexhaustible fund with me. You sent me your *demelè** with the whole city of Florence, and charged me to keep it secret—and the first person I saw was my Lord Hobart, who was full of the account he had received from you. You might as well have told a woman an improper secret, and expected to have it kept! but you may be very easy, for unless it reaches my Lady Pomfret or my Lady Orford, I dare say it will never get back to Florence; and for those two ladies, I don't think it likely that they should hear it, for the first is in a manner retired from the world, and the world is retired from the second. Now I have vented my anger, I am seriously sorry for you, to be exposed to the impertinence of those silly Florentine women—they deserve a worse term than silly, since they

* A Madame Ubaldini having raised a scandalous story of two persons whom she saw together in Mr. Mann's garden at one of his assemblies, and a scurrilous sonnet having been made upon the occasion, the Florentine ladies for some time pretended that it would hurt their characters to come any more to his assembly.

pretend to any characters. How could you act with so much temper? If they had treated me in this manner, I should have avowed ten times more than they pretended you had done—but you are an absolute Minister!

I am much obliged to Prince Beauvau for remembering me, and should be extremely pleased to show him all manner of attentions here; you know I profess great attachment to that family for their civilities to me. But how gracious the Princess has been to you! I am quite jealous of her dining with you: I remember what a rout there was to get her for half of half a quarter of an hour to your assembly.

The Bishop of London* is dead; having luckily for his family, as it proves, refused the Archbishoprick. We owe him the justice to say, that though he had broke with my father, he always expressed himself most handsomely about him, and without any resentment or ingratitude.

Your brothers are coming to dine with me; your brother Gal. is extremely a favourite with

* Dr. Edmund Gibson, had been very intimate with Sir R. W. and was designed by him for Archbishop, after the death of Wake; but setting himself at the head of the Clergy against the Quaker bill, he broke with Sir Robert, and lost the Archbishoprick, which was given to Potter; but on his death, the succeeding ministry offered it to Dr. Gibson.

me: I took to him for his resemblance to you; but am grown to love him upon his own fund.

The peace is still in a cloud: according to custom, we have hurried on our complaisance, before our new friends were at all ready with their's. There was a great Regency* kept in town to take off the prohibition of commerce with Spain: when they were met, somebody asked if Spain was ready to take off their's?—"Oh, Lord! we never thought of that!" They sent for Wall,† and asked him if his court would take the same step with us? He said, "He believed they might, but he had no orders about it." However, we proceeded, and hitherto are bit.

Adieu! by the first opportunity I shall send you the two books of Houghton, for yourself and Dr. Cocchi. My Lord Orford is much mended: my uncle has no prospect of ever removing from his couch.

* This means a meeting of the persons composing the Regency during the King's absence in Hanover.—D.

† General Wall, the Spanish Ambassador.

LETTER CXCIV.

Strawberry-Hill, Oct. 24, 1748.

I HAVE laughed heartily at your adventure of Milord Richard Onslow;* it is an admirable adventure! I am not sure that Riccardi's absurdity was not the best part of it. Where were the Rinuncinis, the Panciaticis, and Pandolfinis? were they as ignorant too? What a brave topic it would have been for Niccolini, if he had been returned, to display all his knowledge of England!

Your brothers are just returned from Houghton, where they found my brother extremely recovered: my uncle too, I hear, is better, but I think that an impossible recovery.† Lord Walpole is setting out on his travels; I shall be impatient to have him at Florence; I flatter myself you will like him: I, who am not troubled with partiality to my family, admire him

* One Daniel Bets, a Dutchman or Fleming, who called himself my Lord Richard Onslow, and pretended to be the Speaker's son, having forged letters of credit and drawn money from several bankers, came to Florence, and was received as an Englishman of quality by Marquis Riccardi, who could not be convinced by Mr. Mann of the imposture, till the adventurer ran away on foot to Rome in the night.

† Yet he did in great measure recover by the use of soap and lime-water.

much. Your brother has got the two books of Houghton, and will send them by the first opportunity: I am by no means satisfied with them; they are full of faults, and the two portraits wretchedly unlike.

The peace is signed between us, France, and Holland, but does not give the least joy; the Stocks do not rise, and the merchants are unsatisfied; they say France will sacrifice us to Spain, which has not yet signed: in short, there has not been the least symptom of public rejoicing; but the government is to give a magnificent firework.

I believe there are no news, but I am here all alone, planting. The parliament does not meet till the 29th of next month: I shall go to town but two or three days before that. The Bishop of Salisbury,* who refused Canterbury, accepts London, upon a near prospect of some fat fines. Old Tom Walker† is dead, and has left vast wealth and good places; but I have not heard where either are to go. Adieu! I am very paragraphical, and you see have nothing to say.

* Dr. Sherlock.

† He was surveyor of the roads, had been a kind of toadeater to Sir R. W. and Lord Godolphin, was a great frequenter of Newmarket, and a notorious usurer.

LETTER CXCV.

Arlington-Street, Dec. 2, 1748.

Our King is returned, and our parliament met: we expected nothing but harmony and tranquillity, and love of the peace; but the very first day opened with a black cloud, that threatens a stormy session. To the great surprise of the ministry, the Tories appear in intimate league with the Prince's party; and both agreed in warm and passionate expressions on the treaty: we shall not have the discussion till after Christmas. My uncle, who is extremely mended by soap—and the hopes of a peerage, is come up, and the very first day broke out in a volley of treaties: though he is altered, you would be astonished at his spirits.

We talk much of the Chancellor's* resigning the Seals, from weariness of the fatigue, and being made President of the Council, with other consequent changes, which I will write you if they happen; but as this has already been a discourse of six months, I don't give it you for certain.

Mr. Chute, to whom alone I communicated Niccolini's banishment, though it is now talked of from the Duke of Bedford's office, says, "He

* Lord Hardwicke.—D.

is sorry the Abbé is banished for the only thing which he ever saw to commend in him, his abusing the Tuscan ministry." I must tell you another admirable *bon mot* of Mr. Chute, now I am mentioning him. Passing by the door of Mrs. Edwards, who died of drams, he saw the motto which the undertakers had placed to her escutcheon, *Mors janua vitæ*, he said, "It ought to have been *Mors aqua vitæ*."

The burlettas are begun; I think not decisively liked or condemned yet; their success is certainly not rapid, though Pertici is excessively admired: Garrick says he is the best comedian he ever saw; but the women are execrable; not a pleasing note amongst them. Lord Middlesex has stood a trial with Monticelli, for arrears of salary, in Westminster-Hall, and even let his own hand-writing be proved against him! you may imagine he was cast. Hume Campbell, Lord Marchmont's brother, a favourite advocate, and whom the ministry have pensioned out of the Opposition into silence, was his council, and protested, striking his breast, that he had never set his foot but once into an opera-house in his life. This affectation of British patriotism is excellently ridiculous in a man so known: I have often heard my father say, that of all the men he ever knew, Lord Marchmont and Hume

Campbell were the most abandoned in their professions to him on their coming into the world; he was hindered from accepting their services by the present Duke of Argyll, of whose faction they were not. They then flung themselves into the Opposition, where they both have made great figures, till the elder was shut out of Parliament by his father's death, and the younger, being very foolishly dismissed from being Solicitor to the Prince, in favour of Mr. Bathurst, accepted a pension from the Court, and seldom comes into the house, and has lately taken to live on roots and to study astronomy. Lord Marchmont, you know, was one of Pope's heroes, had a place in Scotland on Lord Chesterfield's coming into the ministry, though he had not power to bring him into the sixteen; and was very near losing his place last winter, on being supposed the author of the famous apology for Lord Chesterfield's resignation. This is the history of these Scotch brothers, which I have told you for want of news.

Two Oxford scholars are condemned to two years imprisonment for treason; and their Vice-Chancellor, for winking at it, is soon to be tried. What do you say to the young Pretender persisting to stay in France? It will not be easy to persuade me, that it is without the approbation of that Court. Adieu!

LETTER CXCVI.

Arlington-Street, Dec. 15, 1748.

I CONCLUDE your Italy talks of nothing but the young Pretender's imprisonment at Vincennes. I don't know whether he be a Stuart, but I am sure by his extravagance he has proved himself of English extraction! What a mercy that we had not him here! with a temper so impetuous and obstinate, as to provoke a French government, when in their power, what would he have done with an English government in his power? An account came yesterday, that he with his Sheridan and a Mr. Stafford, (who was a creature of my Lord Bath,) are transmitted to Pont de Beauvoisin, under a solemn promise never to return into France, (I suppose, unless they send for him.) It is said that a Mr. Dun, who married Alderman Parsons's eldest daughter, is in the Bastile for having struck the officer, when the young man was arrested.

Old Somerset* is at last dead, and the Duke of Newcastle Chancellor of Cambridge, to his heart's content. Somerset tendered his pride even beyond his hate, for he has left the present Duke all the furniture of his palaces, and forbore to charge the estate, according to a power he had,

* The proud Duke of Somerset.—D.

with five-and-thirty thousand pounds. To his Duchess,* who has endured such a long slavery with him, he has left nothing but one thousand pounds and a small farm, besides her jointure; giving the whole of his unsettled estate, which is about six thousand pounds a-year, equally between his two daughters, and leaving it absolutely in their own powers now, though neither are of age; and to Lady Frances, the eldest, he has additionally given the fine house built by Inigo Jones, in Lincoln's-inn-fields, (which he had bought of the Duke of Ancaster for the Duchess,) hoping that his daughter will let her mother live with her. To Sir Thomas Bootle he has given half a borough, and a whole one† to his grandson Sir Charles Windham,‡ with an estate that cost him fourteen thousand pounds. To Mr. Obrien,§ Sir Charles Windham's brother, a single thousand; and to Miss Windham an hundred a-year, which he gave her annually at Christmas, and is just such a legacy as you

* Charlotte Finch, sister of the Earl of Winchilsea and Nottingham, second wife of Charles Seymour Duke of Somerset; by whom she had two daughters, Lady Frances, married to the Marquis of Granby, and Lady Charlotte to Lord Guernsey, eldest son of the Earl of Aylesford.

† Midhurst in Sussex.—D.

‡ Afterwards Earl of Egremont.—D.

§ Afterwards created Earl of Thomond in Ireland.—D.

would give to a housekeeper, to prevent her from going to service again. She is to be married immediately to the second Grenville;* they have waited for a larger legacy. The famous settlement† is found, which gives Sir Charles Windham about twelve thousand pounds a-year of the Percy estate after the present Duke's death; the other five, with the barony of Percy, must go to Lady Betty Smithson.‡ I don't know whether you ever heard, that in Lord Granville's administration, he had prevailed with the King to grant the earldom of Northumberland to Sir Charles; Lord Hertford represented against it; at last the King said he would give it to whoever they would make it appear was to have the Percy estate—but old Somerset refused to let anybody see his writings, and so the affair drop-

* George Grenville. The issue of this marriage were the late Marquis of Buckingham; the Right Hon. Thomas Grenville; and Lord Grenville; besides several daughters.—D.

† The Duke's first wife was the heiress of the house of Northumberland: she made a settlement of her estate, in case her sons died without heirs-male, on the children of her daughters. Her eldest daughter, Catherine, married Sir William Windham, whose son, Sir Charles, by the death of Lord Beauchamp, only son of Algernon Earl of Hertford, and afterwards Duke of Somerset, succeeded to the greatest part of the Percy estate, preferably to Elizabeth, daughter of the same Algernon, who was married to Sir Hugh Smithson.

‡ Elizabeth, daughter of Algernon last Duke of Somerset of the younger branch. She was married to Sir Hugh Smithson, Bart. who became successively Earl and Duke of Northumberland.—D.

ped; everybody believing there was no such settlement.

John Stanhope of the Admiralty is dead, and Lord Chesterfield gets thirty thousand pounds for his life: I hear Mr. Villiers is most likely to succeed to that board. You know all the Stanhopes are a family *aux bon-mots:* I must tell you one of this John: he was sitting by an old Mr. Curzon, a nasty wretch, and very covetous: his nose wanted blowing, and continued to want it: at last Mr. Stanhope, with the greatest good breeding, said, "Indeed, Sir, if you don't wipe your nose, you will lose that drop."

I am extremely pleased with Monsieur de Mirepoix's* being named for this embassy; and I beg you will desire Princesse Craon to recommend me to Madame, for I would be particularly acquainted with her as she is their daughter. Hogarth has run a great risk since the peace; he went to France, and was so imprudent as to be taking a sketch of the drawbridge at Calais. He was seized and carried to the Governor, where he was forced to prove his vocation by producing several *caricaturas* of the French; particularly a scene† of the shore, with an

* The Marquis de Mirepoix, Marshal of France, and Ambassador to England. His wife was a woman of ability, and was long in great favour with Louis the Fifteenth, and his successive mistresses.—D.

† He engraved and published it on his return.

immense piece of beef landing for the Lion-d'argent, the English inn at Calais, and several hungry friars following it.* They were much diverted with his drawings, and dismissed him.

Mr. Chute lives at the Heralds' office in your service, and yesterday got particularly acquainted with your great great grandmother. He says, by her character, she would be extremely shocked at your wet-brown-paperness, and that she was particularly famous for breaking her own pads. Adieu!

LETTER CXCVII.

Strawberry-Hill, Dec. 26, 1748.

Did you ever know a more absolute country-gentleman? here am I come down to what you call keep my Christmas! indeed it is not in all the forms; I have stuck no laurel and holly in my windows, I eat no turkey and chine, I have no tenants to invite, I have not brought a single soul with me. The weather is excessively stormy, but has been so warm and so entirely free from frosts the whole winter, that not only several of my honeysuckles are come out, but I

* Hogarth's well-known print, entitled "The Roast Beef of Old England." The original picture is in the possession of the Earl of Charlemont in Dublin.—D.

have literally a blossom upon a nectarine-tree, which I believe was never seen in this climate before on the 26th of December. I am extremely busy here planting; I have got four more acres, which makes my territory prodigious in a situation where land is so scarce, and villas as abundant as formerly at Tivoli and Baiæ. I have now about fourteen acres, and am making a terrace the whole breadth of my garden on the brow of a natural hill, with meadows at the foot, and commanding the river, the village, Richmond-hill, and the park, and part of Kingston—but I hope never to show it you. What you hint at in your last, increase of character, I should be extremely against your stirring in now: the whole system of embassies is in confusion, and more candidates than employments. I would have yours pass, as it is, for settled. If you were to be talked of, especially for a higher character at Florence, one don't know whom the additional dignity might tempt. Hereafter perhaps it might be practicable for you, but I would by no means advise your soliciting it at present. Sir Charles Williams is the great obstacle to all arrangement: Mr. Fox makes a point of his going to Turin; the Ministry, who do not love him, are not for his going anywhere. Mr. Villiers is talked of for Vienna, though just made a Lord of the Admiralty. There were so

many competitors, that at last Mr. Pelham said he would carry in two names to the King, and he should choose (a great indulgence!) Sir Peter Warren and Villiers were carried in; the King chose the latter. I believe there is a little of Lord Granville in this, and in a Mr. Hooper, who was turned out with the last ministry, and is now made a Commissioner of the Customs: the pretence is, to vacate a seat in Parliament for Sir Thomas Robinson, who is made a Lord of Trade; a scurvy reward after making the peace. Mr. Villiers, you know, has been much *gazetted*, and had his letters to the King of Prussia printed; but he is a very silly fellow. I met him the other day at Lord Granville's, where on the subject of a new play, he began to give the Earl an account of Coriolanus, with reflections on his history. Lord Granville at last grew impatient, and said, "Well! well! it is an old story; it may not be true." As we went out together, I said, "I like the approach to this house."* "Yes," said Villiers, "and I love to be in it, for I never come here, but I hear something I did not know before." Last year I asked him to attend a controverted election in which I was interested; he

* Lord Granville's house in Arlington-street was the lowest in the street on the side of the Green-park. It now belongs to Lord Gage. —D.

told me he would with all his heart, but that he had resolved not to vote in elections for the first session, for that he owned he could not understand them—not understand them!

Lord St. John* is dead; he had a place in the Custom-house of 1200*l.* a-year, which his father had bought of the Duchess of Kendal for two lives, for 4000*l.* Mr. Pelham has got it for Lord Lincoln and his child.

I told you in my last a great deal about old Somerset's will; they have since found 150,000*l.* which goes, too, between the two daughters. It had been feared that he would leave nothing to the youngest; two or three years ago, he waked after dinner and found himself upon the floor; she used to watch him, had left him, and he had fallen from his couch. He forbade every body to speak to her, but yet to treat her with respect as his daughter. She went about the house for a-year, without anybody daring openly to utter a syllable to her; and it was never known that

* John second Viscount St. John, the only surviving son of Henry first Viscount St. John by his second wife Angelica Magdalene, daughter of George Pillesary, Treasurer General of the Marines in France. He was half-brother of the celebrated Henry Viscount Bolingbroke, who was the only son of the said Henry first Viscount St. John, by his first wife Mary second daughter of Robert Rich, Earl of Warwick. John second Viscount St. John was the direct ancestor of the present Viscount Bolingbroke and St John.—D.

he had forgiven her. His whole stupid life was a series of pride and tyranny.

There have been great contests in the Privy Council about the trial of the Vice-Chancellor of Oxford: the Duke of Bedford and Lord Gower pressed it extremely. The latter asked the Attorney-General* his opinion, who told him the evidence did not appear strong enough: Lord Gower said, "Mr. Attorney, you seem to be very lukewarm for your party." He replied, "My Lord, I never was lukewarm for my party, *nor ever was but of one party.*" There is a scheme for vesting in the King the nomination of the Chancellor of that University,† who has much power—and much noise it would make! The Lord Chancellor is to be High Steward of Cambridge, in succession to the Duke of Newcastle.

The families of Devonshire and Chesterfield have received a great blow at Derby, where, on the death of John Stanhope, they set up another of the name. One Mr. Rivett, the Duke's chief friend and manager, stood himself, and carried it by a majority of seventy-one. Lord Chesterfield had sent down credit for 10,000*l.* The

* Sir Dudley Ryder.

† In consequence of the University's always electing Jacobites to that office.—D.

Cavendish's, however, are very happy, for Lady Hartington* has produced a son.†

I asked a very intelligent person if there could be any foundation for the story of Niccolini's banishment taking its rise from complaints of our Court: he answered very sensibly, that even if our Court had complained, which was most unlikely, it was not at all probable that the Court of Vienna would have paid any regard to it. There is another paragraph in your same letter in which I must set you right: you talk of the sudden change of my opinion about Lord Walpole:‡ I never had but one opinion about him, and that was always most favourable: nor can I imagine what occasioned your mistake, unless my calling him *a wild boy,* where I talked of the consequences of his father's death. I meant nothing in the world by *wild,* but the thoughtlessness of a boy of nineteen, who comes to the possession of a peerage and an estate. My partiality, I am sure, could never let me say anything else of him.

Mr. Chute's sister is dead: when I came from

* Lady Charlotte Boyle, second daughter of Richard Earl of Burlington and Cork, and wife of William Marquis of Hartington.

† William Cavendish, afterwards fifth Duke of Devonshire, and K.G. Died in 1811.—D.

‡ George third Earl of Orford.—D.

town Mr. Whithed had heard nothing of her will: she had about four thousand pounds. The brother is so capricious a monster, that we almost hope she has not given the whole to our friend.

You will be diverted with a story I am going to tell you; it is very long, and so is my letter already; but you perceive I am in the country and have nothing to hurry me. There is about town a Sir William Burdett, a man of a very good family, but most infamous character. He formerly was at Paris with a Mrs. Pen, a Quaker's wife, whom he there bequeathed to the public, and was afterwards a sharper at Brussels, and lately came to England to discover a plot for poisoning the Prince of Orange, in which I believe he was poisoner, poison, and informer all himself. In short, to give you his character at once, there is a wager entered in the bet-book at White's (a MS. of which I may one day or other give you an account) that the first baronet that will be hanged is this Sir W. Burdett. About two months ago he met at St. James's a Lord Castledurrow,* a young Irishman, and no genius as you will find, and entered into conversation with him: the Lord, seeing a gentle-

* Henry Flower Lord Castledurrow, and afterwards created Viscount Ashbrook.

man, fine, polite, and acquainted with everybody, invited him to dinner for next day, and a Captain Rodney,* a young seaman, who has made a fortune by very gallant behaviour during the war. At dinner it came out, that neither the Lord nor the Captain had ever been at any Pelham-levees. "Good God!" said Sir William, "that must not be so any longer; I beg I may carry you to both the Duke and Mr. Pelham; I flatter myself I am very well with both." The appointment was made for the next Wednesday and Friday: in the mean time he invited the two young men to dine with him the next day. When they came, he presented them to a lady, dressed foreign, as a Princess of the House of Brandenburg: she had a toad-eater, and there was another man, who gave himself for a count. After dinner Sir William looked at his watch, and said, "J—s! it is not so late as I thought by an hour; Princess, will your High-

* George Brydges Rodney had distinguished himself in Lord Hawke's victory. In 1761 he took the French Island of Martinique. In 1779 he met and defeated the Spanish fleet commanded by Don Juan de Langara, and relieved the garrison of Gibraltar, which was closely besieged; and in 1782, he obtained his celebrated victory over the French fleet commanded by Count de Grasse. For this latter service he was created a peer, by the title of Baron Rodney, of Rodney Stoke in the county of Somerset. He died May 24, 1792. —D.

ness say how we shall divert ourselves till it is time to go to the play!" "Oh!" said she, "for my part you know I abominate everything but pharaoh." "I am very sorry, Madam," replied he, very gravely, "but I don't know whom your Highness will get to tally to you; you know I am ruined by dealing." "Oh!" says she, "the Count will deal to us." "I would with all my soul," said the Count, "but I protest I have no money about me." She insisted: at last the Count said, "Since your Highness commands us peremptorily, I believe Sir William has four or five hundred pounds of mine, that I am to pay away in the city to-morrow; if he will be so good as to step to his bureau for that sum, I will make a bank of it." Mr. Rodney owns he was a little astonished at seeing the Count shuffle with the faces of the cards upwards, but concluding that Sir William Burdett, at whose house he was, was a relation or particular friend of Lord Castledurrow, he was unwilling to affront my Lord. In short, my Lord and he lost about 150 a-piece, and it was settled that they should meet for payment the next morning at breakfast at Ranelagh. In the mean time Lord C. had the curiosity to inquire a little into the character of his new friend the baronet; and being *au fait*, he went up to him at Ranelagh and apostro-

phized him; "Sir William, here is the sum I think I lost last night: since that I have heard that you are a professed pickpocket, and therefore desire to have no farther acquaintance with you." Sir William bowed, took the money and no notice; but as they were going away, he followed Lord Castledurrow and said, "Good God, my Lord, my equipage is not come; will you be so good as to set me down at Buckingham-gate?" and without staying for an answer, whipped into the chariot, and came to town with him. If you don't admire the coolness of this impudence, I shall wonder. Adieu! I have written till I can scarce write my name.*

LETTER CXCVIII.

Strawberry-Hill, March 4, 1749.

I HAVE been so shut up in the House of Commons for this last fortnight or three weeks, that I have not had time to write you a line: we have not had such a session since the famous beginning of last parliament. I am come hither for a day or two of rest and air, and find the additional pleasure of great beauty in my improvements: I could talk to you through the

* N. B. The letter which immediately followed this miscarried.

whole sheet, and with much more satisfaction, upon this head; but I shall postpone my own amusement to your's, for I am sure you want much more to know what has been doing in parliament than at Strawberry-hill. You will conclude that we have been fighting over the peace; but we have not. It is laid before Parliament, but will not be taken up: the Opposition foresee that a vote of approbation would pass, and therefore will not begin upon it, as they wish to reserve it for censure in the next reign—or perhaps the next reign does not care to censure now what he must hereafter maintain—and the ministry do not seem to think their treaty so perfect as not to be liable to blame, should it come to be canvassed. We have been then upon several other matters: but first I should tell you, that from the utmost tranquillity and impotence of a minority, there is at once started up so formidable an Opposition as to divide 137 against 203. The minority is headed by the Prince, who has continued opposing, though very unsuccessfully, ever since the removal of Lord Granville, and the desertion of the patriots. He stayed till the Pelhams had bought off every man of parts in his train, and then began to form his party. Lord Granville has never come into it, for fear of breaking with

the King; and seems now to be patching up again with his old enemies. If Lord Bath has dealt with the Prince, it has been underhand. His ministry has had at the head of it poor Lord Baltimore, a very good-natured, weak, honest man; and Dr. Lee, a civilian, who was of Lord Granville's admiralty, and is still much attached to him. He is a grave man, and a good speaker, but of no very bright parts, and from his way of life and profession, much ignorant of, and unfit for, a ministry. You will wonder what new resources the Prince has discovered — why, he has found them all in Lord Egmont, whom you have heard of under the name of Lord Perceval; but his father, an Irish Earl, is lately dead. As he is likely to make a very considerable figure in our history, I shall give you a more particular account of him. He has always earnestly studied our history and constitution and antiquities, with very ambitious views; and practised speaking early in the Irish parliament. Indeed this turn is his whole fund, for though he is between thirty and forty, he knows nothing of the world, and is always unpleasantly dragging the conversation to political dissertations. When very young, as he has told me himself, he dabbled in writing Craftsmen and party-papers; but the first event that made him known, was his

carrying the Westminster election at the end of my father's ministry, which he amply described in the history of his own family, a genealogical work called *the History of the House of Yvery*,* a work which cost him three thousand pounds, as the Heralds informed Mr. Chute and me, when we went to their office on your business; and which was so ridiculous, that he has since tried to suppress all the copies. It concluded with the description of the Westminster election, in these or some such words, *And here let us leave this young nobleman struggling for the dying liberties of his country!* When the change in the ministry happened, and Lord Bath was so abused by the remnant of the patriots, Lord Egmont published his celebrated pamphlet, called *Faction Detected*, a work which the Pitts and Lytteltons have never forgiven him, and which, though he continued voting and sometimes speaking with the Pelhams, made him quite unpopular during all the last parliament. When the new elections approached, he stood on his own bottom at Weobly in Herefordshire, but his election being contested, he applied for Mr. Pelham's support, who carried it for him in the House of Commons. This will always be a

* It was compiled for Lord Egmont by Anderson, the Genealogist.—D.

material blot in his life, for he had no sooner secured his seat, than he openly attached himself to the Prince, and has since been made a Lord of his Bedchamber. At the opening of this session, he published an extreme good pamphlet, which has made infinite noise, called, an Examination of the Principles and Conduct of the two Brothers, (the Pelhams,) and as Dr. Lee has been laid up with the gout, Egmont has taken the lead in the Opposition, and has made as great a figure as perhaps was ever made in so short a time. He is very bold and resolved, master of vast knowledge, and speaks at once with fire and method. His words are not picked and chosen like Pitt's, but his language is useful, clear, and strong. He has already by his parts and resolution mastered his great unpopularity, so far as to be heard with the utmost attention, though I believe nobody had ever more various difficulties to combat. All the old corps hate him on my father and Mr. Pelham's account; the new part of the ministry on their own. The Tories have not quite forgiven his having left them in the last parliament; besides that, they are now governed by one Prowse, a cold, plausible fellow, and a great well-wisher to Mr. Pelham. Lord Strange,* a busy Lord of a party by

* James Lord Strange, eldest son of Edward Stanley eleventh Earl of Derby. In 1762 he was made Chancellor of the Duchy of Lan-

himself, yet voting generally with the Tories, continually clashes with Lord Egmont; and besides all this, there is a faction in the Prince's family, headed by Nugent, who are for moderate measures.

Nugent is most affectedly an humble servant of Mr. Pelham, and seems only to have attached himself to the Prince, in order to make the better bargain with the ministry: he has great parts, but they never know how to disentangle themselves from bombast and absurdities. Besides these, there are two young men who make some figure in the rising Opposition, Bathurst,* Attorney to the Prince; and Potter, whom I believe you have had mentioned in my letters of last year; but he has a bad constitution, and is seldom able to be in town. Neither of these are in the scale of moderation.

caster, and died, during his father's life-time, in 1771. He always called himself Lord Strange, though the title, which was a Barony in fee, had in fact descended to the Duke of Atholl, as heir-general of James seventh Earl of Derby.—D.

* The Hon. Henry Bathurst, second son of Allen first Lord Bathurst. He became heir to the title upon the death, without issue, of his elder brother, the Hon. Benjamin Bathurst, in 1761. In 1746 he was appointed Attorney-General to Frederick Prince of Wales. In 1754 he was appointed one of the *puisné* Judges of the Court of Common Pleas, and in 1771, Lord Chancellor of Great Britain. He was, upon this occasion, created a Peer, by the title of Lord Apsley. He succeeded his father as second Earl Bathurst, in 1775, and died in 1794.—D.

The Opposition set out this winter with trying to call for several negotiations during the war; but the great storm which has so much employed us of late, was stirred up by Colonel Lyttelton;* who, having been ill-treated by the Duke, has been dealing with the Prince. He discovered to the House some innovations in the Mutiny bill, of which, though he could not make much, the Opposition have, and fought the Bill for a whole fortnight; during the course of which the world has got much light into many very arbitrary proceedings of the *Commander*-in-chief,† which have been the more believed too by the defection of my Lord Townshend's‡ eldest son, who is one of his aide-de-camps. Though the ministry, by the weight of numbers, have carried their point in a great measure, yet you may be sure great heats have been raised; and those have been still more inflamed by a correspondent practice in a new Navy-bill, brought in by the direction of Lord Sandwich and Lord Anson, but vehemently opposed by half the fleet, headed

* Richard, third son of Sir Thomas, and brother of Sir George Lyttelton; he married the Duchess-dowager of Bridgewater, and was afterwards made a Knight of the Bath.

† William Duke of Cumberland. He was "Captain General of the Forces," having been so created in 1745.—D.

‡ George Townshend, afterwards the first Marquis of that name and title.—D.

by Sir Peter Warren, the conqueror of Cape Breton, richer than Anson, and absurd as Vernon. The Bill has even been petitioned against, and the mutinous were likely to go great lengths, if the Admiralty had not bought off some by money, and others by relaxing in the material points. We began upon it yesterday, and are still likely to have a long affair of it—so much for politics; and as for anything else, I scarce know anything else. My Lady Huntingdon,* the Queen of the Methodists, has got her daughter named for Lady of the Bedchamber to the Princesses; but it is all off again, as she will not let her play at cards on Sundays. It is equally absurd on both sides, to refuse it, or to insist upon it.

Pray tell Dr. Cocchi that I shall be extremely ready to do him any service in his intended edition of the old Physicians, but that I fear it is a kind of work that will lie very little within my sphere to promote. Learning is confined to very narrow bounds at present, and those seldom within the circle in which I necessarily live; but my regard for him and for you would make me take any pains:—You see, I believe, that I

* Selina, daughter of the Earl Ferrers, and widow of Theophilus Earl of Huntingdon.

do take pains for you—I have not writ such a letter to any body these three years. Adieu!

P.S. I am very sorry for your sake that the Prince and Princess*, are leaving Florence: if ever I return thither, as I always flatter myself I shall, I should miss them extremely. Lord Albemarle goes ambassador to Paris.

LETTER CXCIX.

Arlington-Street, March 23, 1749.

Our debates on the two military bills, the naval one of which is not yet finished, have been so tedious, that they have rather whittled down the Opposition than increased it. In the Lords, the mutiny bill passed pretty easily, there happening a quarrel between Lord Bathurst and Lord Bath on the method of their measures; so there never divided above sixteen in the minority, and those scarce any of the Prince's Lords. Duke William was there and voted, which was too indecent in a rigorous bill calculated for his own power. There is great disunion among the Ministers on the Naval bill: Mr. Pelham and Pitt (the latter out of hatred and jealousy of

* Craon.

Lord Sandwich) gave up the Admiralty in a material point, but the paramount little Duke of Bedford has sworn that they shall recant on the report—what a figure they will make! This bill was chiefly of Anson's projecting, who grows every day into new unpopularity. He has lately had a sea-piece drawn of the victory for which he was lorded, in which his own ship in a cloud of cannon was boarding the French Admiral. This circumstance, which was as true as if Mademoiselle Scudery had written his life (for he was scarce in sight when the Frenchman struck to Boscawen)* has been so ridiculed by the whole tar-hood, that the romantic part has been forced to be cancelled, and one only gun remains firing at Anson's ship. The two Secretaries of State† grow every day nearer to a breach; the King's going abroad is to decide the contest. Newcastle, who Hanoverizes more and more every day, pushes on the journey, as he is to be the attendant minister: his lamentable brother is the constant sacrifice of all these embroils.

At Leicester-house the jars are as great:

* The Hon. Edward Boscawen, third son of Hugh first Viscount Falmouth. He was a distinguished naval commander, and had had a large share in the success of Lord Anson's engagement with the French fleet off Cape Finisterre in 1747. He died in 1761.—D.

† The Dukes of Bedford and Newcastle.—D.

Doddington, who has just resigned the treasury-ship of the navy, in hopes of once more governing that court (and there is no court where he has not once or twice tried the same scheme!) does not succeed: Sir Francis Dashwood and Lord Talbot are strongly for him—could one conceive that he could still find a dupe? Mr. Fox had a mind to succeed him, but both King and Duke have so earnestly pressed him to remain Secretary at War, that he could not refuse. The King would not hear of any of the newer court; and Legge, who of the old was next oars, has managed the Prussian business so clumsily, that the King would not bear him in his closet: but he has got the navy-office, which Lyttelton would have had, but could not be rechosen at his borough, which he had stolen by surprise from his old friend and brother Tom Pitt. The Treasury is to be filled up with that toad-eater and spy to all parties, Harry Vane:* there is no enumerating all the circumstances that make his nomination scandalous and ridiculous!—but such is our world! General Charles Howard and a Mr. Saville are named to the red riband. My friend the Duke of Modena is again coming hither, which astonishes me, considering how little reason he had to be satisfied with his first

* Eldest son of Lord Barnard, and afterwards Earl of Darlington.

visit; and sure he will have less now! I believe I told you that King Theodore* is here: I am to drink coffee with him to-morrow at Lady Schaub's. I have curiosity to see him, though I am not commonly fond of sights, but content myself with the oil-cloth-picture of them that is hung out, and to which they seldom come up. There are two black Princes of Anamaboe here, who are in fashion at all the assemblies, of whom I scarce know any particulars, though their story is very like Oroonoko's: all the women know it —and ten times more than belongs to it. *Apropos* to Indian histories, half our thoughts are taken up—that is, my Lord Halifax's are—with colonizing in Nova Scotia: my friend Colonel Cornwallis is going thither Commander-in-Chief. The Methodists will scarce follow him as they did Oglethorpe; since the period of his expedition† their lot is fallen in a better land. Methodism is more fashionable than anything but brag; the women play very deep at both—as deep, it is much suspected, as the matrons of Rome did at the mysteries of the Bona Dea. If gracious Anne was alive, she would make an admirable defendress of the new faith, and

* Theodore King of Corsica.—D.

† General Oglethorpe was the great promoter of the Colony of Georgia.

build fifty more churches for female proselytes.

If I had more paper or time, I could tell you an excellent long history of my brother Ned's* envy, which was always up at highwater-mark, but since the publication of my book of Houghton (one should have thought a very harmless performance), has overflowed on a thousand ridiculous occasions. Another great object of his jealousy is my friendship with Mr. Fox: my brother made him a formal visit at nine o'clock the other morning, and in a set speech of three quarters of an hour, begged his pardon for not attending the last day of the mutiny bill, which, he said, was so particularly brought in by him, though Mr. Fox assured him that he had no farther hand in it than from his office. Another instance: when my brother went to live at Frogmore, Mr. Fox desired him to employ his tradesmen at Windsor, by way of supporting his interest in that borough. My brother immediately went to the Duke of St. Albans, to whom he had never spoke, (nor indeed was his acquaintance with Mr. Fox much greater,) and notified to him, that if seven years hence his grace should have any contest with Mr. Fox about that borough, he should certainly espouse the latter.

* Sir Edward Walpole, K.B.—D.

Guess how the Duke stared at so strange and unnecessary a declaration!

Pigwiggin's Princess has mis-piged, to the great—joy, I believe, of that family, for you know a child must have eaten. Adieu!

LETTER CC.

Strawberry-Hill, May 3, 1749.

I AM come hither for a few days to repose myself after a torrent of diversions, and am writing to you in my charming bow-window, with a tranquillity and satisfaction which, I fear, I am grown old enough to prefer to the hurry of amusements, in which the whole world has lived for this last week. We have at last celebrated the peace, and that as much in extremes as we generally do everything, whether we have reason to be glad or sorry, pleased or angry. Last Tuesday it was proclaimed; the King did not go to St. Paul's, but at night the whole town was illuminated. The next day was what was called *a jubilee-masquerade in the Venetian manner* at Ranelagh: it had nothing Venetian in it, but was by far the best understood, and the prettiest spectacle I ever saw: nothing in a fairy tale ever surpassed it. One of the proprietors, who

is a German and belongs to court, had got my Lady Yarmouth to persuade the King to order it. It began at three o'clock, and about five, people of fashion began to go. When you entered, you found the whole garden filled with masks, and spread with tents, which remained all night *very commodely*. In one quarter was a May-pole dressed with garlands, and people dancing round it to a tabor and pipe and rustic music, all masqued, as were all the various bands of music, that were disposed in different parts of the garden, some like huntsmen with French-horns, some like peasants, and a troop of harlequins and scaramouches in the little open temple on the mount. On the canal was a sort of gondola, adorned with flags and streamers, and filled with music, rowing about. All round the outside of the amphitheatre were shops filled with Dresden china, japan, &c. and all the shopkeepers in mask. The amphitheatre was illuminated, and in the middle was a circular bower, composed of all kinds of firs in tubs, from twenty to thirty feet high: under them orange-trees, with small lamps in each orange, and below them all sorts of the finest auriculas in pots; and festoons of natural flowers hanging from tree to tree. Between the arches too were firs, and smaller ones in the balconies above. There

were booths for tea and wine, gaming-tables and dancing, and about two thousand persons. In short, it pleased me more than anything I ever saw. It is to be once more, and probably finer as to dresses, as there has since been a subscription-masquerade, and people will go in their rich habits. The next day were the fireworks, which by no means answered the expense, the length of preparation; and the expectation that had been raised: indeed for a week before, the town was like a country fair, the streets filled from morning to night, scaffolds building wherever you could or could not see; and coaches arriving from every corner of the kingdom. This hurry and lively scene, with the sight of the immense crowd in the park and on every house, the guards, and the machine itself, which was very beautiful, was all that was worth seeing. The rockets and whatever was thrown up into the air succeeded mighty well, but the wheels and all that was to compose the principal part, were pitiful and ill-conducted, with no changes of coloured fires and shapes: the illumination was mean, and lighted so slowly that scarce anybody had patience to wait the finishing; and then what contributed to the awkwardness of the whole, was the right pavilion catching fire, and being burnt down in the middle of the show.

The King, the Duke, and Princess Emily saw it from the library,* with their courts: the Prince and Princess with their children from Lady Middlesex's, no place being provided for them, nor any invitation given to the library. The Lords and Commons had galleries built for them and the chief citizens along the rails of the mall: the Lords had four tickets a-piece, and each Commoner, at first but two, till the Speaker bounced and obtained a third. Very little mischief was done, and but two persons killed: at Paris there were forty killed, and near three hundred wounded, by a dispute between the French and Italians in the management, who, quarrelling for precedence in lighting the fires, both lighted at once and blew up the whole. Our mob was extremely tranquil, and very unlike those I remember in my father's time, when it was a measure in the Opposition to work up everything to mischief, the excise and the French players, the convention and the gin-act. We are as much now in the opposite extreme, and in general so pleased with the peace, that I could not help being struck with a passage I read lately in

* Probably the old brick building near the bottom of the Green Park, which was called "the Queen's Library," and which was pulled down by the late Duke of York when he built his new house in the Stable-yard, St. James's.—D.

Pasquier, an old French author, who says, "That in the time of Francis I. the French used to call their creditors, *Des Anglois*, from the facility with which the English gave credit to them in all treaties, though they had broken so many. On Saturday we had a serenata at the Opera-house, called, Peace in Europe, but it was a wretched performance. On Monday there was a subscription-masquerade, much fuller than that of last year, but not so agreeable or so various in dresses. The King was well disguised in an old-fashioned English habit, and much pleased with somebody who desired him to hold their cup as they were drinking tea. The Duke had a dress of the same kind, but was so immensely corpulent, that he looked like Cacofogo, the drunken Captain in Rule a Wife and Have a Wife. The Duchess of Richmond* was a lady mayoress in the time of James I., and Lord Delawarr,† Queen Elizabeth's porter, from a picture in the guard-chamber at Kensington: they were admirable masks. Lady Rochford,‡ Miss Evelyn, Miss Bi-

* Sarah Cadogan, wife of Charles second Duke of Richmond. —D.

† John West, seventh Lord Delawarr,—created Earl Delawarr in 1761.—D.

‡ Lucy Young, wife of William Henry Nassau, fourth Earl of Rochford.—D.

shop, Lady Stafford,* and Mrs. Pitt† were in vast beauty, particularly the last, who had a red veil, which made her look gloriously handsome. I forgot Lady Kildare.‡ Mr. Conway was the Duke in Don Quixote, and the finest figure I ever saw. Miss Chudleigh§ was Iphigenia, but so naked that you would have taken her for Andromeda; and Lady Betty Smithson|| had such a pyramid of baubles upon her head, that she was exactly the Princess of Babylon in Grammont. You will conclude that after all these diversions, people begin to think of going out of town—no such matter: the Parliament continues sitting, and will till the middle of June; Lord Egmont told us we should sit till Michaelmas. There are many private bills, no public ones of any fame. We were to have had some chastisement for Oxford, where, besides the late riots, the famous Dr. King,¶ the Pretender's great agent, made a most violent speech at the opening of

* Henrietta Cantillon, wife of Matthias Howard, third Earl of Stafford.—D.

† Penelope Atkyns, a celebrated beauty, wife of George Pitt, Esq. of Stratfieldsaye, in Hants, created in 1776 Lord Rivers.—D.

‡ Lady Emily Lennox, Countess of Kildare.—D.

§ Afterwards Duchess of Kingston.—D.

|| Afterwards Countess and Duchess of Northumberland.—D.

¶ The last conspicuous Jacobite at Oxford. He was Public Orator of that University, and Principal of St. Mary Hall.—D.

the Ratcliffe library. The Ministry denounced judgment; but, in their old style, have grown frightened, and dropped it. However, this menace gave occasion to a meeting and union between the Prince's party and the Jacobites, which Lord Egmont has been labouring all the winter. They met at the St. Albans tavern near Pall-mall last Monday morning, an hundred and twelve Lords and Commoners. The Duke of Beaufort* opened the assembly with a panegyric on the stand that had been made this winter against so corrupt an Administration, and hoped it would continue, and desired harmony. Lord Egmont seconded this strongly, and begged they would come up to Parliament early next winter. Lord Oxford† spoke next; and then Potter with great humour, and to the great abashment of the Jacobites, said, he was very glad to see this union, and from thence hoped that if another attack like the last rebellion should be made on the Royal Family, they would all stand by them. No reply was made to this. Then Sir Watkyn Williams spoke, Sir

* Lord Noel Somerset, who succeeded his brother in the dukedom.

† Edward Harley of Eywood in the county of Hereford, to whom, pursuant to the limitations of the Patent, the Earldoms of Oxford and Mortimer descended, upon the death without male issue of the Lord Treasurer's only son, Edward the second Earl. Lord Oxford was of the Jacobite party. He died in 1755.—D.

Francis Dashwood, and Tom Pitt,* and the meeting broke up. I don't know what this coalition may produce; it will require time with no better heads than compose it at present, though the great Mr. Doddington had carried to the conference the assistance of his. In France a very favourable event has happened for us, the disgrace of Maurepas,† one of our bitterest enemies, and the greatest promoter of their marine. Just at the beginning of the war, in a very critical period, he had obtained a very large sum for that service, but which one of the other factions, lest he should gain glory and credit by it, got to be suddenly given away to the King of Prussia.

Sir Charles Williams is appointed Envoy to this last King: here is an epigram which he has just sent over on Lord Egmont's opposition to the mutiny bill:

> Why has Lord Egmont 'gainst this bill
> So much declamatory skill
> So tediously exerted?

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* Thomas Pitt, Esq. of Boconnock in Cornwall, Warden of the Stannaries. He married the sister of George Lord Lyttelton, and was the father of the first Lord Camelford.—D.

† Phelypeaux Count de Maurepas, son of the Chancellor de Pontchartrain. He was disgraced in consequence of some quarrel with the King's mistress. He returned to office, unhappily for France, in the commencement of the reign of Louis the Sixteenth.—D.

The reason 's plain : but t'other day
He mutinied himself for pay,
And he has twice deserted.

I must tell you a *bon-mot* that was made the other night at the serenata of *Peace in Europe* by Wall,* who is much in fashion, and a kind of Gondomar. Grossatesta, the Modenese Minister, a very low fellow, with all the jackpuddinghood of an Italian, asked, "*Mais qui est ce qui représente mon maitre?*" Wall replied, "*Mais, mon Dieu! L'abbè, ne scavez vous pas que ce n'est pas un opéra boufon?*" And here is another *bon-mot* of my Lady Townshend : we were talking of the Methodists ; somebody said, "Pray, Madam, is it true that Whitfield has *recanted?*" "No, Sir, he has only *canted.*"

If you ever think of returning to England, as I hope it will be long first, you must prepare yourself with Methodism ; I really believe that by that time it will be necessary : this sect increases as fast as almost ever any religious nonsense did. Lady Fanny Shirley has chosen this way of bestowing the dregs of her beauty ; and Mr. Lyttelton is very near making the same sacrifice of the dregs of all those various characters that he has worn. The Methodists love

* General Wall, the Spanish Ambassador. Gondomar was the able Spanish Ambassador in England in the reign of James the First.—D.

your big sinners, as proper subjects to work upon—and indeed they have a plentiful harvest —I think what you call flagrancy was never more in fashion. Drinking is at the highest wine-mark; and gaming joined with it so violent, that at the last Newmarket meeting, in the rapidity of both, a bankbill was thrown down, and nobody immediately claiming it, they agreed to give it to a man that was standing by.

I must tell you of Stosch's letter, which he had the impertinence to give you without telling the contents. It was to solicit the arrears of his pension, which I beg you will tell him I have no manner of interest to procure; and to tell me of a Galla Placidia, a gold medal lately found. It is not for myself, but I wish you would ask him the price for a friend of mine who would like to buy it.

Adieu! my dear child; I have been long in arrears to you, but I trust you will take this huge letter as an acquittal. You see my Villa makes me a good correspondent; how happy I should be to show it you, if I could, with no mixture of disagreeable circumstances to you. I have made a vast plantation! Lord Leicester told me the other day that he heard I would not buy some old china, because I was laying out all my money in trees: "Yes," said I, "my Lord, I

used to love blue trees, but now I like green ones."

LETTER CCI.

Arlington-Street, May 17, 1749.

We have not yet done diverting ourselves: the night before last the Duke of Richmond gave a firework; a codicil to the peace. He bought the rockets and wheels that remained in the Pavilion which miscarried, and took the pretence of the Duke of Modena being here to give a charming entertainment. The garden* lies with a slope down to the Thames, on which were lighters, from whence were thrown up, after a concert of water-music, a great number of rockets. Then from boats on every side were discharged water-rockets and fires of that kind; and then the wheels which were ranged along the rails of the terrace were played off; and the whole concluded with the illumination of a pavilion on the top of the slope, of two pyramids on each side, and of the whole length of the balustrade to the water. You can't conceive a prettier sight; the garden filled with every body of fashion, the Duke, the Duke of Modena, and the

* At Whitehall.

two black Princes. The King and Princess Emily were in their barge under the terrace, the river was covered with boats, and the shores and adjacent houses with crowds. The Duke of Modena played afterwards at brag, and there was a fine supper for him and the foreigners, of whom there are numbers here; it is grown as much the fashion to travel hither as to France or Italy. Last week there was a vast assembly and music at Bedford-house for this Modenese; and to-day he is set out to receive his Doctor's degree at the two Universities. His appearance is rather better than it used to be, for instead of wearing his wig down to his nose to hide the humour in his face, he has taken to paint his forehead white, which, however, with the large quantity of red that he always wears on the rest of his face, makes him ridiculous enough. I cannot say his manner is more polished: Princess Emily asked him if he did not find the Duke much fatter than when he was here before? He replied, "*En veritè il n'est pas si effroiable qu'on m'avoit dit.*" She commended his diamonds; he said "*Les votres sont bien petits.*" As I had been so graciously received at his court, I went into his box the first night at the Opera: the first thing he did was to fall asleep; but as I did not choose to sit waiting his *reveil* in the face of the whole theatre, I waked him,

and would discourse him: but here I was very unlucky, for of the only two persons I could recollect at his court to inquire after, one has been dead these four years, and the other, he could not remember any such man. However, Sabbatini, his Secretary of State, flattered me extremely; told me he found me *beaucoup mieux*, and that I was grown very fat—I fear, I fear it was flattery! Eight years don't improve one,—and for my corpulence, if I am grown fat, what must I have been in my Modenese days!

I told you we were to have another jubilee masquerade: there was one by the King's command for Miss Chudleigh, the Maid of Honour, with whom our gracious monarch has a mind to believe himself in love,—so much in love, that at one of the booths he gave her a fairing for her watch, which cost him five-and thirty guineas,—actually disbursed out of his privy purse, and not charged on the civil list. Whatever you may think of it, this is a more magnificent present than the cabinet which the late King of Poland sent to the fair Countess Konismark, replete with all kinds of baubles and ornaments, and ten thousand ducats in one of the drawers. I hope some future Hollinshed or Stowe will acquaint posterity *that five-and-thirty guineas were an immense sum in those days!*

You are going to see one of our Court-beau-

ties in Italy, my Lady Rochford:* they are setting out on their embassy to Turin. She is large, but very handsome, with great delicacy and address. All the Royals have been in love with her, but the Duke was so in all the forms, till she was a little too much pleased with her conquest of his brother-in-law the Prince of Hesse. You will not find much in the correspondence of her husband: his person is good, and he will figure well enough as an Ambassador; better as a husband where Cicisbés don't expect to be molested. The Duke is not likely to be so happy with his new passion, Mrs. Pitt,† who, besides being in love with her husband, whom you remember (Lady Mary Wortley's George Pitt,) is going to Italy with him. I think you will find her one of the most glorious beauties you ever saw. You are to have another pair of our beauties, the Princess Borghese's Mr. Greville‡ and his wife, who was the pretty Fanny M'Cartney.

Now I am talking scandal to you, and court-scandal, I must tell you that Lord Conway's

* Daughter of Edward Young, Esq. and wife of William Earl of Rochford, had been Maid of Honour to the Princess of Wales.

† Penelope, sister of Sir Richard Atkyns.

‡ Fulke Greville, Esq. son of the Hon. Algernon Greville, second son of Fulke fifth Lord Brooke. His wife was the authoress of the pretty poem entitled an "Ode to Indifference."—D.

sister, Miss Jenny, is dead suddenly with eating lemonade at the last subscription masquerade.* It is not quite unlucky for her: she had outlived the Prince's love and her own face, and nothing remained but her love and her person, which was exceedingly bad.

The graver part of the world, who have not been quite so much given up to rockets and masquing, are amused with a book of Lord Bolinbroke's, just published, but written long ago. It is composed of three letters, the first to Lord Cornbury on the Spirit of Patriotism; and two others to Mr. Lyttelton, (but with neither of their names,) on the Idea of a patriot King, and the State of Parties on the late King's accession. Mr. Lyttelton had sent him word, that he begged nothing might be inscribed to him that was to reflect on Lord Orford, for that he was now leagued with all Lord Orford's friends: a message as abandoned as the book itself: but indeed there is no describing the impudence with which that set of people unsay what they have been saying all their lives,—I beg their pardons, I mean the honesty with which they recant! Pitt

* This event was commemorated in the following doggrel lines:—

"Poor Jenny Conway
She drank lemonade,
At a masquerade,
So now she's dead and gone away."—D.

told me coolly, that he had read this book formerly, when he admired Lord Bolinbroke more than he does now. The book by no means answered my expectation: the style, which is his fort, is very fine: the deduction and impossibility of drawing a consequence from what he is saying, as bad and obscure as in his famous Dissertation on Parties: you must know the man, to guess his meaning. Not to mention the absurdity and impracticability of this kind of system, there is a long speculative dissertation on the origin of government, and even that greatly stolen from other writers, and that all on a sudden dropped, while he hurries into his own times, and then preaches (he, of all men!) on the duty of preserving decency! The last treatise would not impose upon an historian of five years old: he tells Mr. Lyttelton, that he may take it from him, that there was no settled scheme at the end of the Queen's reign to introduce the Pretender; and he gives this excellent reason; because if there had been, he must have known it; and another reason as ridiculous, that no traces of such a scheme have since come to light. What, no traces in all the cases of himself, Atterbury, the Duke of Ormond, Sir William Windham, and others! and is it not known that the moment the Queen was expired, Atterbury

proposed to go in his lawn sleeves and proclaim the Pretender at Charing-cross, but Bolinbroke's heart failing him, Atterbury swore, "There was the best cause in Europe lost for want of spirit!" He imputes Jacobitism singly to Lord Oxford, whom he exceedingly abuses, and who so far from being suspected, was thought to have fallen into disgrace with that faction for refusing to concur with them. On my father he is much less severe than I expected; and in general, so obliquely, that hereafter he will not be perceived to aim at him, though at this time one knows so much what was at his heart, that it directs one to his meaning.

But there is a preface to this famous book, which makes much more noise than the work itself. It seems, Lord Bolinbroke had originally trusted Pope with the copy, to have half-a-dozen printed for particular friends. Pope, who loved money infinitely beyond any friend, got fifteen hundred copies* printed privately, intending to outlive Bolinbroke, and make great advantage of them: and not only did this, but altered the copy at his pleasure, and even made different

* Lord Bolinbroke discovered what Pope had done during his (Pope's) lifetime, and never forgave him for it. He obliged him to give up the copies, and they were burned on the terrace of Lord Bolinbroke's house at Battersea, in the presence of Lord B. and Pope. —D.

alterations in different copies. Where Lord Bolinbroke had strongly flattered their common friend Lyttelton, Pope suppressed the panegyric: where, in compliment to Pope, he had softened the satire on Pope's great friend, Lord Oxford, Pope reinstated the abuse. The first part of this transaction is recorded in the preface; the two latter facts are reported by Lord Chesterfield and Lyttelton, the latter of whom went to Bolinbroke to ask how he had forfeited his good opinion. In short, it is comfortable to us people of moderate virtue to hear these demigods, and patriots, and philosophers, inform the world of each other's villainies. What seems to make Lord Bolinbroke most angry, and I suppose does, is Pope's having presumed to correct his work. As to his printing so many copies, it certainly was a compliment, and the more profit (which however could not be immense,) he expected to make, the greater opinion he must have conceived of the merit of the work: if one had a mind to defend Pope, should not one ask* if any body ever blamed Virgil's executors for not burning the Æneid, as he ordered them? Warburton, I hear, does design to defend Pope; and my uncle Horace to answer the book: his

* This thought was borrowed by Mr. Spence, in a pamphlet published on this occasion in defence of Pope.

style, which is the worst in the world, must be curious, in opposition to the other. But here comes full as bad a part of the story as any: Lord Bolinbroke, to buy himself out of the abuse in the Duke of Marlborough's life, or to buy himself into the supervisal of it, gave these letters to Mallet, who is writing this life for a legacy in the old Duchess's will, (and which, with much humour, she gave, desiring it might not be written in verse,) and Mallet sold them to the bookseller for a hundred and fifty pounds. Mallet had many obligations to Pope, no disobligations to him, and was one of his grossest flatterers; witness the sonnet on his supposed death, printed in the notes to the Dunciad. I was this morning told an anecdote from the Dorset family that is no bad collateral evidence of the Jacobitism of the Queen's four last years. They wanted to get Dover castle into their hands, and sent down Prior to the present Duke of Dorset, who loved him, and probably was his brother, to persuade him to give it up. He sent Prior back with great anger, and in three weeks was turned out of the government himself—but it is idle to produce proofs; as idle as to deny the scheme.

I have just been with your brother Gal. who has been laid up these two days with the gout in

his ankle; an absolute professed gout in all the forms, and with much pain. Mr. Chute is out of town; when he returns, I shall set him upon your brother, to reduce him to abstinence and health. Adieu!

LETTER CCII.

Strawberry-Hill, June 4, 1749.

As summerly as June and Strawberry-hill may sound, I assure you I am writing to you by the fire-side: English weather will give vent to its temper, and whenever it is out of humour it will blow east and north and all kinds of cold. Your brothers Ned and Gal. dined with me to-day, and I carried the latter back to Richmond: as I passed over the green, I saw Lord Bath, Lord Lonsdale* and half-a-dozen more of the White's club sauntering at the door of a house which they have taken there, and come to every Saturday and Sunday to play at whist. You will naturally ask why they can't play at whist in London on those two days as well as on the

* Henry Lowther, third Viscount Lonsdale, of the first creation. He was the second son of John the first Viscount, and succeeded his elder brother Richard in the title in 1713. He was a Lord of the Bedchamber, and at one period of his life was Privy Seal.—D.

other five; indeed I can't tell you, except that it is so established a fashion to go out of town at the end of the week, that people do go, though it be only into another town. It made me smile to see Lord Bath sitting there, like a citizen that has left off trade!

Your brother Ned has not seen Strawberry-hill since my great improvements; he was astonished: it is pretty: you never saw so tranquil a scene, without the least air of melancholy: I should hate it, if it was dashed with that. I forgot to ask Gal. what is become of the books of Houghton which I gave him six months ago for you and Dr. Cocchi. You perceive I have got your letter of May 23rd, and with it Prince Craon's simple epistle to his daughter:* I have no mind to deliver it: it would be a proper recommendation of a staring boy on his travels, and is consequently very suitable to my colleague master St. Leger; but one hates to be coupled with a romping greyhound puppy, *qui est moins prudent que Monsieur Valpol!* I did not want to be introduced to Madame de Mirepoix's assemblies, but to be acquainted with her, as I like her family: I concluded, simple as he is, that an old

* Madame de Mirepoix, French Ambassadress in England, to whom her father, Prince Craon, had written a letter of introduction for Horace Walpole.—D.

Frenchman knew how to make these distinctions. By thrusting St. Leger into the letter with me, and talking of my prudence, I shall not wonder if she takes me for his bear-leader, his travelling governor!

Mr. Chute, who went from hence this morning, and is always thinking of blazoning your pedigree* in the noblest colours, has turned over all my library, till he has tapped a new and very great family for you: in short, by your mother it is very clear that you are descended from Hubert de Burgh, grand Justiciary to Richard the Second: indeed I think he was hanged; but that is a misfortune that will attend very illustrious genealogies; it is as common to them as to the pedigrees about Paddington and Blackheath. I have had at least a dozen great-great-grandfathers that came to untimely ends. All your virtuosos in heraldry are content to know that they had ancestors who lived five hundred years ago, no matter how they died. A match with a low woman corrupts a stream of blood as long as the Danube,—tyranny, villainy, and executions are mere fleabites, and leave no stain.

* Count Richcourt and some Florentines, his creatures, had been very impertinent about Mr. Mann's family, which was very good, and which made it necessary to have his pedigree drawn out, and sent over to Florence.

The good Lord of Bath, whom I saw on Richmond-green this evening, did intend, I believe, to ennoble my genealogy with another execution: how low is he sunk now from those views! and how entertaining to have lived to see all those virtuous patriots proclaiming their mutual iniquities! Your friend Mr. Doddington, it seems, is so reduced as to be relapsing into virtue. In my last I told you some curious anecdotes of another part of the band, of Pope and Bolinbroke. The friends of the former have published twenty pamphlets against the latter; I say against the latter, for as there is no defending Pope, they are reduced to satirize Bolinbroke. One of them tells him how little he would be known himself from his own writings, if he were not immortalized in Pope's; and still more justly, that if he destroys Pope's moral character, what will become of his own, which has been retrieved and sanctified by the embalming art of his friend? However, there are still new discoveries made every day of Pope's dirty selfishness. Not content with the great profits which he proposed to make of the work in question, he could not bear that the interest of his money should be lost till Bolinbroke's death; and therefore told him that it would cost very near as much to have the press set for half a dozen

copies as it would for a complete edition, and by this means made Lord Bolinbroke pay very near the whole expense of the fifteen hundred. Another story I have been told on this occasion, was of a gentleman who making a visit to Bishop Atterbury in France, thought to make his court by commending Pope. The Bishop replied not: the gentleman doubled the dose: at last the Bishop shook his head, and said, "*Mens curva in corpore curvo!*" The world will now think justly of these men: that Pope was the greatest poet, but not the most disinterested man in the world; and that Bolinbroke had not all those virtues and not all those talents which the other so proclaimed; and that he did not even deserve the friendship which lent him so much merit; and for the mere loan of which he dissembled attachment to Pope, to whom in his heart he was as perfidious and as false as he has been to the rest of the world.

The Duke of Devonshire* has at last resigned, for the unaccountable and unenvied pleasure of shutting himself up at Chatsworth with his ugly mad Duchess;† the more extraordinary sacrifice, as he turned her head, rather than give up a favourite match for his son. She has consented

* William, third Duke of Devonshire.

† Catherine Hoskins.

to live with him there, and has even been with him in town for a few days, but did not see either her son or Lady Hartington. On his resignation he asked and obtained an English Barony for Lord Besborough, whose son Lord Duncannon, you know, married the Duke's eldest daughter. I believe this is a great disappointment to my uncle, who hoped he would ask the peerage for him or Pigwiggin. The Duke of Marlborough* succeeds as Lord Steward. Adieu!

LETTER CCIII.

Arlington-Street, June 25, 1749.

Don't flatter yourself with your approaching year of Jubilee; its pomps and vanities will be nothing to the shows and triumphs we have had, and are having. I talk like an Englishman: here you know we imagine that a jubilee is a season of pageants, not of devotion; but our Sabbath has really been all tilt and tournament. There have been, I think, no less than eight masquerades, the fire-works, and a public act at Oxford: to-morrow is an installation of six Knights of the Bath, and in August of as many Garters: Saturday, Sunday, and Monday next,

* Charles Spencer, second Duke of Marlborough.—D.

are the banquets at Cambridge, for the instalment of the Duke of Newcastle as Chancellor. The whole world goes to it: he has invited, summoned, pressed the entire body of nobility and gentry from all parts of England. His cooks have been there these ten days, distilling essences of every living creature, and massacring and confounding all the species that Noah and Moses took such pains to preserve and distinguish. It would be pleasant to see pedants and professors searching for etymologies of strange dishes, and tracing more wonderful transformations than any in the Metamorphoses. How miserably Horace's *unde et quo Catius* will be hacked about in clumsy quotations! I have seen some that will be very unwilling performers at the creation of this ridiculous *Mamamouchi.** I have set my heart on their giving a Doctor's degree to the Duchess of Newcastle's favourite —this favourite is at present neither a lover nor an apothecary, but a common pig, that she brought from Hanover: I am serious; and Harry Vane, the new Lord of the Treasury, is entirely employed, when he is not at the Board, in opening and shutting the door for it. Tell me, don't you very often throw away my letters in a passion, and believe that I invent the absur-

* See Moliere's Bourgeois gentilhomme.

dities I relate!—Were not we as mad, when you was in England?

The King, who has never dined out of his own palaces, has just determined to dine at Claremont to-morrow — all the cooks are at Cambridge — imagine the distress!

Last Thursday the monarch of my last paragraph, gave away the six vacant ribands: one to a Margrave of Anspach, a near relation of the late Queen; others to the Dukes of Leeds* and Bedford, Lords Albemarle and Granville: the last, you may imagine, gives some uneasiness. The Duke of Bedford has always been unwilling to take one, having tied himself up in the days of his patriotism to forfeit great sums if ever he did. The King told him one day this winter that he would give none away but to him and to Anspach. This distinction struck him: he could not refuse the honour; but he has endeavoured to waive it, as one imagines, by a scruple he raised against the oath, which obliges the Knights, whenever they are within two miles of Windsor, to go and offer. The King would not abolish the oath, but has given a general dispensation for all breaches of it, past, present, and to come. Lord Lincoln and Lord Harrington are very unhappy at not being

* Thomas Osborne, fourth Duke of Leeds.—D.

in the list. The sixth riband is at last given to Prince George: the ministry could not prevail for it, till within half an hour of the ceremony: then the Bishop of Salisbury was sent to notify the gracious intention. The Prince was at Kew, so the message was delivered to Prince George* himself. The child, with great good sense, desired the Bishop to give his duty and thanks, and to assure the King that he should always obey him; but that as his father was out of town, he could send no other answer. Was not it clever? The design of not giving one riband to the Prince's children, had made great noise: there was a *Remembrancer*† on that subject ready for the press. This is the Craftsman of the present age, and is generally levelled at the Duke,‡ and filled with very circumstantial cases of his arbitrary behaviour. It has absolutely written down Hawley his favourite General and executioner, who was to have been upon the staff.

Garrick is married to the famous Violette, first at a Protestant, and then at a Roman Catholic chapel. The chapter of this history is a little obscure and uncertain, as to the consent of the

* Afterwards George the Third.—D.

† A paper written by Ralph.

‡ The Duke of Cumberland.—D.

protecting Countess,* and whether she gives her a fortune or not.

Adieu!—I believe I tell you strange rhapsodies—but you must consider that our follies are not only very extraordinary, but are our business and employment: they enter into our politics, nay, I think they are our politics†— and I don't know which are the simplest. They are Tully's description of poetry, *hæc studia juventutem alunt, senectutem oblectant; pernoctant nobiscum, peregrinantur, rusticantur*—so, if you will that I write to you, you must be content with a detail of absurdities. I could tell you of Lord Mountford's‡ making cricket-matches, and fetch-

* Dorothy, Countess of Burlington. The Violette was a German dancer, first at the Opera, and then at the playhouse, and in such favour at Burlington-house, that the tickets for her benefits were designed by Kent, and engraved by Vertue.

† This was frequently the case while the Duke of Newcastle and Mr. Pelham were ministers: it was so true, that in the case of the Violette, just mentioned, one night that she had advertised three dances and danced but two, Lord Bury and some young men of fashion began a riot, and would have had her sent for from Burlington house. It being feared that she would be hissed on her next appearance, and Lord Hartington, the cherished of Mr. Pelham, being son-in-law of Lady Burlington, the ministry were in great agitation to secure a good reception for the Violette from the audience, and the Duke was even desired to order Lord Bury (one of his Lords) not to hiss.

‡ Henry Bromley, first Lord Montfort, so created in 1741. He died in 1755.—D.

ing up parsons by express from different parts of England to play matches on Richmond-green; of his keeping aide-de-camps to ride to all parts to lay bets *for him* at horse-races, and of twenty other peculiarities; but I fancy you are tired—in short, you who know me, will comprehend all best, when I tell you that I live in such a scene of folly, as makes me even think myself a creature of common sense.

LETTER CCIV.

Arlington-Street, July 24, 1749.

You and Dr. Cocchi have made me ashamed with the civilities you showed to my book—I hope it blushed!

You have seen the death of the Duke of Montagu* in all the papers. His loss will be extremely felt! he paid no less than 2700*l.* a-year in private pensions, which ought to be known, to balance the immense history of his places; of which he was perpetually obtaining new, and making the utmost of all: he had quartered on the great wardrobe no less than thirty nominal

* John, the last Duke of Montagu, was Knight of the Garter, Great Master of the Order of the Bath, Master of the great Wardrobe, Colonel of the Blues, &c. &c.

tailors and arras-workers. This employment is to be dropped; his others are not yet given away. My father had a great opinion of his understanding, and at the beginning of the war was most desirous of persuading him to be *Generalissimo;* but the Duke was very diffident of himself, and having seen little service, would not accept it. It short, with some foibles, he was a most amiable man, and one of the most feeling I ever knew. His estate is 17,000*l.* a-year; the Duchess of Manchester must have four of it; all the rest he has given, after four thousand a-year to the Duchess-dowager shall fall in, to his other daughter Lady Cardigan. Lord Vere Beauclerc* has thrown his into the list of vacant employments: he resigned his Lordship of the Admiralty on Anson's being preferred to him for Vice-Admiral of England; but what heightened the disgust, was Lord Vere's going a party to visit the docks with Sandwich and Anson, after this was done, and yet they never mentioned it to him. It was not possible to converse with them upon good terms every day afterwards. You perceive our powers and places are in a very fluctuating situation; the Prince will have a catalogue of discontented

* Lord Vere Beauclerc, brother of the Duke of St. Albans, afterwards created Lord Vere of Hanworth.

ready to fill the whole civil list. My Lord Chancellor was terrified the other day with a vision of such a revolution; he saw Lord Bath kiss hands, and had like to have dropped the Seals with the agony of not knowing what it was for—it was only for his going to Spa. However, as this is an event which the Chancellor has never thought an impossible one, he is daily making Christian preparation against it. He has just married his other daughter to Sir John Heathcote's* son; a Prince, little inferior to Pigwiggin in person; and pro-created in a greater bed of money and avarice than Pigwiggin himself: they say, there is a peerage already promised to him by the title of Lord Normanton. The King has consented to give two earldoms to re-place the great families of Somerset and Northumberland in their descendants: Lady Betty Smithson is to have the latter title after the Duke of Somerset's death, and Sir Charles Windham any other appellation he shall choose. You know Lord Granville had got a grant of Northumberland for him, but it was stopped. These two hang a little, by the Duke of Somerset's wanting to have

* Sir John Heathcote, Bart. of Normanton Park, in Rutlandshire. He was the son of Sir Gilbert Heathcote, Lord Mayor of London, who acquired a vast fortune, and was created a Baronet in 1733. Sir John's son Sir Gilbert, the third Baronet, married to his first wife, Margaret, youngest daughter of the Lord Chancellor Hardwicke.—D.

the earldom for his son-in-law,* instead of his daughter.†

You ask me about the principles of the Methodists: I have tried to learn them, and have read one of their books. The *visible* part seems to be nothing but stricter practice than that of our Church, clothed in the old exploded cant of mystical devotion. For example, you take a metaphor; we will say our passions are *weeds;* you immediately drop every description of the passions, and adopt everything peculiar to weeds: in five minutes a true methodist will talk with the greatest compunction of *hoeing*—this catches women of fashion and shopkeepers.

I have now a request to make to you: Mrs. Gibberne is extremely desirous of having her son come to England for a short time. There is a small estate left to the family, I think by the uncle; his presence is absolutely necessary: however, the poor woman is so happy in his situation with you, that she talks of giving up everything rather than disoblige you by fetching him to England. She has been so unfortunate as to lose a favourite daughter, that was just married

* Sir Hugh Smithson.

† The Duke of Somerset was eventually created Earl of Northumberland with remainder to Sir Hugh Smithson, and Earl of Egremont with remainder to Sir Charles Wyndham.—D.

greatly to a Lisbon merchant: the girl was so divided in her affections, that she had a mind not to have followed her husband to Portugal. Mrs. Leneve, to comfort the poor woman, told her what a distress this would have been either way—she was so struck with this position, that she said, "Dear Madam, it is very lucky she died!"—and since that, she has never cried, but for joy! Though it is impossible not to smile at these awkward sensations of unrefined nature, yet I am sure your good nature will agree with me, in giving the poor creature this satisfaction; and therefore I beg it. Adieu!

LETTER CCV.

Strawberry-Hill, Aug. 17, 1749.

I HEAR of nothing but your obliging civilities to the Barrets:* I don't wonder you are attentive to please; my amazement is, when I find it well-distributed: you have all your life been making Florence agreeable to everybody that came there, who have almost all forgot it—or worse. But Mr. and Mrs. Barret do you justice, and as they are very sensible and agreeable,

* Thomas Lennard Barret, afterwards Lord Dacre of the South, and his wife, Anne, daughter of Lord Chief Justice Pratt.

I am persuaded you will always find that they know how to esteem such goodness as your's. Mr. Chute has this morning received here a letter from Mr. Barret, and will answer it very soon. Mr. Montagu is here too, and happy to hear he is so well, and recommends several compliments to your conveyance. Your brother mentions your being prevented writing to me, by the toothache; I hate you should have any pain.

You always let us draw upon you for such weight of civilities to anybody we recommend, that if I did not desire to show my attention, and the regard I have for Count Lorenzi,* yet it would be burning ingratitude not to repay you. I have accordingly been trying to be very civil to the Chevalier; I did see him once at Florence. To-morrow I am to fetch him hither to dinner, from Putney, where the Mirepoixs have got a house. I gave Madame her father's simple letter, of which she took no more notice than it deserved; but Prince Beauvau† has written her a very particular one about me, and is to come over himself in the winter to make me a visit: this has warmed their *politesse*. I should have known the Ambassadress anywhere by the like-

* The French Minister at Florence.

† The brother of Madame de Mirepoix, afterwards a Marshal of France.—D.

ness to her family. He is cold and stately, and not much tasted here. She is very sensible; but neither of them satisfy me in one point; I wanted to see something that was the quintessence of the newest *bon ton*, that had the last *bel air*, and spoke the freshest jargon. These people have scarce ever lived at Paris, are reasonable, and little amusing with follies. They have brought a cousin of his, a Monsieur de Levi, who has a *tantino* of what I wanted to see. You know they pique themselves much upon their Jewish name, and call cousins with the Virgin Mary. They have a picture in the family, where she is made to say to the founder of the house, "*Couvrez vous, mon cousin.*" He replies, "*Non pas, ma très sainte cousine, je scai trop bien le respect que je vous dois.*"*

There is nothing like news: Kensington-palace had like to have made an article the other night; it was on fire: my Lady Yarmouth has an ague, and is forced to keep a constant fire in her room against the damps. When my Lady Suffolk lived in that apartment, the floor produced a constant crop of mushrooms. Though

* There is said to have been another equally absurd picture in the same family, in which Noah is represented going into the ark, carrying under his arm a small trunk, on which was written "*Papiers de la maison de Levis.*"—D.

there are so many vacant chambers, the King hoards all he can, and has locked up half the palace since the Queen's death: so he does at St. James's, and I believe would put the rooms out to interest, if he could get a closet a year for them! Somebody told my Lady Yarmouth they wondered she would live in that unwholesome apartment, when there are so many other rooms: she replied, "*Mais pas poûr moy.*"

The scagliola tables are arrived, and only one has suffered a little on the edge: the pattern is perfectly pretty. It would oblige me much if you could make the Friar make a couple more for me, and with a little more expedition.

Don't be so humble about your pedigree: there is not a pipe of good blood in the kingdom but we will tap for you: Mr. Chute has it now in painting; and you may depend on having it with the most satisfactory proofs, as soon as it can possibly be finished. He has taken great pains, and fathomed half the genealogies in England for you.

You have been extremely misinformed about my father's writing his own history: I often pressed it, but he never once threw a thought that way. He neither loved reading nor writing; and at last, the only time he had leisure, was not well enough. He used to say, "That but few

men should ever be ministers, for it let them see too much of the badness of mankind." Your story, I imagine, was inoculated on this speech. Adieu!

LETTER CCVI.

Strawberry-Hill, Sept. 12, 1749.

I HAVE your two letters to answer of August 15th and 26th, and as far as I see before me, have a great deal of paper, which I don't know how to fill. The town is notoriously empty; at Kensington they have scarce company enough to pay for lighting the candles. The Duke has been for a week with the Duke of Bedford at Woburn: Princess Emily remains saying *civil things;* for example; the second time she saw Madame de Mirepoix, she cried out, "*Ah! Madame, vous n'avez pas tant de rouge aujourdhui: la première fois que vous êtes venue ici, vous aviez une quantité horrible.*" This the Mirepoix herself repeated to me; you may imagine her astonishment,—I mean, as far as your duty will give you leave. I like her extremely; she has a great deal of quiet sense. They try much to be English, and whip into frocks without measure, and fancy they are doing the fashion.

Then she has heard so much of that villainous custom of giving money to the servants of other people, that there is no convincing her that women of fashion never give; she distributes with both hands. The Chevalier Lorenzi has dined with me here: I gave him venison, and as he was determined to like it, he protested it was as *good as beef.* You will be delighted with what happened to him: he was impatient to make his brother's compliments to Mr. Chute, and hearing somebody at Kensington call *Mr. Schutz,* he easily mistook the sound, and went up to him, and asked him if he had not been at Florence! Schutz with the utmost Hanoverian gravity replied, "*Oui, oui, j'ai été à Florence, oui, oui:— mais où est-il ce Florence?*"

The Richcourts* are arrived, and have brought with them a strapping lad of your Count; sure, is it the boy that my Lady O. used to bring up by hand! he is pretty picking for her now. The woman is handsome, but clumsy to a degree, and as much too masculine as her lover Rice is too little so. Sir Charles Williams too is arrived, and tells me how much he has heard in your praise in Germany. Villettes is here, but I have had no dealing with him. I think I talk nothing

* Count Richcourt, brother of the Minister at Florence, and Envoy from the Emperor: his wife was a Piedmontese.

but foreign ministers to-day, as if I were just landed from the Diet of Ratisbon. But I shall have done on this chapter, and I think on all others, for you say such extravagant things of my letters, which are nothing but gossiping gazettes, that I cannot bear it. Then you have undone yourself with me, for you compare them to Madame Sevigné's; absolute treason! Do you know, there is scarce a book in the world I love so much as her letters!

How infinitely humane you are about Gibberne! shall I amuse you with the truth of that history, which I have discovered? The poor silly woman his mother has pressed his coming for a very private reason—only to make him one of the most considerable men in this country—and by what wonderful means do you think this mighty business is to be effected? only by the beauties of his person! As I remember, he was as little like an Adonis as could be—you must keep this inviolably; but depend upon the truth of it—I mean, that his mother really has this idea. She showed his picture to—why, to the Duchess of Cleveland, to the Duchess of Portsmouth, to Madame Pompadour, in short, to one of them, I don't know which; I only know it was *not* to my Lady Suffolk, the King's *former* Mistress—"*Mon Dieu! Madame, est-il frai que fotre fils est*

si sholi que ce Bortrait? il faut que je le garte; je feux apsolument l'afoir." The woman protested nothing ever was so handsome as her lad, and that the nasty picture did not do him half justice. In short, she flatters herself that the Countess* will do him whole justice—I don't think it impossible but out of charity she may make him groom of the chambers. I don't know indeed how the article of beauty may answer; but if you should lose your Gibberne—it is good to have a friend at court.

Lord Granby is going to be married to the eldest of the Lady Seymours; she has above 130,000*l.* The Duke of Rutland will take none of it, but gives at present 6000*l.* a-year.

That I may keep my promise to myself of having nothing to tell you, I shall bid you good night; but I really do know no more. Don't whisper my anecdote even to Gibberne, if he is not yet set out; nor to the Barrets. I wish you a merry, merry baths of Pisa, as the link-boys say at Vauxhall. Adieu!

* Lady Yarmouth.

LETTER CCVII.

Strawberry-Hill, Oct. 27, 1749.

You never was more conveniently in fault, in your life: I have been going to make you excuses these ten days for not writing; and while I was inventing them, your humble letter of Oct. 10th arrives—I am so glad to find it is you that are to blame, not I. Well, well, I am all good-nature; I forgive you; I can overlook such little negligences.

Mr. Chute is indefatigable in your service; but Anstis* has been very troublesome: he makes as many difficulties in signing a certificate about folks that are dead, as if they were claiming an estate. I am sorry you are so pressed, for poor Mr. Chute is taken off from this pursuit: he was fetched from hence this day se'nnight to his infernal brother's, where a Mrs. Mildmay, whom you must have heard him mention, is dead suddenly—this may turn out a very great misfortune to our friend.

Your friend, Mr. Doddington, has not quite stuck to the letter of the declaration he sent you: he is first minister at Carlton-house, and

* Garter King at Arms. (It was to him Lord Chesterfield said, "You foolish man, you do not know your own foolish business." —D.

is to lead the Opposition—but the misfortune is, nobody will be led by him: that whole Court is in disorder by this event: everybody else laughs.

I am glad the Barrets please you, and that I have pleased Count Lorenzi. I must tell you a speech of the Chevalier, which you will reconnoitre for Florentine: one would think he had seen no more of the world than his brother.* He was visiting Lady Yarmouth with Mirepoix: he drew a person into a window, and whispered him; "*Dites moi un peu en ami, je vous en prie; qu'est ce que c'est que Miledi Yarmouth.*"—"*Eh! bien, vous ne sçavez pas? Non, ma foi: nous sçavons ce que c'est que Miledi Middlesex.*"

Gibberne is arrived—I don't tell you this *apropos* to the foregoing paragraph—he has wanted to come hither, but I have waived his visit till I am in town.

I announce to you the old absurd Countess—not of Orford, but Pomfret. Bistino will have enough to do; there is Lady Juliana,† who is very like, but not so handsome as Lady Granville; and Lady Granville's little child. They are actually in France; I don't doubt but you will have them. I shall pity you under a second edition of her follies.

* Who had never been out of Tuscany.

† Afterwards married to Mr. Penn.

Adieu! Pray ask my pardon for my writing you so short a letter.

LETTER CCVIII.

Arlington-Street, Nov. 17, 1749.

At last I have seen *le beau* Gibberne: I was extremely glad to see him, after I had done contemplating his person, which surely was never designed to figure in a romance. I never saw a creature so grateful! It is impossible not to be touched with the attachment he has for you. He talks of returning; and indeed I would advise it for his sake: he is quite spoiled for living in England, and had entirely forgot what Visigoths his countrymen are. But I must drop him to thank you for the charming Intaglia which you have stolen upon me by his means: it is admired as much as it deserves; but with me it has all the additional merit of coming from you. Gibberne says you will be frightened at a lamentable history* that you will read of me in the newspapers; but pray don't be frightened: the

* Mr. W. had been robbed the week before in Hyde-park, and narrowly escaped being killed by the accidental going off of the highwayman's pistol, which did stun him, and took off the skin of his cheek-bone.

danger, great as it was, was over before I had any notion of it; and the hurt did not deserve mentioning. The relation is so near the truth, that I need not repeat it; and indeed the frequent repetition has been much worse than the robbery. I have at last been relieved by the riots* at the new French theatre, and by Lord Coke's lawsuit.† The first has been opened twice; the latter to-day. The young men of fashion, who espouse the French players, have hitherto triumphed: the old ladies, who countenance Lady Mary Coke, are likely to have their grey beards brought with sorrow to the grave. It will be a new æra, (or, as my Lord Baltimore calls it, a new *area*,) in English history, to have the mob and the Scotch beat out of two points that they have endeavoured to make national. I dare say the Chevalier Lorenzi will write ample accounts to Florence of these and all our English phænomena. I think, if possible, we brutalize more and more: the only difference is, that though everything is anarchy, there seems to be less general party than ever. The humours

* The mob was determined not to suffer French players; and Lord Trentham's engaging in their defence, was made great use of against him at the ensuing election for Westminster, where he was to be re-chosen, on being appointed a Lord of the Admiralty.

† Lady Mary Coke swore the peace against her husband.

abound, but there wants some notable physician to bring them to a head.

The Parliament met yesterday: we had opposition, but no division on the address.

Now the Barrets have left you, Mr. Chute and I will venture to open our minds to you a little; that is, to comfort you for the loss of your friends, we will abuse them — that is enough in the way of the world. Mr. Chute had no kind of acquaintance with Mr. Barret till just before he set out: I, who have known him all my life, must tell you that all those nerves are imaginary, and that as long as there are distempers in the world, he will have one or two constantly upon his list. I don't know her; I never heard much of her understanding, but I had rather take your opinion; or at least, if I am not absolutely so complaisant, I will believe that you was determined to like them on Mr. Chute's account. I would not speak so plainly to you (and have not I been very severe?) if I were not sure that your goodnature would not relax any offices of friendship to them. You will scold me black and blue: but you know I always tell you when the goodness of your heart makes you borrow a little from that of other people to lend to their heads. Good night!

LETTER CCIX.

Arlington-Street, Jan. 10, 1750.

I DON'T at all know what to say to you, for not having writ to you since the middle of November: I only know that nothing has happened, and so I have omitted telling you nothing. I have had two from you in the interim, one of November 28th, and one without a date, in which you are extremely kind about my robbery, of which in my last I assured you there were no consequences: thank you a thousand times for having felt so much on my account. Gibberne has been with me again to-day, as his mother was a fortnight ago: she talked me to death, and three times after telling me her whole history, she said, "Well then, Sir, upon the whole," and began it all again. *Upon the whole,* I think she has a mind to keep her son in England; and he has a mind to be kept, though in my opinion he is very unfit for living in England—he is too polished! For trade, she says, he is in a cold sweat if she mentions it; and so they propose, *by the acquaintance,* he says, *his mother has among the quality,* to get him that nothing called something. I assured them, you had too much friendship for him to desire his return, if it would be a prejudice to his interest—did not I say right?

he seems a good creature; too good to make his way here.

I beg you will not omit sending me every tittle that happens to compose my Lady Pomfret's second volume. We see perpetual articles of the sale of the furniture in the Great Duke's villas; is there any truth in it? You would know me again, if you saw me playing at Pharaoh on one side of Madame de Mirepoix, as I used to do by her mother: I like her extremely, though she likes nothing but gaming. His pleasure is dancing: don't you envy any body that can have spirits to be so simple as to like themselves in a minuet after fifty? Don't tell his brother, but the Chevalier Lorenzi is the object of the family's entertainment. With all the Italian thirst for English knowledge, he vents as many absurdities as if he had a passion for Ireland too. He saw some of the Florentine Gesse's at Lord Lincoln's; he showed them to the Ambassadress with great transport, and assured her that the Great Duke had the originals, and that there never had been made any copies of them. He told her the other day that he had seen a sapphire of the size of her diamond ring, and worth more: she said that could not be. "Oh!" said he, "I mean, supposing your diamond were a sapphire."

I want to know Dr. Cocchi's and your opinion of two new French books, if you have seen them. One is Montesquieu's *Esprit des Loix;* which I think the best book that ever was written—at least I never learned half so much from all I ever read. There is as much wit as useful knowledge. He is said to have hurt his reputation by it in France, which I can conceive, for it is almost the interest of every body there that can understand it, to decry it. The other, far inferior, but entertaining, is Hainault's *Abregé Chronologique de l'Histoire de France.* It is very amusing, though very full of Frenchisms; and though an abridgment, often so minute, as to tell you when the Quinzevingts first wore flower-de-luces on their shoulders: but there are several little circumstances that give one an idea of the manners of old time, like Dr. Cocchi's treatise on the old rate of expenses.

There has been nothing particular in Parliament: all our conversation has turned on the Westminster election, on which, after a vast struggle, Lord Trentham had the majority. Then came on the scrutiny—after a week's squabbling on the right of election, the High Bailiff declared what he would take to be the right. They are now proceeding to disqualify votes on that foot; but as his decision could not

possibly please both sides, I fear it will come to us at last.

Lord Pembroke* died last night; he had been at the Bridge-Committee† in the morning, where, according to custom, he fell into an outrageous passion; as my Lord Chesterfield told him, that ever since the pier sunk, he has constantly been *damming and sinking*. The watermen say to-day, that now the great *Pier (Peer)* is quite gone. Charles Stanhope carried him home in his chariot; he desired the coachman to drive gently, for he could not avoid those passions, and afterwards between shame and his asthma, he always felt daggers, and should certainly one day or other die in one of those fits. Arundel,‡ his great friend and relation, came to him soon after: he repeated the conversation, and said, he did not know but he might die by night, "God bless you!—if I see you no more, take this as my last farewell!" He died in his chair at seven o'clock. He is certainly a public loss, for he was public-spirited and inflexibly honest, though prejudice and passion were so predomi-

* Henry Herbert, Earl of Pembroke and Groom of the Stole.

† The Committee under whose superintendence Westminster Bridge had been built.—D.

‡ Richard Arundel, Treasurer of the chambers: his mother, the Dowager Lady Arundel, was second wife of Thomas Earl of Pembroke, father of Earl Henry.

nant in him, that honesty had not fair play, whenever he had been set upon any point that had been given him for right. In his lawsuit with my Lady Portland, he was scurrilously indecent, though to a woman; and so blasphemous at tennis, that the present Primate of Ireland* was forced to leave off playing with him. Last year he went near to destroy post-chaises, on a quarrel with the Post-master at Hounslow, who, as he told the Bishop of Chichester, had an hundred devils and Jesuits in his belly. In short, he was one of the lucky English madmen, who get people to say, that whatever extravagance they commit, "Oh, it is his way." He began his life with boxing, and ended it with living upon vegetables, into which system avarice a little entered. At the beginning of the present war, he very honourably would resign his regiment, though the King pressed him to keep it, because his rupture hindered his serving abroad. My father, with whom he was always well, would at any time have given him the blue riband; but he piqued himself on its being offered to him without asking it — the truth was, he did not care for the expense of the instalment. His great excellence was architecture: the bridge at Wilton is more beautiful than any thing of Lord

* Dr. George Stone.

Burlington or Kent. He has left an only son, a fine boy about sixteen.* Last week Lord Crawford† died too, as is supposed, by taking a large quantity of laudanum, under impatience at the badness of his circumstances, and at the seventeenth opening of the wound which he got in Hungary in a battle with the Turks. I must tell you a story *apropos* of two noble instances of fidelity and generosity. His servant, a French papist, saw him fall, watched and carried him off into a ditch. Lord Crawford told him the Turks would certainly find them, and that as he could not live himself, it was in vain for him to risk his life too, and insisted on the man making his escape. After a long contest, the servant retired, found a priest, confessed himself, came back and told his Lord that he was now prepared to die, and would never leave him. The enemy did not return, and both were saved. After Lord Crawford's death, this story was related to old Charles Stanhope, Lord Harrington's brother, whom I mentioned just now: he sent for the fellow, told him he could not take him himself, but as from his Lord's affairs he

* Henry tenth Earl of Pembroke, and seventh Earl of Montgomery. Died 1794 —D.

† John Lindsay, Earl of Crawford, premier Earl of Scotland. His life, which indeed had little remarkable in it, was published afterwards in a large quarto.

concluded he had not been able to provide for him, he would give him fifty pounds, and did.

To make up for my long silence, and to make up a long letter, I will string another old story, which I have just heard, to this. General Wade was at a low gaming-house, and had a very fine snuff-box, which on a sudden he missed. Everybody denied having taken it: he insisted on searching the company: he did: there remained only one man, who had stood behind him, but refused to be searched, unless the General would go into another room alone with him: there the man told him, that he was born a gentleman, was reduced, and lived by what little bets he could pick up there, and by fragments which the waiters sometimes gave him. "At this moment I have half a fowl in my pocket; I was afraid of being exposed; here it is! Now, Sir, you may search me." Wade was so struck, that he gave the man a hundred pounds—and immediately the genius of generosity, whose province is almost a sinecure, was very glad of the opportunity of making him find his own snuff-box, or another very like it, in his own pocket again.

Lord Marchmont is to succeed Lord Crawford, as one of the sixteen: the House of Lords is so inactive, that at last the ministry have ventured to let him in there. His brother Hume Camp-

bell, who has been in a state of neutrality, begins to frequent the House again.

It is plain I am no monied man, as I have forgot, till I came to my last paragraph, what a ferment the money-changers are in! Mr. Pelham, who has flung himself entirely into Sir John Barnard's * hands, has just miscarried in a scheme for the reduction of interest, by the intrigues of the three great Companies and other usurers. They all detest Barnard, who, to honesty and abilities, joins the most intolerable pride. By my next, I suppose, you will find that Mr. Pelham is grown afraid of somebody else, of some Director, and is governed by him. Adieu!—Sure I am out of debt now!

P. S. My dear Sir, I must trouble you with a commission, which I don't know whether you can execute. I am going to build a little gothic castle at Strawberry-hill.' If you can pick me up any fragments of old painted glass, arms, or anything, I shall be excessively obliged to you. I can't say I remember any such things in Italy, but out of old chateaus, I imagine, one might get it cheap, if there is any.

* An eminent citizen, and long Member of Parliament for the City of London. He at length accomplished his plan for the reduction of the interest of the National Debt.—D.

LETTER CCX.

Arlington-Street, Jan. 31, 1750.

You will hear little news from England, but of robberies; the numbers of disbanded soldiers and sailors have all taken to the road, or rather to the street: people are almost afraid of stirring after it is dark. My Lady Albemarle* was robbed the other night in Great Russell-street, by nine men: the King gave her a gold watch and chain the next day. She says, "the manner was all"—and indeed so it was, for I never saw a more frippery present; especially considering how great a favourite she is, and my Lady Yarmouth's friend. The monarch is never less generous, than when he has a mind to be so: the only present he ever made my father was a large diamond, cracked quite through. Once or twice in his younger and gallant days, he has brought out a handful of maimed topazes and amythists, and given them to be raffled for by the Maids of Honour. I told my Lady Yarmouth, it had been a great loss to me, that there was no Queen, for then I suppose I should have had a watch too when I was robbed.

* Lady Anne Lenox, sister of the Duke of Richmond, wife of William Anne Keppel, Earl of Albemarle, Ambassador at Paris, and Lady of the Bedchamber to Queen Caroline.

We have had nothing remarkable in Parliament, but a sort of secession the other day on the Mutiny-bill, when Lord Egmont and the Opposition walked out of the House, because the ministry would go upon the Report, when they did not like it. It is a measure of the Prince's court to lie by, and let the ministry demolish one another, which they are hurrying to do. The two Secretaries* are on the brink of declaring war: the occasion is likely to be given by a Turnpike-bill, contested between the counties of Bedford and Northampton; and it grows almost as vehement a contest as the famous one between Aylesbury and Buckingham. The Westminster election is still hanging in scrutiny: the Duke of Bedford paid the election,† which he owns to have cost seven thousand pounds, and Lord Gower pays the scrutiny, which will be at least as much. This bustling little Duke has just had another miscarriage in Cornwall, where he attacked a family-borough of the Morrices. The Duke‡ espouses the Bedford; and Lord Sandwich is espoused by both. He goes once or twice a-week to hunt with the Duke; and as the latter has taken a turn of

* The Dukes of Newcastle and Bedford.

† The Duke of Bedford's second wife was sister of Lord Trentham, the candidate.

‡ Of Cumberland.

gaming, Sandwich, to make his court—and fortune, carries a box and dice in his pocket; and so they throw a main, whenever the hounds are at a fault, *upon every green hill, and under every green tree.*

But we have one shocking piece of news, the dreadful account of the hurricane in the East Indies: you will see the particulars in the papers; but we reckon that we don't yet know the worst. Poor Admiral Boscawen* has been most unfortunate during his whole expedition; and what increases the horror is, that I have been assured by a very intelligent person, that Lord Anson projected this business on purpose to ruin Boscawen, who, when they came together from the victory off Cape Finisterre, complained loudly of Anson's behaviour. To silence and to hurt him, Anson dispatched him to Pondicherry, upon slight intelligence and upon improbable views.

Lord Coke's suit is still in suspense; he has been dying; she was to have died, but has recovered wonderfully on his taking the lead. Mr. Chute diverted me excessively with a confidence that Chevalier Lorenzi made him the other night—I have told you the style of his *bon-mots!* He said he should certainly return to England again, and that whenever he did, he

* Edward, next brother of Lord Falmouth.

would land at Bristol, because baths are the best places to make acquaintance,—just as if Mr. Chute, after living seven years in Italy, and keeping the best company, should return thither, and land at Leghorn, in order to make Italian acquaintance at Pisa!

Among the robberies, I might have told you of the eldest Miss Pelham leaving a pair of diamond earrings, which she had borrowed for the birth-day, in a hackney chair; she had put them under the seat for fear of being attacked, and forgot them. The chairmen have sunk them. The next morning when they were missed, the damsel began to cry: Lady Catherine* grew frightened, lest her infanta should vex herself sick, and summoned a jury of matrons to consult whether she should give her hartshorn or lavender drops? Mrs. Selwyn,† who was on the panel, grew very peevish, and said, "Pho! give her brilliant drops." Such are the present anecdotes of the Court of England! Adieu!

* Lady Catherine Manners, sister of John Duke of Rutland, and wife of Henry Pelham, Chancellor of the Exchequer.

† Mary Farenden, wife of John Selwyn, Treasurer to Queen Caroline, and woman of the bed-chamber.

LETTER CCXI.

Strawberry-Hill, Feb. 25, 1750.

I AM come hither for a little repose and air. The fatigue of a London winter, between Parliaments and rakery, is a little too much without interruption for an elderly personage, that verges towards—I won't say what. This accounts easily for my wanting quiet—but air in February will make you smile—yet it is strictly true, that the weather is unnaturally hot: we have had eight months of warmth beyond what was ever known *in any other country;* Italy is quite north with respect to us!—You know we have had an earthquake. Mr. Chute's Francesco says, that a few evenings before it, there was a bright cloud, which the mob called *the bloody cloud;* that he had been told there never were earthquakes in England, or else he should have known by that symptom that there would be one within a week. I am told that Sir Isaac Newton foretold a great alteration in our climate in the year 50, and that he wished he could live to see it. Jupiter, I think, has jogged us three degrees nearer to the sun.

The Bedford Turnpike, which I announced to you in my last, is thrown out by a majority of fifty-two against the Duke of Bedford. The Pel-

hams, who lent their own persons to him, had set up the Duke of Grafton, to list their own dependents under, against their rival. When the Chamberlain would head a party, you may be sure the opposite power is in the wane. The Newcastle is at open war, and has left off waiting on the Duke, who espouses the Bedfords. Mr. Pelham tries to patch it up, and is getting the Ordnance for the Duke; but there are scarce any terms kept. Lord Sandwich, who governs the little Duke through the Duchess, is the chief object of the Newcastles' hatred. Indeed there never was such a composition! he is as capable of all little knavery, as if he was not practising all great knavery. During the turnpike contest, in which he laboured night and day against his friend Halifax, he tried the grossest tricks to break agreements, when the opposite side were gone away on the security of a suspension of action: and in the very middle of that I came to the knowledge of a cruel piece of flattery which he paid to his protector. He had made interest for these two years for one Parry, a poor clergyman, schoolfellow and friend of his, to be fellow of Eton, and had secured a majority for him. A Fellow died: another wrote to Sandwich to know if he was not to vote for Parry according to his engagement,—"No, he must vote for one

who had been tutor to the Duke of Bedford," who by that means has carried it. My Lady Lincoln* was not suffered to go to a ball which Sandwich made the other night for the Duke, who tumbled down in the middle of a country dance; they imagined he had beat his nose flat, but he lay like a tortoise on the topshell, his face could not reach the ground by some feet. My Lady Anson† was there, who insisted on dancing minuets, though against the rule of the night, with as much eagerness as you remember in my Lady Granville. Then she proposed herself for a Louvre; all the men vowed they had never heard of such a dance, upon which she dragged out Lady Betty Leveson,‡ and made her dance one with her.

At the last ball at the same house, a great dispute of precedence, which the Duchess of Norfolk had set on foot, but has dropped, came to a trial. Lord Sandwich *contrived* to be on the outside of the door to hand down to supper whatever Lady came out first. Madame de Mirepoix and the Duchess of Bedford were the

* Catherine, eldest daughter of Henry Pelham, and wife of Henry Clinton Earl of Lincoln.

† Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Philip Yorke Lord Hardwicke, Lord Chancellor, and wife of George Lord Anson.

‡ Daughter of John second Lord Gower. Married in 1751 to the Hon. John Waldegrave.—D.

rival Queens: the latter made a faint offer to the Ambassadress to go first; she returned it, and the other briskly accepted it; upon which, the Ambassadress, with great cleverness, made all the other women go before her, and then asked the Duke of Bedford if he would not go too. However, though they continue to visit, the wound is incurable: you don't imagine that a widow* of the House of Lorrain, and a daughter of Princess Craon, can digest such an affront. It certainly was very absurd, as she is not only an Ambassadress, but a stranger, and consequently, all English women, as being at home, should give her place. King George the Second and I don't agree in our explication of this text of ceremony; he approves the Duchess —so he does Miss Chudleigh, in a point where ceremony is out of the question. He opened the trenches before her a fortnight ago, at the masquerade—but at the last she had the gout, and could notcome; he went away *fort* cross. His son is not so fickle. My Lady Middlesex has been miscarrying; he attends as incessantly as Mrs. Cannon.† The other morning the Princess came to call him to go to Kew; he made her wait in her coach above half an hour at the

* Madame de Mirepoix, eldest daughter of Prince Craon, and widow of the Prince of Lixin.

† The Midwife.

door. You will be delighted with a *bon-mot* of a chair-maker, whom he has discarded for voting for Lord Trentham; one of his black-caps was sent to tell this Vaughan that the Prince would employ him no more: "I am going to bid another person make his Royal Highness a chair." "With all my heart," said the chair-maker; "I don't care what they make him, so they don't make him a throne." The Westminster election, which is still scrutinizing, produced us a parliamentary event this week, and was very near producing something much bigger. Mr. Fox and Mr. Pitt moved to send for the High-bailiff to inquire into the delay. The Opposition took it up very high, and on its being carried against them, the Court of Requests was filled next day with mob, and the House crowded, and big with expectation. Nugent had flamed and abused Lord Sandwich violently, as author of this outrageous measure. When the Bailiff appeared, the pacific spirit of the other part of the Administration had operated so much, that he was dismissed with honour; and only instructed to abridge all delays by authority of the House—in short, *we spit in his hat on Thursday, and wiped it off on Friday.* This is a new fashionable proverb, which I must construe to you. About ten days ago, at the new Lady

Cobham's* assembly, Lord Hervey† was leaning over a chair, talking to some women, and holding his hat in his hand. Lord Cobham came up and spit in it—yes, spit in it!—and then, with a loud laugh, turned to Nugent, and said, "Pay me my wager." In short, he had laid a guinea that he committed this absurd brutality, and that it was not resented. Lord Hervey, with great temper and sensibly, asked if he had any farther occasion for his hat?—"Oh! I see you are angry!"—"Not very well pleased." Lord Cobham took the fatal hat, and wiped it, made a thousand foolish apologies, and wanted to pass it for a joke. Next morning he rose with the sun, and went to visit Lord Hervey; so did Nugent: he would not see them, but wrote to the Spitter, (or, as he is now called, Lord Gob'em,) to say, that he had affronted him very grossly before company, but having involved Nugent in it, he desired to know to which he was to address himself for satisfaction. Lord Cobham wrote him a most submissive answer, and begged pardon both in his own and Nugent's name. Here it rested for a few days; till get-

* Anna Chamber, wife of Richard Temple Lord Cobham, afterwards Earl Temple.

† George, eldest son of John, late Lord Hervey, son of the Earl of Bristol; whom this George succeeded in the title.

ting wind, Lord Hervey wrote again to insist on an explicit apology under Lord Cobham's own hand, with a rehearsal of the excuses that had been made to him. This too was complied with, and the *fair conqueror** shows all the letters. Nugent's disgraces have not ended here: the night of his having declaimed so furiously against Lord Sandwich he was standing by Lady Catherine Pelham, at the masquerade, without his mask: she was telling him a history of a mad dog, (which I believe she had bit herself,) young Leveson, the Duchess of Bedford's brother, came up, without his mask too, and looking at Nugent, said, "I have seen a mad dog to-day, and a silly dog too."—"I suppose, Mr. Leveson,† you have been looking in the glass."—"No, I see him now." Upon which they walked off together, but were prevented from fighting, (if Nugent would have fought,) and were reconciled at the side-board. You perceive by this, that our factions are ripening. The Argyll‡ carried all

* George Lord Hervey was a very effeminate-looking man, which probably encouraged Lord Temple to risk this disgusting act of incivility.—D.

† The Hon. Richard Leveson Gower, second son of John, second Lord Gower, M. P. for Lichfield. Born 1726; died 1753.—D.

‡ Archibald Campbell third Duke of Argyll, during the lifetime of his elder brother Duke John, Earl of Islay. He died in 1765. —D.

the Scotch against the turnpike: they were willing to be carried, for the Duke of Bedford, in case it should have come into the Lords, had writ to the sixteen Peers, to solicit their votes; but with so little deference, that he inclosed all the letters under one cover, directed to the British coffee-house!

The new Duke of Somerset* is dead: that title is at last restored to Sir Edward Seymour, after his branch had been most unjustly deprived of it for about one hundred and fifty years. Sir Hugh Smithson and Sir Charles Windham are Earls of Northumberland and Egremont with vast estates; the former title, revived for the blood of Percy, has the misfortune of being coupled with the blood of a man that either let or drove coaches—such was Sir Hugh's grandfather! This peerage vacates his seat for Middlesex, and has opened a contest for the county, before even that for Westminster is decided. The Duchess of Richmond† takes care that house shall not be extinguished: she again lies in, after having been with child seven-and-twenty times: but even this is not so extraordinary as the Duke's fondness for her, or as the vigour of

* Algernon last Duke of Somerset of the younger branch.—D.

† Sarah, daughter of Earl Cadogan, and wife of Charles Duke of Richmond.

her beauty: her complexion is as fair and blooming as when she was a bride.

We expect some chagrin on the new Regency, at the head of which is to be the Duke; "*An Augustum fessâ ætate totiens in Germaniam commeare potuisse,*" say the mutineers in Tacitus—*Augustus* goes in April. He has notified to my Lord Orford his having given the reversion of New-park to his daughter Emily; and has given him leave to keep it in the best repair. One of the German women, Madame Munchausen, his minister's wife, contributes very kindly to the entertainment of the town. She is ugly, devout, and with that sort of coquetry, which proceeds from a virtue, that knows its own weakness, so much as to be alarmed, even when nothing is meant to its prejudice. At a great dinner which they gave last week, somebody observed that all the sugar-figures in the dessert, were girls: the Baron replied, "*Sa est frai; ordinairement les petits cupitons sont des garsons; mais ma femme s'est amusée toute la matinée à en ôter tout sà par motestie.*" This improvement of her's is a curious refinement, though all the geniuses of the age are employed in designing new plans for desserts. The Duke of Newcastle's last was a baby Vauxhall, illuminated with a million of little lamps of various colours.

We have been sitting this fortnight on the African company: *we*, the British Senate, that temple of liberty, and bulwark of Protestant Christianity, have this fortnight been pondering methods to make more effectual that horrid traffic of selling negroes. It has appeared to us that six-and-forty thousand of these wretches are sold every year to our plantations alone!—it chills one's blood. I would not have to say that I voted in it, for the continent of America! The destruction of the miserable inhabitants by the Spaniards, was but a momentary misfortune, that flowed from the discovery of the New World, compared to this lasting havoc which it brought upon Africa. We reproach Spain, and yet do not even pretend the nonsense of butchering these poor creatures for the good of their souls!

I have just received your long letter of Feb. 13th, and am pleased that I had writ this volume to return it. I don't know how almost to avoid wishing poor Prince Craon dead, to see the Princess end upon a throne.* I am sure she would invert Mr. Vaughan's wish, and compound to have nothing else made for her, provided a throne were.

* There was a notion that King Stanislaus, who lived in Lorrain, was in love with her.

I despise your literati enormously for their opinion of Montesquieou's book. Bid them read that glorious chapter on the subject I have been mentioning, the selling of African slaves. Where did he borrow that? In what book in the world is there half so much wit, sentiment, delicacy, humanity?

I shall speak much more gently to you, my dear child, though you don't like Gothic architecture. The Grecian is only proper for magnificent and public buildings. Columns and all their beautiful ornaments look ridiculous when crowded into a closet or a cheesecake house. The variety is little, and admits no charming irregularities. I am almost as fond of the *Sharawaggi*, or Chinese want of symmetry, in buildings, as in grounds or gardens. I am sure, whenever you come to England, you will be pleased with the liberty of taste into which we are struck, and of which you can have no idea. Adieu!

LETTER CCXII.

Arlington-Street, March 11, 1750.

Portents and prodigies are grown so frequent,
That they have lost their name.*

My text is not literally true; but as far as earthquakes go towards lowering the price of wonderful commodities, to be sure we are overstocked. We have had a second much more violent than the first; and you must not be surprised if by next post you hear of a burning mountain sprung up in Smithfield. In the night between Wednesday and Thursday last, (exactly a month since the first shock,) the earth had a shivering fit between one and two; but so slight, that if no more had followed, I don't believe it would have been noticed. I had been awake, and had scarce dozed again—on a sudden I felt my bolster lift up my head; I thought somebody was getting from under my bed, but soon found it was a strong earthquake, that lasted near half a minute, with a violent vibration and great roaring. I rang my bell, my servant came in, frightened out of his senses: in an instant we heard all the windows in the neighbourhood flung up. I got up and found people running into the streets, but saw no mis-

* Dryden's "All for Love."

chief done: there has been some; two old houses flung down, several chimneys and much china-ware. The bells rung in several houses. Admiral Knowles, who has lived long in Jamaica, and felt seven there, says this was more violent than any of them: Francesco prefers it to the dreadful one at Leghorn. The wise say, that if we have not rain soon, we shall certainly have more. Several people are going out of town, for it has nowhere reached above ten miles from London: they say, they are not frightened, but that it is such fine weather "Lord! one can't help going into the country!" The only visible effect it has had, was on the Ridotto, at which, being the following night, there were but four hundred people. A parson, who came into White's the morning of earthquake the first, and heard bets laid on whether it was an earthquake or the blowing up of powder-mills, went away exceedingly scandalized, and said, "I protest, they are such an impious set of people, that I believe if the last trumpet was to sound, they would bet puppet-show against Judgment." If we get any nearer still to the torrid zone, I shall pique myself on sending you a present of cedrati and orange-flower water: I am already planning a *Terreno* for Strawberry-hill.

The Middlesex election is carried against the

Court: the Prince, in a green frock, (and I won't swear, but in a Scotch plaid waistcoat,) sat under the park-wall, in his chair, and hallooed the voters on to Brentford. The Jacobites are so transported, that they are opening subscriptions for all boroughs that shall be vacant—this is wise! They will spend their money to carry a few more seats in a Parliament, where they will never have the majority, and so have none to carry the general elections. The omen, however, is bad for Westminster; the High-bailiff went to vote for the Opposition.

I now jump to another topic; I find all this letter will be detached scraps; I can't at all contrive to hide the seams: but I don't care. I began my letter merely to tell you of the earthquake, and I don't pique myself upon doing any more than telling you what you would be glad to have told you. I told you too how pleased I was with the triumphs of another old beauty, our friend the Princess.* Do you know, I have found a history that has great resemblance to her's; that is, that will be very like her's, if her's is but like it. I will tell

* The Princess Craon, who, it had been reported, was to marry Stanislaus Leczinsky, Duke of Lorraine and ex-King of Poland, whose daughter Maria Leczinska was married to Louis the Fifteenth, King of France.—D.

it you in as few words as I can. Madame la Marechal de l'Hôpital was the daughter of a sempstress ;* a young gentleman fell in love with her, and was going to be married to her, but the match was broken off. An old Fermier-general, who had retired into the province where this happened, hearing the story, had a curiosity to see the victim ; he liked her, married her, died and left her enough not to care for her inconstant. She came to Paris, where the Marechal de l'Hôpital married her for her riches. After the Marechal's death, Casimir, the abdicated King of Poland, who was retired into France, fell in love with the Marechale, and privately married her. If the event ever happens, I shall certainly travel to Nancy, to hear her talk of *ma belle fille la Reine de France.* What pains my Lady Pomfret would take to prove† that an abdicated King's wife

* This is the story of a woman named Mary Mignot. She was near marrying a young man of the name of La Gardie, who afterwards entered the Swedish service, and became a Field-Marshal in that country. Her first husband was, if I mistake not, a *Procureur* of Grenoble. Her second was the Marshal de l'Hôpital; and her third is supposed to have been Casimir, the ex-King of Poland, who had retired, after his abdication, to the monastery of St. Germain des Prés. It does not, however, appear certain whether Casimir actually married her or not.—D.

† Lady Pomfret and Princess Craon did not visit at Florence upon a dispute of precedence.

did not take place of an English Countess! and how the Princess herself would grow still fonder of the Pretender* for the similitude of his fortune with that of *le Roi mon Mari!* Her daughter, Mirepoix, was frightened the other night, with Mrs. Nugent's calling out, *un voleur! un voleur!* The Ambassadress had heard so much of robbing, that she did not doubt but *dans ce pais cy,* they robbed in the middle of an assembly. It turned out to be a *thief in the candle!* Good night!

LETTER CCXIII.

Arlington-Street, April 2, 1750.

You will not wonder so much at our earthquakes as at the effects they have had. All the women in town have taken them up upon the foot of *Judgments;* and the clergy, who have had no windfalls of a long season, have driven horse and foot into this opinion. There has been a shower of sermons and exhortations: Secker, the Jesuitical bishop of Oxford, began the mode. He heard the women were all going out of town to avoid the next shock; and so, for fear of losing his Easter offerings, he set himself to advise them to await God's good pleasure in

* The Pretender, when in Lorrain, lived in Prince Craon's house.

fear and trembling. But what is more astonishing, Sherlock,* who has much better sense, and much less of the popish confessor, has been running a race with him for the old ladies, and has written a pastoral letter, of which ten thousand were sold in two days; and fifty thousand have been subscribed for, since the two first editions.

I told you the women talked of going out of town: several families are literally gone, and many more going to-day and to-morrow; for what adds to the absurdity, is, that the second shock having happened exactly a month after the former, it prevails that there will be a third on Thursday next, another month, which is to swallow up London. I am almost ready to burn my letter now I have begun it, lest you should think I am laughing at you: but it is so true, that Arthur of White's told me last night, that he should put off the last ridotto, which was to be on Thursday, because he hears nobody would come to it. I have advised several who are going to keep their next earthquake in the country, to take the bark for it, as it is so periodic. Dick Leveson and Mr. Rigby, who had supped and stayed late at Bedford-house, the other night, knocked at several doors, and in

* Thomas Sherlock, Master of the Temple, first, Bishop of Salisbury, and afterwards of London.

a watchman's voice, cried "Past four o'clock, and a dreadful earthquake!" But I have done with this ridiculous panic: two pages were too much to talk of it.

We have had nothing in Parliament but trade bills, on one of which the Speaker humbled the arrogance of Sir John Barnard, who had reflected upon the proceedings of the House. It is to break up on Thursday se'nnight, and the King goes this day fortnight. He has made Lord Vere Beauclerc a Baron,* at the solicitation of the Pelhams, as this Lord had resigned upon a pique with Lord Sandwich. Lord Anson, who is treading in the same path, and leaving the Bedfords to follow his father-in-law the Chancellor, is made a Privy-Counsellor with Sir Thomas Robinson and Lord Hyndford. Lord Conway is to be an Earl,† and Sir John Rawdon,‡ (whose follies you remember, and whose boasted loyalty of having been kicked down-stairs for not drinking the Pretender's health, though even that was false, is at last rewarded,) and Sir John Vesey are to be Irish Lords; and a Sir

* Lord Vere of Hanworth, in Middlesex.—D.

† Lord Conway was made Earl of Hertford.—D.

‡ Sir John Rawdon was created in this year Baron Rawdon, and in 1761 Earl of Moira, in Ireland. Sir John Vesey was created Lord Knapton; and his son was made Viscount de Vesci in Ireland, in 1766.—D.

William Beauchamp Proctor, and a Mr. Loyd, Knights of the Bath.

I was entertained the other night at the house of much such a creature as Sir John Rawdon, and one whom you remember too, Naylor. He has a wife who keeps the most indecent house of all those that are called decent: every *Sunday* she has a contraband assembly: I had had a card for *Monday* a fortnight before. As the day was new, I expected a great assembly, but found scarce six persons. I asked where the company was—I was answered—"Oh! they are not come yet: they will be here presently; they all supped here last night, stayed till morning, and I suppose are not up yet."

My Lord Bolinbroke has lost his wife.* When she was dying, he acted grief; flung himself upon her bed, and asked her if she could forgive him. I never saw her, but have heard her wit and parts excessively commended. Dr. Middleton told me a compliment she made him two years ago, which I thought pretty. She said she was persuaded that he was a very great writer, for she understood his works better than any other English book, and that she had ob-

* She was a Frenchwoman, the widow of a Monsieur de Villettes; (and niece of Madame de Maintenon.—D.)

served that the best writers were always the most intelligible.

Wednesday.

I had not time to finish my letter on Monday. I return to the earthquake, which I had mistaken; it is to be to-day. This frantic terror prevails so much, that within these three days seven hundred and thirty coaches have been counted passing Hyde Park corner, with whole parties removing into the country; here is a good advertisement which I cut out of the papers to-day;

"On Monday next will be published, (price 6d.) A true and exact List of all the Nobility and Gentry who have left or shall leave this place through fear of another Earthquake."

Several women have made earthquake gowns, —that is, warm gowns to sit out of doors all to-night. These are of the more courageous. One woman still more heroic is come to town on purpose: she says, all her friends are in London, and she will not survive them. But what will you think of Lady Catherine Pelham, Lady Frances Arundel,* and Lord and Lady

* Lady Frances Arundell was the daughter of John Manners, second Duke of Rutland, and was married to the Hon. Richard Arundell, second son of John Lord Arundell of Trerice, and a Lord of the Treasury. Lady Frances was sister of Lady Catherine Pelham, the wife of the Minister.—D.

Galway,* who go this evening to an inn ten miles out of town, where they are to play at brag till five in the morning, and then come back—I suppose, to look for the bones of their husbands and families under the rubbish! The prophet of all this (next to the Bishop of London,) is a trooper of Lord Delawar's, who was yesterday sent to Bedlam. His *Colonel* sent to the man's wife, and asked her if her husband had ever been disordered before. She cried, "Oh dear! my Lord, he is not mad now; if your *Lordship* would but get any *sensible* man to examine him, you would find he is quite in his right mind."

I shall now tell you something more serious: Lord Dalkeith† is dead of the small-pox in three days. It is so dreadfully fatal in his family, that besides several uncles and aunts, his eldest boy died of it last year; and his only brother, who was ill but two days, putrified so fast, that his limbs fell off as they lifted the body into the coffin. Lady Dalkeith‡ is five months gone with

* John Monckton, first Viscount Galway in Ireland. The Lady Galway mentioned here was his second wife, Jane, daughter of Henry Westenra, Esq. of Dublin. His first wife, who died in 1730, was Lady Elizabeth Manners, the sister of Lady Catherine Pelham, and Lady Frances Arundell.—D.

† Francis Scot, eldest son of the Duke of Buccleugh.

‡ Caroline, eldest daughter and heiress of John Duke of Argyle. She was married again in 1755 to Charles, second son of Lord Townshend, and one of the Lords of the Admiralty

child; she was hurrying to him, but was stopped on the road by the physician, who told her that it was a milliary fever. They were remarkably happy.

The King goes on Monday se'nnight;* it is looked upon as a great event that the Duke of Newcastle has prevailed on him to speak to Mr. Pitt, who has detached himself from the Bedfords. The Monarch, who had kept up his Hanoverian resentments, though he had made him paymaster, is now beat out of the dignity of his silence: he was to pretend not to know Pitt, and was to be directed to him by the Lord in waiting. Pitt's jealousy is of Lord Sandwich, who knows his own interest and unpopularity so well, that he will prevent any breach, and thereby what you fear, which yet I think you would have no reason to fear. I could not say enough of my anger to your father, but I shall take care to say nothing, as I have not forgot how my zeal for you made me provoke him once before.

Your genealogical affair is in great train, and will be quite finished in a week or two. Mr. Chute has laboured at it indefatigably: General Guise has been attesting the authenticity of it to-day before a justice of peace. You will find

* To Hanover.

yourself mixed with every drop of blood in England that is worth bottling up: the Duchess of Norfolk and you grow on the same bough of the tree. I must tell you a very curious anecdote that Strawberry King-at-Arms* has discovered by the way, as he was tumbling over the mighty dead in the Heralds' Office. You have heard me speak of the great injustice that the Protector Somerset did to the children of his first wife, in favour of those by his second; so much that he not only had the Dukedom settled on the younger brood, but to deprive the eldest of the title of Lord Beauchamp, which he wore by inheritance, he caused himself to be anew created *Viscount* Beauchamp. Well, in Vincent's Baronage, a book of great authority, speaking of the Protector's wives, are these remarkable words: "*Katherina, filia et una Coh. Gul: Fillol de Fillol's hall in Essex, uxor prima; repudiata, quia Pater ejus post nuptias eam cognovit.*" The Speaker has since referred me to our journals, where are some notes of a trial in the reign of James the First, between Edward, the second son of Katherine the *dutiful,* and the Earl of Hertford, son of Anne Stanhope, which in some measure confirms our MS., for it says, the Earl of Hertford objected, that John, the eldest son

* Mr. Chute.

of all, was begotten while the Duke was in France. This title, which now comes back at last to Sir Edward Seymour, is disputed: my Lord Chancellor has refused him the writ, but referred his case to the Attorney General,* the present great Opinion of England, who, they say, is clear for Sir Edward's succession.†

I shall now go and show you Mr. Chute in a different light from heraldry, and in one in which I believe you never saw him. He will shine as usual; but as a little more severely than his good-nature is accustomed to, I must tell you that he was provoked by the most impertinent usage. It is an epigram on Lady Caroline Petersham, whose present fame, by the way, is coupled with young Harry Vane.

WHO IS THIS?

Her face has beauty, we must all confess,
But Beauty on the brink of ugliness:
Her mouth's a rabbit feeding on a rose;
With eyes—ten times too good for such a nose!
Her blooming cheeks—what paint could ever draw 'em?
That paint, for which no mortal ever saw 'em.
Air without shape—of royal race divine—
'Tis Emily—oh! fie!—'tis Caroline.

* Sir Dudley Ryder.

† Sir Edward Seymour, when he became Duke of Somerset, did not inherit the title of Beauchamp.—D.

Do but think of my beginning a third sheet! but as the Parliament is rising, and I shall probably not write you a tolerably long letter again these eight months, I will lay in a stock of merit with you to last me so long. Mr. Chute has set me too upon making epigrams; but as I have not his art, mine is almost a copy of verses: the story he told me, and is literally true of an old Lady Bingley:*

Celia now had completed some thirty campaigns,
And for new generations was hammering chains;
When whetting those terrible weapons, her eyes,
To Jenny, her handmaid, in anger she cries,
"Careless creature! did mortal e'er see such a glass!
Who that saw me in this, could e'er guess what I was!
Much you mind what I say! pray how oft have I bid you
Provide me a new one? how oft have I chid you?"
"Lord, Madam!" cried Jane, "you 're so hard to be pleas'd!
I am sure every glassman in town I have teas'd:
I have hunted each shop from Pall-mall to Cheapside:
Both Miss Carpenter's† man and Miss Banks's‡ I've tried."
"Don't tell me of those girls!—all I know to my cost
Is, the looking-glass art must be certainly lost!

---

* Lady Elizabeth Finch; eldest daughter of Heneage Earl of Aylesford, and widow of Robert Benson Lord Bingley.

† Countess of Egremont.

‡ Miss Margaret Banks, a celebrated beauty.

One us'd to have mirrors so smooth and so bright,
They did one's eyes justice, they heighten'd one's white,
And fresh roses diffus'd o'er one's bloom—but alas!
In the glasses made now, one detests one's own face;
They pucker one's cheeks up, and furrow one's brow,
And one's skin looks as yellow as that of Miss* Howe!"†

After an epigram that seems to have found out the longitude, I shall tell you but one more, and that wondrous short. It is said to be made by a cow: you must not wonder; we tell as many strange stories as Baker and Livy:

A warm winter, a dry spring,
A hot summer, a new King.

Though the sting is very epigrammatic, the whole of the distich has more of the truth that becomes prophecy; that is, it is false; for the Spring is wet and cold.

There is come from France a Madame Bocage, who has translated Milton: my Lord Chesterfield prefers the copy to the original; but that is not uncommon for him to do, who is the patron of bad authors and bad actors. She has written a play too which was damned—and worthy my Lord's approbation. You would be more diverted with a Mrs. Holman, whose passion is keeping an assembly, and inviting literally every-body to it. She goes to the drawing-room

* Charlotte, sister of Lord Howe, and wife of Mr. Fettiplace.

† These lines are published in Walpole's Works.—D.

to watch for sneezes; whips out a curtsey, and then sends next morning to know how your cold does, and to desire your company next Thursday.

Mr. Whithed has taken my Lord Pembroke's house at Whitehall; a glorious situation, but as madly built as my Lord himself was. He has bought some delightful pictures too of Claud, Gaspar, and good masters, to the amount of four hundred pounds.

Good night! I have nothing more to tell you, but that I have lately seen a Sir William Boothby, who saw you about a year ago, and adores you, as all the English you receive ought to do. He is much in my favour.

LETTER CCXIV.

Arlington-Street, May 19, 1750.

I DID not doubt but you would be diverted with the detail of absurdities that were committed after the earthquake: I could have filled more paper with such relations, if I had not feared tiring you. We have swarmed with sermons, essays, relations, poems, and exhortations on that subject. One Stukely, a parson, has accounted for it, and I think prettily, by electri-

city — but that is the fashionable cause, and every thing is resolved into electrical appearances, as formerly every thing was accounted for by Descartes's vortices, and Sir Isaac's gravitation. But they all take care, after accounting for the earthquake systematically, to assure you, that still it was nothing less than a judgment. Dr. Barton, the rector of St. Andrews, was the only sensible, or at least honest divine, upon the occasion. When some women would have had him pray to them in his parish church against the intended shock, he excused himself on having a great cold, "And besides," said he, "you may go to St. James's church; the Bishop of Oxford is to preach there all night about earthquakes." Turner, a great china-man, at the corner of next street, had a jar cracked by the shock: he originally asked ten guineas for the pair; he now asks twenty, *because it is the only jar in Europe that has been cracked by an earthquake.* But I have quite done with this topic—the Princess of Wales is lowering the price of princes, as the earthquake has raised old china; she has produced a fifth boy. In a few years we shall have Dukes of York and Lancaster popping out of bagnios and taverns as frequently as Duke Hamilton.* George Selwyn said a good thing

* Jones sixth Duke of Hamilton, the husband of the beautiful Miss Gunning. He died in 1758.—D.

the other day on another cheap dignity: he was asked who was playing at tennis? He replied, "Nobody but three markers and a *Regent*,"—your friend Lord Sandwich. While we are undervaluing all principalities and powers, you are making a rout with them, for which I shall scold you. We had been diverted with the pompous accounts of the reception of the Margrave of Baden Dourlach at Rome; and now you tell me he has been put upon the same foot at Florence! I never heard his name when he was here, but on his being mob'd as he was going to Wanstead, and the people's calling him the Prince of Bad-door-lock. He was still less noticed than he of Modena.

Lord Bath is as well received at Paris, as a German Margrave in Italy. Everybody goes to Paris: Lord Mountford* was introduced to the King, who only said brutally enough, "*Ma foi! il est bien nourri!*" Lord Albemarle † keeps an immense table there, with sixteen people in his kitchen; his aid-de-camps invite everybody, but he seldom graces the banquet himself, living retired out of the town with his old Columbine.‡ What an extraordinary man! with no

* Henry Bromley Lord Mountford.

† William Anne Van Keppel, second Earl of Albemarle, Ambassador at Paris, Knight of the Garter, Groom of the Stole, Governor of Virginia, Colonel of a regiment of guards, &c.

‡ Mademoiselle Gauchet.

fortune at all, and with slight parts, he has 17,000*l.* a-year from the government, which he squanders away, though he has great debts, and four or five numerous broods of children of one sort or other!

The famous Westminster election is at last determined, and Lord Trentham returned: the mob were outrageous, and pelted Colonel Waldegrave, whom they took for Mr. Leveson, from Covent-garden to the Park, and knocked down Mr. Offley, who was with him. Lord Harrington* was scarce better treated when he went on board a ship from Dublin. There are great commotions there about one Lucas, an apothecary, and favourite of the mob. The Lord Lieutenant bought off a Sir Richard Cox, a patriot, by a place in the revenue, though with great opposition from that silly mock-virtuoso, Billy Bristow, and that sillier Frederick Frankland, two oafs, whom you have seen in Italy, and who are Commissioners there. Here are great disputes in the Regency, where Lord Harrington finds there is not spirit enough to discard these puppet-show heroes!

We have got a second volume of Bower's† His-

* William Stanhope Earl of Harrington, Lord Lieutenant.

† Archibald Bower, a man of disreputable character, who was born in Scotland, of a Roman Catholic family, was educated at Douay and Rome, and became a Jesuit. Having been detected, as it is said, in an

tory of the Popes, but it is tiresome and pert, and running into a warmth and partiality that he had much avoided in his first volume. He has taken such pains to disprove the Pope's supremacy being acknowledged pretty early, that he has convinced me it was acknowledged. Not that you and I care whether it were or not. He is much admired here; but I am not good Christian enough to rejoice over him, because turned Protestant; nor honour his confessorship, when he ran away with the materials that were trusted to him to write for the papacy, and makes use of them to write against it. You know how impartial I am; I can love him for being shocked at a system of cruelty supporting nonsense; I can be pleased with the truths he tells; I can and do admire his style, and his genius in recovering a language that he forgot by six years old, so well as to excel in writing it, and yet I wish that all this had happened without any breach of trust!

intrigue with a nun, he was forced to fly from Perugia, where he resided; and after a series of strange and not very creditable adventures, he arrived in England. Here he declared himself a Protestant; but after some years, wishing to swindle the English Jesuits out of an annuity, he again returned to their order. Having got all he could from them, he *again returned* to Protestantism, and wrote his "History of the Popes," which was his principal literary work. He died in 1766, at the age of eighty.—D.

Stosch has grievously offended me, but that he will little regard, as I can be of no use to him: he has sold or given his charming intaglio of the Gladiator to Lord Duncannon.* I must reprove you a little who sent it: you know how much I pressed you to buy it for me, and how much I offered. I still think it one of the finest rings† I ever saw, and am mortified at not having it.

Apropos to Bower; Miss Pelham had heard that he had foretold the return of the earth-quake-fit: her father sent for him, to convince her that Bower was too sensible; but had the precaution to talk to him first: he replied gravely, that a fire was kindled under the earth, and he could not tell when it would blaze out. You may be sure he was not carried to the girl! Adieu!

LETTER CCXV.

Arlington-Street, July 25, 1750.

I TOLD you my idle season was coming on, and that I should have great intervals between

* William Ponsonby, son of the Earl of Besborough, and a Lord of the Admiralty.

† It is engraved in Stosch's book: it is a Gladiator standing, with a vase by him on a table, on an exceedingly fine garnet.

my letters; have not I kept my word? For anything I have to tell you, I might have kept it a month longer. I came out of Essex last night, and find the town quite depopulated: I leave it to-morrow, and go to Mr. Conway's,* in Buckinghamshire, with only giving a transient glance on Strawberry-hill. Don't imagine I am grown fickle; I thrust all my visits into a heap, and then am quiet for the rest of the season. It is so much the way in England to jaunt about, that one can't avoid it: but it convinces me that people are more tired of themselves and the country than they care to own.

Has your brother told you that my Lord Chesterfield has bought the Houghton lantern? the famous lantern, that produced so much patriot wit;† and very likely some of his Lordship's? My brother had bought a much handsomer at Lord Cholmondeley's sale, for with all the immensity of the celebrated one, it was ugly and too little for the hall. He would have given it to my Lord Chesterfield, rather than he should not have had it.

* Mr. Conway hired Latimers, in Buckinghamshire, for three years.

† In one pamphlet, the noise on this lantern was so exaggerated, that the author said, on a journey to Houghton, he was carried first into a glass-room, which he supposed was the porter's lodge, but proved to be the lantern.

You tell us nothing of your big events, of the quarrel of the Pope and the Venetians, on the Patriarchate of Aquileia. We look upon it as so decisive, that I should not wonder if Mr. Lyttelton, or Whitfield the Methodist, were to set out for Venice, to make them a tender of some of our religions.

Is it true too what we hear that the Emperor has turned the tables on her Cæsarean jealousy,* and discarded Metastasio the poet, and that the latter is gone mad upon it, instead of hugging himself on coming off so much better than his predecessor in royal love and music, David Rizzio? I believe I told you that one of your Sovereigns, and an intimate friend of your's, King Theodore, is in the King's Bench prison. I have so little to say, that I don't care if I do tell you the same thing twice. He lived in a privileged place; his creditors seized him by making him believe Lord Granville wanted him on business of importance: he bit at it, and concluded they were both to be re-instated at once. I have desired Hogarth to go and steal his picture for me; though I suppose one might easily buy a sitting of him. The King of Portugal (and when I have told you this, I have done

* The Empress Maria Theresa, who was very jealous, and with reason, of her husband, the Emperor Francis.—D.

with Kings,) has bought a handsome house here* for the residence of his ministers.

I believe you have often heard me mention a Mr. Ashton,† a clergyman, who, in one word, has great preferments, and owes everything upon earth to me. I have long had reason to complain of his behaviour — in short, my father is dead, and I can make no bishops. He has at last quite thrown off the mask, and in the most direct manner, against my will, has written against my friend Dr. Middleton,‡ taking for his motto these lines,

Nullius addictus jurare in verba Magistri,
Quid verum atque decens curo et rogo, et omnis in hoc sum.

I have forbid him my house; and wrote this paraphrase upon his picture,

Nullius addictus munus meminisse Patroni,
Quid vacat et qui dat, curo et rogo, et omnis in hoc sum.

I own it was pleasant to me the other day on meeting Mr. Tonson, his bookseller, at the Speaker's, and asking him if he had sold many

* In South Audley-street. (It continued to be the residence of the Portuguese Ambassadors, till the year 1831.—D.)

† Thomas Ashton, Fellow of Eton College, and Rector of St. Botolph's, Bishopsgate.

‡ Dr. Conyers Middleton, the author of the Life of Cicero, and of other works of merit.—D.

of Mr. Ashton's books, to be told, " Very few, indeed, Sir !"

I beg you will thank Dr. Cocchi much for his book; I will thank him much more when I have received and read it. His friend, Dr. Meade is undone, his fine collection is going to be sold; he owes above five-and-twenty thousand pounds. All the world thought him immensely rich; but, besides the expense of his collection, he kept a table, for which alone he is said to have allowed seventy pounds a week.

LETTER CCXVI.

Strawberry-Hill, Aug. 2, 1750.

I HAD just sent my letter to the Secretary's office the other day, when I received your's; it would have prevented my reproving you, for not mentioning the quarrel between the Pope and the Venetians; and I should have had time to tell you that Dr. Meade's bankruptcy is contradicted. I don't love to send you falsities, so I tell you this is contradicted, though it is by no means clear that he is not undone—he is scarce worth making an article in two letters.

I don't wonder that Marquis Acciaudi's villa did not answer to you: by what I saw in Tus-

cany and by the prints, their villas are strangely out of taste, and laboured by their unnatural regularity and art to destroy the romanticness of the situations. I wish you could see the villas and seats here! the country wears a new face; everybody is improving their places, and as they don't fortify their plantations with intrenchments of walls and high hedges, one has the benefit of them even in passing by. The dispersed buildings, I mean, temples, bridges, &c. are generally gothic or Chinese, and give a whimsical air of novelty that is very pleasing. You would like a drawing-room in the latter style that I fancied and have been executing at Mr. Rigby's, in Essex; it has large and very fine Indian landscapes, with a black fret round them, and round the whole entablature of the room, and all the ground or hanging is of pink paper. While I was there, we had eight of the hottest days that ever were felt; they say, some degrees beyond the hottest in the East Indies, and that the Thames was more so than the hot well at Bristol. The guards died on their posts at Versailles; and here a Capt. Halyburton, brother-in-law of Lord Morton, went mad with the excess of it.

Your brother Gal. will, I suppose, be soon making improvements like the rest of the world;

he has bought an estate in Kent, called Bocton Malherbe, famous enough for having belonged to two men who, in my opinion, have very little title to fame, Sir Harry Wootton and my Lord Chesterfield. I must have the pleasure of being the first to tell you that your pedigree is finished at last; a most magnificent performance, and that will make a pompous figure in a future great hall at Bocton Malherbe, when your great nephews or great grand children shall be Earls, &c. My cousin Lord Conway is made Earl of Hertford, as a branch of the Somersets: Sir Edward Seymour gave his approbation handsomely. He has not yet got the dukedom himself, as there is started up a Dr. Seymour who claims it, but will be able to make nothing out.

Dr. Middleton is dead — not killed by Mr. Ashton—but of a decay that came upon him at once. The Bishop of London* will perhaps make a jubilee† for his death, and then we shall draw off some of your crowds of travellers. Tacitus Gordon‡ died the same day; he married the

* Thomas Sherlock, translated from the see of Salisbury in 1748. Died in 1761.—D.

† This alludes to the supposed want of orthodoxy shown by Dr. Middleton in some of his theological writings.—D.

‡ Thomas Gordon, the translator of Sallust and Tacitus; and also a political writer of his day of considerable notoriety.—D.

widow of Trenchard,* (with whom he wrote Cato's letters,) at the same time that Dr. Middleton married her companion. The Bishop of Durham (Chandler)† another great writer of controversy, is dead too, immensely rich; he is succeeded by Butler‡ of Bristol, a metaphysic author, much patronized by the late Queen: she never could make my father read his book, and which she certainly did not understand herself: he told her his religion was fixed, and that he did not want to change or improve it. A report is come of the death of the King of Portugal,

* John Trenchard, son of Sir John Trenchard, Secretary of State to King William the Third, was born in 1669. He wrote various political pamphlets of a democratic cast. In 1720 he published, in conjunction with Thomas Gordon, a series of political letters, under the signature of "Cato." They appeared at first in the "London Journal," and afterwards in the "British Journal," two newspapers of the day. They obtained great celebrity, as well from the merit of their composition, as from the boldness of the principles they advocated. These consisted in an uncompromising hostility to the Government and to the Church. Trenchard was Member of Parliament for Taunton, and died in 1723.—D.

† Edward Chandler, a learned prelate, and author of various Polemical works. He had been raised to the see of Durham in 1730, as it was then said, by Simoniacal means.—D.

‡ Joseph Butler, the learned and able author of a celebrated theological work entitled, "The Analogy of Religion, Natural and Revealed, to the Constitution and Cause of Nature." This is the "*Book*" here alluded to, of which Queen Caroline was so fond, that she made the fortune of its author. Bishop Butler died much regretted in 1752.—D.

and of the young Pretender; but that I don't believe.

I have been in town for a day or two, and heard no conversation but about M'Lean, a fashionable highwayman, who is just taken, and who robbed me among others; as Lord Eglinton, Sir Thomas Robinson of Vienna, Mrs. Talbot, &c. He took an odd booty from the Scotch Earl, a blunderbuss, which lies very formidably upon the justice's table. He was taken by selling a laced waistcoat to a pawnbroker, who happened to carry it to the very man who had just sold the lace. His history is very particular, for he confesses every thing, and is so little of a hero, that he cries and begs, and I believe if Lord Eglinton had been in any luck, might have been robbed of his own blunderbuss. His father was an Irish Dean; his brother is a Calvinist minister in great esteem at the Hague. He himself was a grocer, but losing a wife that he loved extremely about two years ago, and by whom he has one little girl, he quitted his business with 200*l.* in his pocket, which he soon spent, and then took to the road with only one companion, Plunket, a journeyman apothecary, my other friend, whom he has impeached, but who is not taken. M'Lean had a lodging in St. James's-street, over against White's, and another

at Chelsea; Plunket one in Jermyn-street; and their faces are as known about St. James's as any gentleman's who lives in that quarter, and who perhaps goes upon the road too. M'Lean had a quarrel at Putney bowling-green two months ago with an officer, whom he challenged for disputing his rank; but the Captain declined, till M'Lean should produce a certificate of his nobility, which he has just received. If he had escaped a month longer, he might have heard of Mr. Chute's genealogic expertness, and come hither to the College of Arms for a certificate. There was a wardrobe of clothes, three-and-twenty purses, and the celebrated blunderbuss found at his lodgings, besides a famous kept mistress. As I conclude he will suffer, and wish him no ill, I don't care to have his idea, and am almost single in not having been to see him. Lord Mountford, at the head of half White's, went the first day: his aunt was crying over him: as soon as they were withdrawn, she said to him, knowing they were of White's, "My dear, what did the Lords say to you? have you ever been concerned with any of them?"—Was not it admirable? what a favourable idea people must have of White's!—and what if White's should not deserve a much better! But the chief personages who have been to comfort and

weep over this fallen hero are Lady Caroline Petersham and Miss Ashe: I call them Polly and Lucy, and asked them if he did not sing

"Thus I stand like the Turk with his doxies around." *

Another celebrated Polly has been arrested for 30*l.* even the old Cuzzoni.† The Prince of Wales bailed her—who will do as much for him?

I am much obliged to you for your intended civilities to my liking Madame Capello; but as I never liked any thing of her, but her prettiness, for she is an idiot, I beg you will dispense with them on my account; I should even be against your renewing your garden assemblies: you would be too good to pardon the impertinence of the Florentines, and would very likely expose yourself to more: besides, the absurdities which English travelling boys are capable of, and likely to act or conceive, always gave me apprehensions of your meeting with disagreeable scenes—and then there is another animal still more absurd than Florentine men or English boys, and that is, travelling governors, who are mischievous into the bargain, and whose pride is always hurt, because they are sure of its never being indulged. They will not learn the world, because they are sent to teach it, and as they

* The last song in the Beggar's Opera.

† A celebrated Italian singer.—D.

come forth more ignorant of it than their pupils, take care to return with more prejudices, and as much care to instill all theirs into their pupils. Don't assemble them!

Since I began my letter, the King of Portugal's death is contradicted: for the future, I will be as circumspect as one of your Tuscan residents was, who being here in Oliver's time, wrote to his court, "Some say the Protector is dead; others that he is not: for my part, I believe neither one nor t'other."

Will you send me some excellent melon seeds? I have a neighbour who shines in fruit, and have promised to get him some: Zatteè, I think he says, is a particular sort. I don't know the best season for sending them, but you do, and will oblige me by some of the best sorts.

I suppose you know all that execrable history that occasioned an insurrection lately at Paris, where they were taking up young children to try to people one of their colonies, in which grown persons could never live. You have seen too, to be sure, in the papers the bustle that has been all this winter about purloining some of our manufacturers to Spain. I was told to-day that the informations, if they had had rope given them, would have reached to General Wall.*

* The Spanish Ambassador in England.—D.

Can you wonder? Why should Spain prefer a native of England* to her own subjects, but because he could and would do us more hurt than a Spaniard could? a grandee is a more harmless animal by far than an Irish Papist. We stifled this evidence: we are in their power; we forgot at the last peace to renew the most material treaty! Adieu! *You* would not forget a material treaty.

LETTER CCXVII.

Arlington-Street, Sept. 1, 1750.

HERE, my dear child, I have two letters of your's to answer. I will go answer them; and then, if I have anything to tell you, I will. I accept very thankfully all the civilities you showed to Madame Capello on my account, but I don't accept her on my account; I don't know who has told you that I liked her, but you may believe me, I never did. For the Damers,† they have lived much in the same world that I do.

* General Richard Wall was of Irish parents, but I believe not born in these dominions.

† Joseph Damer, afterwards created Baron Milton, in Ireland, married Lady Caroline Sackville, daughter of Lionel Duke of Dorset.

He is moderately sensible, immoderately proud, self-sufficient and whimsical. She is very sensible, has even humour, if the excessive reserve and silence that she draws from both father and mother would let her, I may almost say, ever show it. You say, "What people do we send you!" I reply, "What people we do not send you!" Those that travel are reasonable, compared with those who can never prevail on themselves to stir beyond the atmosphere of their own whims. I am convinced that the opinions I give you about several people, must appear very misanthropic; but yet, you see, you are generally forced to own at last, that I did not speak from prejudice—but I won't triumph, since you own that I was in the right about the Barrets. I was a little peevish with you in your last, when I came to the paragraph where you begin to say "I have made use of all the interest I have with Mr. Pelham."*—I concluded you was proceeding to say, "To procure your arrears"—instead of that it was, to make him serve Mr. Milbank—will you never have done obliging people? do, begin to think of being obliged. I dare say Mr. Milbank is a very pretty sort of man, very sensible of your attentions, and who

* Thomas Pelham, of Stanmer. A young gentleman who travelled with Mr. Milbank.

will never forget them — till he is past the Giogo.* You recommend him to me: to show you that I have not naturally an inclination to hate people, I am determined not to be acquainted with him, that I may not hate him for forgetting you. Mr. Pelham will be a little surprised at not finding his sister† at Hanover. That was all a pretence of his wise relations here, who grew uneasy that he was happy in a way that they had not laid out for him: Mrs. Temple is in Sussex. They looked upon the pleasure of an amour of choice as a transient affair; so to make his satisfaction permanent, they propose to *marry* him, and to a girl‡ he scarce ever saw!

I suppose you have heard all the exorbitant demands of the Heralds for your pedigree! I have seen one this morning infinitely richer and better done, which will not cost more. It is for my Lady Pomfret. You would be entertained with all her imagination in it. She and my Lord both descend from Edward the First, by his two Queens. The pedigree is painted in a

* The highest part of the Apennine between Florence and Bologna.

† Mrs. Temple, widow of Lord Palmerston's son; she was afterwards married to Lord Abergavenny.

‡ Frances, second daughter of Henry Pelham, Chancellor of the Exchequer. Mr. T. Pelham married Miss Frankland.

book: instead of a vulgar genealogical tree, she has devised a pine-apple plant, sprouting out of a basket, on which is King Edward's head; on the leaves are all the intermediate arms: the fruit is sliced open, and discovers the busts of the Earl and Countess, from whence issue their issue! I have had the old Vere pedigree lately in my hands, which derives that house from Lucius Verus—but I am now grown to bear no descent but my Lord Chesterfield's, who has placed among the portraits of his ancestors two old heads, inscribed *Adam de Stanhope* and *Eve de Stanhope;* the ridicule is admirable. Old Peter Leneve, the Herald, who thought ridicule consisted in not being of an old family, made this epitaph, and it was a good one, for young Craggs, whose father had been a footman, *Here lies the last who died before the first of his family!* Pray mind, how I string old stories today! This old Craggs,* who was angry with Arthur More, who had worn a livery too, and who was getting into a coach with him, turned about, and said, "Why! Arthur, I am always

* The two Craggs, father and son, were successively members of the administration during the reign of George the First, in the post of Secretary of State. The father died in 1718, and the son in 1720, and Pope consecrated a beautiful epitaph to the memory of the latter. They are both supposed to have been deeply implicated in the iniquities of the South Sea bubble.—D.

going to get up behind; are not you?" I told this story the other day to George Selwyn, whose passion is to see coffins and corpses, and executions: he replied, "That Arthur More had had his coffin chained to that of his mistress."—"Lord!" said I, "how do you know?" "Why, I saw them the other day in a vault at St. Giles's." He was walking this week in Westminster Abbey with Lord Abergavenny, and met the man who shows the tombs, "Oh! your servant, Mr. Selwyn, I expected to have seen you here the other day, when the old Duke of Richmond's body was taken up." Shall I tell you another story of George Selwyn, before I tap the chapter of Richmond, which you see opens here very *apropos?* With this strange and dismal turn, he has infinite fun and humour in him. He went lately on a party of pleasure to see places with Lord Abergavenny and a pretty Mrs. Frere, who love one another a little. At Cornbury there are portraits of all the royalists and regicides, and illustrious headless.* Mrs.

* This was the celebrated collection of portraits, principally by Vandyck, which Lord Dartmouth, in his notes on Burnet, distinctly accuses the Lord Chanceller Clarendon of having obtained by rapacious and corrupt means, *i. e.* as bribes from the "old Rebels," who had plundered them from the houses of the Royalists, and who, at the restoration, found it necessary to make fair weather with the ruling powers. The extensive and miscellaneous nature of the collection

Frere ran about, looked at nothing, let him look at nothing, screamed about Indian paper, and hurried over all the rest. George grew peevish, called her back, told her it was monstrous, when he had come so far with her, to let him see nothing, "And you are a fool, you don't know what you missed in the other room!"—"Why, what?"—"Why, my Lord Holland's* picture."—"Well! what is my Lord Holland to me?"—"Why, do you know," said he, "that my Lord Holland's body lies in the same vault in Kensington church with my Lord Abergavenny's mother?" Lord! she was so obliged, and thanked him a thousand times.

The Duke of Richmond is dead, vastly lamented: the Duchess is left in great circumstances.

(now divided between *Bothwell Castle* in Scotland, and *The Grove* in Hertfordshire,) very strongly confirms this accusation. An additional confirmation is to be found in a letter of Walpole, addressed to Richard Bentley, Esq. and dated Sept. 1753, in which he says,

"At Burford I saw the house of Mr. Lenthal, the descendant of the Speaker. The front is good, and a chapel, connected by two or three arches, which let the garden appear through, has a pretty effect; but the inside of the mansion is bad and ill-furnished. Except a famous picture of Sir Thomas More's family, the portraits are rubbish, though celebrated. I am told, that the Speaker, who really had a fine collection, made his peace, by presenting them to Cornbury, where they were well-known, till the Duke of Marlborough bought that seat." —D.

* Henry Rich Earl of Holland, the favourite of Queen Henrietta Maria.—D.

Lord Albemarle, Lord Lincoln, the Duke of Marlborough, Duke of Leeds, and the Duke of Rutland, are talked of for Master of the Horse. The first is likeliest to succeed; the Pelhams wish most to have the last; you know he is Lady Catherine's brother, and at present attached to the Prince. His son Lord Granby's match, which is at last to be finished to-morrow, has been a mighty topic of conversation lately. The bride is one of the great heiresses of old proud Somerset. Lord Winchilsea, who is her uncle, and who has married the other sister very loosely to his own relation, Lord Guernsey, has tied up Lord Granby so rigorously, that the Duke of Rutland has endeavoured to break the match. She has four thousand pounds a-year: he is said to have the same in present, but not to touch her's. He is in debt ten thousand pounds. She was to give him ten, which now Lord Winchilsea refuses. Upon the strength of her fortune, Lord Granby proposed to treat her with presents of twelve thousand pounds; but desired her to buy them. She, who never saw nor knew the value of ten shillings, while her father lived, and has had no time to learn it, bespoke away so roundly, that for one article of the plate she ordered ten sauceboats; besides this, she and her sister have squandered seven thousand pounds

a-piece in all kind of baubles and frippery; so her four thousand pounds a-year is to be set apart for two years to pay her debts. Don't you like this English management? two of the greatest fortunes meeting and setting out with poverty and want! Sir Thomas Bootle, the Prince's Chancellor, who is one of the guardians, wanted to have her tradesmen's bills taxed; but in the mean time he has wanted to marry her Duchess-mother: his love-letter has been copied and dispersed everywhere. To give you a sufficient instance of his absurdity, the first time he went with the Prince of Wales to Cliefden, he made a night-gown, cap, and slippers of gold brocade, in which he came down to breakfast the next morning.

My friend M'Lean is still the fashion: have not I reason to call him my friend? He says, if the pistol had shot me, he had another for himself. Can I do less than say I will be hanged if he is? They have made a print, a very dull one, of what I think I said to Lady Caroline Petersham about him,

"Thus I stand like the Turk with his doxies around!"

You have seen in the papers a Hanoverian duel, but may be you don't know that it was an affair of jealousy. Swiegel, the slain, was here

two years ago, and paid his court so assiduously to the Countess,* that it was intimated to him to return: and the summer *we* went thither afterwards, he was advised to stay at his villa. Since that, he has grown more discreet, and a favourite. Freychappel came hither lately, was proclaimed a beauty by the monarch, and to return the compliment, made a tender of all his charms where Swiegel had. The latter recollected his own passion, jostled Freychappel, fought, and was killed. I am glad he never heard what poor Gibberne was intended for.

They have put in the papers a good story made on White's: a man dropped down dead at the door, was carried in; the club immediately made bets whether he was dead or not, and when they were going to bleed him, the wagerers for his death interposed, and said it would affect the fairness of the bet.

Mr. Whithed has been so unlucky to have a large part of his seat,† which he had just repaired, burnt down; it is a great disappointment to me too, who was going thither gothicizing. I want an act of Parliament to make master-builders liable to pay for any damage

* Lady Yarmouth.

† Southwick, in Hampshire.

occasioned by fire before their workmen have quitted it. Adieu! This I call a very gossiping letter; I wish you don't call it worse.

LETTER CCXVIII.

Arlington-Street, Sept. 20, 1750.

I ONLY write you a line or two to answer some of your questions, and to tell you that I can't answer others. I have inquired much about Dr. Meade, but can't tell you any thing determinately: his family positively deny the foundation of the reports, but everybody does not believe their evidence. Your brother is positive that there is much of truth in his being undone, and even that there will be a sale of his collection* when the town comes to town. I wish for Dr. Cocchi's sake it may be false. I have given your brother Middleton's last piece to send you. Another fellow of Eton† has popped out a sermon against the Doctor since his death, with a note to one of the pages, that is the true sublime of ecclesiastic absurdity. He is speaking against the custom of dividing the Bible into

* His collection was not sold till after his death in the years 1754 and 1755.

† William Cooke.

chapters and verses, and says it often encumbers the sense. This note, though long, I must transcribe, for it would wrong the author to paraphrase his nonsense. "It is to be wished, therefore, I think, that a fair edition were set forth of the original scriptures, *for the use of learned men in their closets,* in which there should be no notice, either in the text or margin, of chapter, or verse, or paragraph, or any such arbitrary distinctions, (now mind,) and I might go so far as to say even *any pointings or stops.* It could not but be matter of much satisfaction, and much use to have it in our power to recur occasionally to such an edition, where the understanding might have full range, free from any external influence from the eye, and the continual danger of being either confined or misguided by it." Well, Dr. Cocchi, do English divines yield to the Romish for refinements in absurdity! did one ever hear of a better way of making sense of any writing than by reading it without stops! Most of the parsons that read the first and second lessons, practise Mr. Cooke's method of making them intelligible, for they seldom observe any stops. George Selwyn proposes to send the man his own sermon, and desire him to scratch out the stops, in order to help it to some sense.

For the questions in Florentine politics, and who are to be your governors, I am totally ignorant: you must ask Sir Charles Williams; he is the present ruling star of our negociations. His letters are as much admired as ever his verses were. He has met the ministers of the two angry Empresses, and pacified Russian savageness and Austrian haughtiness. He is to teach the Monarch of Prussia to fetch and carry, unless they happen to treat in iambics, or begin to settle the limits of Parnassus instead of those of Silesia. As he is so good a pacificator, I don't know but we may want his assistance at home before the end of the winter:

> With secretaries, secretaries jar,
> And rival bureaus threat approaching war.

Those that deal in elections, look still higher, and snuff a new Parliament,—but I don't believe the King ill, for the Prince is building baby-houses at Kew; and the Bishop of Oxford* has laid aside his post-obit views on Canterbury, and is come roundly back to St. James's for the Deanery of St. Paul's. I could not help being diverted the other day with the life of another Bishop of Oxford, one Parker, who, like Secker,

* Dr. Secker.

set out a Presbyterian, and died King James the Second's arbitrary master of Maudlin College.

M'Lean is condemned, and will hang; I am honourably mentioned in a grub-street ballad, for not having contributed to his sentence. There are as many prints and pamphlets about him as about the earthquake. His profession grows no joke: I was sitting in my own dining-room on Sunday night, the clock had not struck eleven, when I heard a loud cry of "Stop thief!" a highwayman had attacked a postchaise in Piccadilly, within fifty yards of this house: the fellow was pursued, rode over the watchman, almost killed him, and escaped. I expect to be robbed some night in my own garden at Strawberry; I have a pond of gold fish, that to be sure they will steal to burn like old lace, and they may very easily, for the springs are so much sunk with this hot summer, that I am forced to water my pond once a-week! The season is still so fine, that I yesterday in Kensington town saw a horse-chestnut tree in second bloom.

As I am in town, and not within the circle of Pope's walks, I may tell you a story without fearing he should haunt me with the ghost of a satire. I went the other day to see little Spence,* who fondles an old mother in imita-

* Joseph Spence, author of an Essay on Pope's Odyssey, Polymetis, &c.

tion of Pope. The good old woman was mighty civil to me, and among other chat, said, she supposed I had a good neighbour in Mr. Pope. "Lord! Madam, he has been dead these seven years!"—"Alas! ay, Sir, I had forgot." When the poor old soul dies, how Pope will set his mother's spectre upon her, for daring to be ignorant "if Dennis be alive or dead!" Adieu!

LETTER CCXIX.

Arlington-Street, Oct. 18, 1750.

I HAD determined so seriously to write Dr. Cocchi a letter myself to thank him for his baths of Pisa, that it was impossible not to break my resolution. It was to be in Italian, because I thought their superlative *issimos* would most easily express how much I like it, and I had already gathered a tolerable quantity together, of *entertaining, charming, useful, agreeable*, and had cut and turned them into the best sounding Tuscan adjectives I could find in my memory or my Crusca: but, alack! when I came to range them, they did not fadge at all; they neither expressed what I would say, nor half what I would say, and so I gave it all up, and am reduced to beg you would say it all for me; and make as many excuses and as many thanks for

me as you can, between your receiving this, and your next going to bully Richcourt, or whisper Count Lorenzi. I laughed vastly at your idea of the latter's *hopping into matrimony;* and I like as much Stainville's jumping into Richcourt's place. If your pedigree, which is on its journey, arrives before his fall, he will not dare to exclude you from the *libro d'oro*—why, child, you will find yourself as sumptuously descended as

—— All the blood of all the Howards,

or as the best-bred Arabian mare, that ever neighed beneath Abou-âl-eb-saba-bedin-lolo-ab-alnin! But pray now, how does *cet homme là,* as the Princess used to call him, dare to tap the chapter of birth? I thought he had not had a grandfather since the creation, that was not born within these twenty years!—But come, I must tell you news, big news! the treaty of Commerce with Spain is arrived *signed.* Nobody expected it would ever come, which I believe is the reason it is reckoned so good; for *autrement* one should not make the most favourable conjectures, as they don't tell us how good it is. In general, they say, the South Sea Company is to have 100,000*l.* in lieu of their annual ship; which, if it is not over and above the 95,000*l.* that was allowed to be due to them, it appears to me only

as if there were some halfpence remaining when the bill was paid, and the King of Spain had given them to the Company to drink his health. What does look well for the treaty is, that Stocks rise to high-water mark; and what is to me as clear, is, that the exploded *Don Benjamin** has repaired what the *patriot* Lord Sandwich had forgot, or not known to do at Aix-la-Chapelle. I conclude Keene will now come over and enjoy the Sabbath of his toils. He and Sir Charles are the Plenipotentiaries in fashion. Pray, brush up your *Minyhood,* and figure too: blow the coals between the Pope and the Venetians, till the Inquisition burns the latter, and they the Inquisition. If you should happen to receive instructions on this head, don't wait for *St. George's day* before you present your memorial to the Senate, as they say Sir Harry Wotton was forced to do for St. James's, when those aquatic Republicans had quarrelled with Paul the Fifth, and James the First thought the best way in the world to broach a schism, was by beginning it with a quibble. I have had some *Protestant* hopes too

* Benjamin Keene, afterwards Knight of the Bath, Ambassador at Madrid, was exceedingly abused by the Opposition in Sir R. Walpole's time, under the name of Don Benjamin, for having made the Convention in 1739.

of a civil war in France, between the King and his clergy: but it is a dull age, and people don't set about cutting one another's throats with any spirit! Robbing is the only thing that goes on with any vivacity, though my friend Mr. M'Lean is hanged. The first Sunday after his condemnation, three thousand people went to see him; he fainted away twice with the heat of his cell. You can't conceive the ridiculous rage there is of going to Newgate; and the prints that are published of the malefactors, and the memoirs of their lives and deaths set forth with as much parade as—as—Marshal Turenne's—we have no Generals worth making a parallel.

The pasquinade was a very good one.* When I was desiring you to make speeches for me to Dr. Cocchi, I might as well have drawn a bill upon you too in Mr. Chute's name, for I am sure he will never write himself. Indeed, at present he is in his brother's purgatory, and then you will not wonder, if he does nothing but pray to get out of it. I am glad you are getting into a villa: my castle will, I believe, begin to rear its battlements next spring. I have got an immense cargo of painted glass from Flan-

* It alluded to the quarrel between the Pope and the Venetians. Marforio asked Pasquin, "Perche si triste?"—"Perche non avermo più Commedia, *Pantalone* é partito."—D.

ders: indeed several of the pieces are Flemish arms; but I call them the achievements of the old Counts of Strawberry. Adieu!

LETTER CCXX

Arlington-Street, Nov. 19, 1750.

I STAYED to write to you, till I could tell you that I had seen Mr. Pelham and Mr. Milbank, and could give you some history of a new administration — but I found it was too long to wait for either. I pleaded with your brother as I did with you against visiting your friends, especially when to encourage me he told me, that you had given them a very advantageous opinion of me. That is the very reason, says I, why I don't choose to see them: they will be extremely civil to me at first; and then they will be told I have horns and hoofs, and they will shun me, which I should not like. I know how unpopular I am with the people with whom they must necessarily live; and not desiring to be otherwise, I must either seek your friends where I would most avoid them, or have them very soon grow to avoid me. However, I went and left my name for Mr. Pelham, where your brother told me he lodged, eight days ago; he was to come

but that night to his lodgings, and by his telling your brother he believed I had not been, I concluded he would not accept that for a visit; so last Thursday, I left my name for both—to-day is Monday, and I have heard nothing of them—very likely I shall before you receive this—I only mention it to show you that you was in the wrong and I in the right, to think that there would be no *empressement* for an acquaintance. Indeed, I would not mention it, as you will dislike being disappointed by any odd behaviour of your friends, if it were not to justify myself, and convince you of my attention in complying with whatever you desire of me. The King, I hear, commends Mr. Pelham's dancing; and he must like Mr. Milbank, as he distinguished himself much in a tournament of bears at Hanover.

For the Ministry, it is all in shatters: the Duke of Newcastle is returned more averse to the Bedfords than ever: he smothered that Duke with embraces at their first meeting, and has never borne to be in a room with him since. I saw the meeting of Octavia and Cleopatra;* the Newcastle was all haughtiness and coldness. Mr. Pelham, who foresaw the storm, had prudentially prepared himself for the breach by all kind of invectives against the house of Leveson.

* The Duchesses of Newcastle and Bedford.

The ground of all, besides Newcastle's natural fickleness and jealousy, is, that the Bedford and Sandwich have got the Duke. A crash has been expected, but people now seem to think that they will rub on a little longer, though all the world seems indifferent whether they will or not. Mankind is so sick of all the late follies and changes, that nobody inquires or cares whether the Duke of Newcastle is Prime Minister, or whom he will associate with him. The Bedfords have few attachments, and Lord Sandwich is universally hated. The only difficulty is, who shall succeed them; and it is even a question whether some of the old discarded must not cross over and figure in again. I mean, it has even been said, that Lord Granville will once more be brought upon the stage — if he should, and should push too forward, could they again persuade people to resign with them? The other nominees for the Secretaryship are, Pitt, the Vienna Sir Thomas Robinson, and even that formal piece of dullness at the Hague, Lord Holderness. The talk of the Chancellor's being President, in order to make room, by the promotion of the Attorney to the Seals, for his second son* to be Solicitor, as I believe I once mentioned to you, is revived, though he told Mr.

* Charles Yorke.—D.

Pelham, that if ever he retired, it should be to Wimple.* In the mean time, the Master of the Horse, the Groom of the Stole, the Presidentship, (vacant by the nomination of Dorset to Ireland in the room of Lord Harrington, who is certainly to be given up to his master's dislike,) and the Blues are still vacant. Indeed, yesterday I heard that Honeywood† was to have the latter. Such is the Interregnum of our politics! The Prince's faction lie still, to wait the event, and the disclosing of the new treaty. Your friend Lord Fane‡ some time ago had a mind to go to Spain: the Duke of Bedford, who I really believe is an honest man, said very bluntly, "Oh! my Lord, nobody can do there but Keene." Lord North§ is made Governor to Prince George with 1000*l.* a-year, and an Earl's patent in his pocket; but as the passing of the patent is in the pocket of time, it would not sell for much. There is a new preceptor, one Scott, recommended by Lord Bolinbroke. You may add that recommendation to the chapter of our wonderful politics.

I have received your letter from Fiesoli-hill;

* The Chancellor's seat in Cambridgeshire.

† Sir Philip Honeywood, Knight of the Bath.

‡ Charles Lord Viscount Fane, formerly Minister at Florence.

§ Francis Lord North, afterwards Earl of Guildford.

poor Strawberry blushes to have you compare it with such a prospect as yours. I say nothing to the abrupt sentences about Mr. B. I have long seen his humour—and a little of your partiality to his wife.

We are alarmed with the distemper being got among the horses; few have died yet, but a farrier who attended General Legonier's dropped down dead in the stable. Adieu!

LETTER CCXXI.

Arlington-Street, Dec. 19, 1750.

WELL! you may be easy; your friends have been to see me at last, but it has so happened that we have never once met, nor have I even seen their persons. They live at Newcastle-house; and though I give you my word, my politics are exceedingly neutral, I happen to be often at the court of Bedford. The Interministerium still subsists; no place is filled up but the Lieutenancy of Ireland; the Duke of Dorset was too impatient to wait. Lord Harrington remains a melancholy sacrifice to the famous general Resignation,* which he led up, and of which he is the only victim. Overtures have

* In 1746.

been made to Lord Chesterfield to be President; but he has declined it, for he says he cannot hear causes, as he is grown deaf. I don't think the proposal was imprudent, for if they should happen, as they have now and then happened, to want to get rid of him again, they might without consequence; that is, I suppose nobody would follow him out, any more than they did when he resigned voluntarily. For these two days every body has expected to see Lord Granville President, and his friend the Duke of Bolton Colonel of the Blues; two nominations that would not be very agreeable, nor probably calculated to be so to the Duke, who favours the Bedford faction. His old Governor Mr. Poyntz* is just dead, ruined in his circumstances by a devout brother, whom he trusted, and by a simple wife, who had a devotion of marrying dozens of her poor cousins at his expense: you know she was the fair Circassian.† Mr. Poyntz was called a very great man, but few knew anything of his talents, for he was timorous to childishness. The Duke has done greatly for his family, and secured his

* Stephen Poyntz, formerly Minister in Sweden, after being tutor to Lord Townshend's sons.

† Anna Maria Mordaunt, Maid of Honour to Queen Caroline. A young gentleman at Oxford wrote the "Fair Circassian" on her,

places for his children, and sends his two sons abroad, allowing them 800*l.* a-year. The little Marquis of Rockingham* has drowned himself in claret; and old Lord Dartmouth† is dead of age. When Lord Bolinbroke's last work was published, on the State of Parties at the late King's accession, Lord Dartmouth said, he supposed Lord Bolinbroke believed that everybody was dead who had lived at that period.

There has been a droll cause in Westminster Hall; a man laid another a wager that he produced a person who should weigh as much again as the Duke. When they had betted, they recollected not knowing how to desire the Duke to step into a scale. They agreed to establish his weight at twenty stone, which, however, is supposed to be two more than he weighs. One Bright was then produced, who is since dead, and who actually weighed forty-two stone and a-half. As soon as he was dead, the person who had lost objected that he had been weighed in his clothes, and though it was impossible to suppose that his clothes could weigh above two stone, they went to law. There were the Duke's

* Sir Thomas Watson Wentworth, Knight of the Bath, created Earl of Malton, and Marquis of Rockingham.

† William Legge, Earl of Dartmouth, Secretary of State to Queen Anne.

twenty stone bawled over a thousand times,—but the righteous law decided against the man who had won!

Poor Lord Lempster* is more Cerberus† than ever (you remember his *bon-mot* that proved such a blunder;) he has lost 12,000*l.* at hazard to an ensign of the Guards—but what will you think of the folly of a young Sir Ralph Gore, who took it into his head that he would not be waited on by drawers in brown frocks and blue aprons, and has literally given all the waiters at the King's Arms rich embroideries and laced clothes!

The town is still empty: the parties for the two playhouses are the only parties that retain any spirit. I will tell you one or two *bon-mots* of Quin the actor. Barry would have had him play the ghost in Hamlet, a part much beneath the dignity of Quin, who would give no other answer but, "I won't catch cold behind." I don't know whether you remember that the ghost is always ridiculously dressed, with a morsel of armour before, and only a black waistcoat

* Eldest son of Thomas Fermor Earl of Pomfret, whom he succeeded in the title.

† When he was on his travels, and had run much in debt, his parents paid his debts: some more came out afterwards; he wrote to his mother, that he could only compare himself to Cerberus, who, when one head was cut off, had another spring up in its room.

and breech behind. The other is an old one, but admirable. When Lord Tweedale was *nominal* Secretary of State for Scotland, Mitchell* his secretary was supping with Quin, who wanted him to stay another bottle; but he pleaded *my Lord's business.* "Then," said Quin, "only stay till I have told you a story. A vessel was becalmed: the master looked up and called to one of the cabin-boys on the top of the mast, '*Jack, what are you doing?*' '*Nothing, Sir.*' He called to another, a little below the first, '*Will, what are you doing?*' '*Helping Jack, Sir.*' Adieu!

LETTER CCXXII.

Strawberry-Hill, Dec. 22, 1750.

As I am idling away some Christmas days here, I begin a letter to you, that perhaps will not set out till next year. Any changes in the Ministry will certainly be postponed till that date: it is even believed that no alteration will be made till after the Session; they will get the money raised and the new treaty ratified in Parliament before they break and part. The Ger-

* Andrew Mitchell, afterwards Commissary at Antwerp, (and finally for many years Envoy from England to the Court of Prussia. —D.

man ministers are more alarmed, and seem to apprehend themselves in as tottering a situation as some of the English: not that any Secretary of State is jealous of them—their Countess* is on the wane. The Housekeeper† at Windsor, an old monster that Verrio painted for one of the Furies, is dead. The revenue is large, and has been largely solicited. Two days ago at the drawing-room the gallant Orondates strode up to Miss Chudleigh, and told her he was glad to have an opportunity of obeying her commands, that he appointed her mother housekeeper at Windsor, and hoped she would not think a kiss too great a reward—against all precedent he kissed her in the circle. He has had a hankering these two years. Her life, which is now of thirty years' standing, has been a little historic.‡ Why should not experience and a charming face on her side, and near seventy years on his, produce a title?

Madame de Mirepoix is returned: she gives a

* Lady Yarmouth. The new amour did not proceed.

† Mrs. Marriot.

‡ She was, though Maid of Honour, privately married to Augustus, second son of the late Lord Hervey, by whom she had two children; but disagreeing, the match was not owned. She afterwards, still Maid of Honour, lived very publicly with the Duke of Kingston, and at last married him—during Mr. Hervey's life.

lamentable account of another old mistress,* her mother. She had not seen her since the Princess went to Florence, which she it seems has left with great regret; with greater than her beauty, whose ruins she has not discovered: but with few teeth, few hairs, sore eyes, and wrinkles, goes barenecked and crowned with jewels! Madame Mirepoix told me a reply of Lord Cornbury, that pleased me extremely. They have revived at Paris old Fontenelle's opera of Peleus and Thetis; he complained of being dragged upon the stage again for one of his juvenile performances, and said he could not bear to be hissed now: Lord Cornbury immediately replied to him out of the very opera,—

Jupiter en courroux
Ne peut rien contre vous,
Vous êtes immortel.

Our old laureat has been dying: when he thought himself at the extremity, he wrote this lively, good-natured letter to the Duke of Grafton:—

"MAY IT PLEASE YOUR GRACE,

"I KNOW no nearer way of repaying your favours for these last twenty years than by re-

* Princess Craon, formerly mistress of Leopold Duke of Lorrain.

commending the bearer, Mr. Henry Jones, for the vacant laurel: Lord Chesterfield will tell you more of him. I don't know the day of my death, but while I live, I shall not cease to be,

"Your Grace's, &c.
"COLLEY CIBBER."

I asked my Lord Chesterfield who this Jones* is; he told me, a better poet would not take the post, and a worse ought not to have it. There are two new *bon-mots* of his Lordship much repeated, better than his ordinary. He says, "he would not be President,† because he would not be between two fires," and that "the two brothers are like Arbuthnot's Lindamira and Indamora,‡ the latter was a peaceable, tractable gentlewoman, but her sister was always quarrelling and kicking, and as they grew together, there was no parting them."

You will think my letters are absolute jest-and-story-books, unless you will be so good as

* I think he was an Irish bricklayer; he wrote an "Earl of Essex."

† Meaning President of the Council. The two fires were the Pelham brothers.—D.

‡ See the Memoirs of Martin Scriblerus in Swift's Works; Indamora alludes to Mr. Pelham, Lindamira to the Duke of Newcastle.

to dignify them with the title of Walpoliana. Under that hope, I will tell you a very odd new story. A citizen had advertized a reward for the discovery of a person who had stolen sixty guineas out of his scrutoire. He received a message from a condemned criminal in Newgate with the offer of revealing the thief. Being a cautious grave personage, he took two friends along with him. The convict told him that he was the robber; and when he doubted, the fellow began with these circumstances: "You came home such a night, and put the money into your bureau: I was under your bed: you undressed, and then went to the foot of the garret stairs, and cried, 'Mary, come to bed to me—'" "Hold, hold," said the citizen, "I am convinced." "Nay," said the fellow, "you shall hear all, for your intrigue saved your life. Mary replied, 'If any body wants me, they may come up to me:' you went: I robbed your bureau in the mean time, but should have cut your throat, if you had gone into your own bed instead of Mary's."

The conclusion of my letter will be a more serious story, but very proper for the Walpoliana. I have given you scraps of Ashton's history. To perfect his ingratitude, he has struck

up an intimacy with my second brother, and done his utmost to make a new quarrel between us, on the merit of having broke with me on the affair of Dr. Middleton. I don't know whether I ever told you that my brother hated Middleton, who was ill with a Dr. Thirlby,* a creature of his. He carried this and his jealousy of me so far, that once when Lord Mountford brought Middleton for one night only to Houghton, my brother wrote my father a most outrageous letter, telling him that he knew I had fetched Middleton to Houghton to write my father's life, and how much more capable Thirlby was of that task. Can one help admiring in these instances the dignity of human nature? Poor Mrs. Middleton is alarmed with a scheme that I think she very justly suspects as a plot of the clergy to get at and suppress her husband's papers. He died in a lawsuit with a builder, who has since got a monition from the *Commons* for her to pro-

* Styan Thirlby, fellow of Jesus College, Cambridge, published an edition of Justin Martyr, and I think wrote something against Middleton. He communicated several notes to Theobald for his Shakspeare, and in the latter part of his life took to study the common law; he lived chiefly for his last years with Sir Edward Walpole, who had procured for him a small place in the Custom-house, and to whom he left his papers; he had lost his intellects some time before his death.

duce all the Doctor's effects and *papers*. The whole debt is but eight *hundred* pounds. She offered ten *thousand* pounds security, and the fellow will not take it. Is there clergy in it, or no? Adieu!

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

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